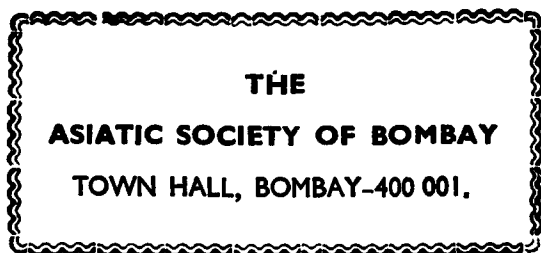




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THE GREAT PAINTER-ETCHERS FROM REMBRANDT TO WHISTLER

BY

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

(AUTHOR OF "OLD ENGLISH COLOUR-PRINTS"

"OLD ENGLISH MEZZOTINTS" AND

"THE OLD ENGRAVERS OF ENGLAND")

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

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PREFATORY NOTE

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
*APPIAN, ADOLPHE (1819-1898)	
Barques de cabotage, Côtes d'Italie. 1874	211
Aux environs de Menton. 1879	212
BACKHUYSEN, LUDOLF (1631-1708)	
Distant View of Amsterdam	125
BEGA, CORNELIS (1620-1664)	
La jeune cabaretière	91
Les trois buveurs (1st state)	92
Le cabaret	93
La mère et son mari	95
BELLA, STEFANO DELLA (1610-1664)	
La Place Dauphine, du Côté du Pont Neuf	127
Les Deux Nourrices assises par terre avec leurs Nourrissons	127
BERCHEM, NICHOLAS (1620-1683)	
The Bagpiper	112
The Flute-player	113
La vache qui s'abreuve	114
BOL, FERDINAND (1616-1680)	
A Philosopher in Meditation	79
BOTH, JAN (1610-1652)	
Les deux vaches au bord de l'eau (2nd state)	111
BOUCHER, FRANÇOIS (1703-1770)	
Frontispiece to Vol. II of Watteau's "Figures des différentes caractères de paysages"	156
BREENBERG, BARTHOLOMEW (1599-1659)	
The Courier	106
CALLOT, JACQUES (1592-1635)	
La petite vue de Paris. 1629	126
CANALETTO, GIOVANNI ANTONIO (1697-1768)	
La torre di Malghera.	145
Mestre	146
The Porch with the Lantern	147
The Lock of Dolo	148
The Prison	149
CLAUDE LORRAINE (1600-1682)	
Le bouvier (1st state)	128
Shepherd and Shepherdess conversing	129
Cattle going home in stormy weather. 1652 (2nd state)	131
Sunset	132
The Seaport with the large Tower (2nd state)	133
The Dance under the Trees	134

COROT, J. B. C. (1796-1875)	
Dans les dunes. Souvenir du bois de la Haye. 1869 . . .	185
L'étang de Ville d'Avray. Effet du soir. 1861 (2nd state) . . .	186
Le bateau sous les saules. Effet du matin. 1857 (2nd state) . . .	187
COTMAN, JOHN SELL (1782-1842)	
Twickenham ("Liber Studiorum," Plate 3) . . .	176
Postwick Grove, Norfolk ("Liber Studiorum," Plate 7) . . .	177
Carnarvon Castle ("Liber Studiorum," Plate 28) . . .	178
Bambro' Castle, Northumberland ("Liber Studiorum," Plate 30) . . .	179
CROME, JOHN (1768-1821)	
At Bawburgh. 1813 (2nd state) . . .	172
Mousehold Heath, Norwich (2nd state) . . .	173
A Composition (2nd state) . . .	175
DANIELL, REV. E. T. (1804-1842)	
View of Whitlingham, Norfolk. 1827 (1st state) . . .	180
DAUBIGNY, C. F. (1817-1878)	
Temps d'orage . . .	189
Le bouquet d'aunes (Cliché verre) . . .	191
DÜRER, ALBERT (1471-1528)	
The Cannon. 1518 . . .	43
St. Jerome by the Willow-tree. 1512 . . .	44
DUSART, CORNELIS (1660-1704)	
Le violon assis (2nd state) . . .	96
La fête du village (1st state) . . .	97
DYCK, SIR ANTHONY VAN. (<i>See</i> VAN DYCK)	
EVERDINGEN, ALLART VAN (1621-1675)	
La roue sous le toit mobile . . .	105
FRAGONARD, JEAN HONORÉ (1732-1806)	
Deux femmes à cheval . . .	157
Jeux de satyres, Plates 1 and 2 . . .	158, 159
GEDDES, ANDREW (1783-1844)	
View of Peckham Rye (working proof) . . .	181
Mrs. Geddes (1st state) . . .	182
GIRTIN, THOMAS (1775-1802)	
A view of Pont Neuf, the Mint, etc. 1802 . . .	165
The water-works at Marli and St. Germain-en-Laye in the distance. 1802 . . .	166
GOYA, FRANCISCO (1746-1828)	
Tal para qual (from "The Caprices") . . .	160
The agility and daring of Juanito Apañani in the circus at Madrid (from "La Tauromáquia") . . .	161
Por que fue sensible (from "The Caprices") . . .	163
No se puede mirar (from "The Disasters of War") . . .	164

	PAGE
HADEN, SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR (1818-1910)	
Francis Seymour Haden. 1862 (2nd trial proof)	216
Whistler's House at Old Chelsea. 1863	217
The Breaking up of "The Agamemnon" (1st state)	218
Sunset in Ireland	219
The Three Sisters. 1868 (2nd state)	221
Kilgaren Castle. 1864 (1st state)	222
A Water-meadow. 1859 (1st state)	223
Out of Study Window. 1862 (1st state)	224
Windmill Hill, No. 1 (3rd trial proof)	225
Nine-barrow Down. 1877.	227
The Little Boat-house. 1877 (3rd state)	228
HOLLAR, WENCESLAUS (1607-1677)	
Summer (from the full-length "Seasons")	135
Winter	137
Spring (from the three-quarter length "Seasons")	138
Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, General of the Forces. 1643 (1st state)	139
Bird's-eye view of London (1st state)	140
Antwerp Cathedral	141
London from the top of Arundel House (2nd state)	143
Muffs, mask, gloves, etc.	144
JACQUE, CHARLES (1813-1894)	
Troupeau de porcs sortant d'un bois. 1849	197
L'abreuvoir de moutons	198
La gardeuse de moutons	199
JARDIN, CAREL DU (1622-1678)	
The two Horses	115
Les Chiens	116
LALANNE, MAXIME (1827-1886)	
Aux environs de Paris	210
LEGROS, ALPHONSE (1837-1911)	
La Mort du Vagabond	229
Les Chantres espagnols	230
La Promenade d'un Convalescent	231
Portrait of G. F. Watts, R.A.	233
Paysanne assise près d'une Haie	234
Repos au bord de la Rivière	235
Le Canal	236
Le Mur du Presbytère	237
Lisière du Bois	239
Le Pré ensoleillé	240
Près d'Amiens : les Tourbières	241
LIEVENS, JAN (1607-1674)	
The Raising of Lazarus	80

	PAGE
MERYON, CHARLES (1821-1868)	
Le Stryge	200
L'abside de Nôtre Dame de Paris (1st state)	201
La galerie de Nôtre Dame (1st state)	203
La Morgue (1st state)	204
La Pompe, Nôtre Dame	205
Le Pont Neuf. 1853 (5th state)	206
La Rue des Mauvais Garçons (2nd state)	207
St. Etienne du Mont (1st state)	209
MILLET, JEAN FRANÇOIS (1814-1875)	
La grande Bergère. 1862	192
Les Bêcheurs (4th state)	193
La Baratteuse. 1855 (3rd state)	194
Le Départ pour le travail. 1863 (2nd state)	195
NAIWJNCZ, HERMAN (1625-1654)	
La Colline avec les deux grands Arbres	103
Le Rocher au bord de la grande Rivière	104
NOOMS (<i>See</i> ZEEMAN)	
OSTADE, ADRIAN VAN (1610-1685)	
The Family, 1647 (1st state)	81
Peasant paying his Reckoning	82
The Paterfamilias. 1648	83
Saying Grace. 1653	84
A Woman Spinning. 1652 (2nd state)	85
The Doll. 1678	86
The Fête under the Vine-Arbour (2nd state)	87
The Anglers	89
The Painter in his Studio	90
PALMER, SAMUEL (1805-1881)	
The Early Ploughman (Touched proof)	213
The Herdsman (Working proof)	215
PIRANESI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA (1720-1778)	
"Carceri d'Invenzione," Plate 16	150
Frontispiece to the "Carceri d'Invenzione" (2nd state)	151
POTTER, PAUL (1625-1654)	
The Shepherd	117
The Horse of Friesland	118
REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669)	
The Rat-killer. 1632 (2nd state)	51
Rembrandt's Mother seated at a Table. 1631 (3rd state)	52
Rembrandt leaning on a stone Sill. 1639	53
The Great Jewish Bride. 1635 (Supposed study of Saskia) (2nd state)	55
The Death of the Virgin. 1639 (2nd state)	56
Landscape with a Cottage and Haybarn. 1641	57

	PAGE
REMBRANDT, VAN RIJN (1606-1669), <i>continued</i>	
Arched Landscape with a Haybarn and a Flock of Sheep. 1650 (2nd state)	58
The Three Trees. 1643	59
Landscape with a ruined tower and a clear foreground. 1650 (2nd state)	61
The Goldweiger's Field. 1651	62
The Omval. 1645	63
Rembrandt drawing at a Window. 1648 (2nd state)	64
Christ carried to the Tomb. 1645	65
Ephraim Bonus. 1647 (2nd state)	67
Jan Six. 1647 (2nd state)	68
Clement de Jonghe. 1651 (1st state)	69
Jacob Haaring ("The Old Haaring"). 1655 (2nd state)	70
Christ healing the sick (The "Hundred Guilder" print). 1649 (1st state)	71
Jan Lutma. 1856 (2nd state)	73
The Three Crosses (the reconstructed design). 1653 (4th state)	74
Christ preaching. 1652	75
The Woman with the Arrow. 1661 (2nd state)	76
Abraham's Sacrifice. 1655	77
ROGHMAN, ROELAND (1597-1687)	
Near Naerden	102
ROUSSEAU, THÉODORE (1812-1867)	
Chêne de Roches. 1861 (2nd state)	188
RUISDAEL, JACOB (1628-1682)	
The Cornfield (4th state)	107
The Travellers (2nd state)	108
Le Petit Pont (state between 1st and 2nd in Bartsch)	109
STOOP, DIRK (1610-1686)	
A Boy leading a Horse to drink	120
TIEPOLO, GIOVANNI BATTISTA (1696-1770)	
Le jeune homme assis et appuyé sur une urne	153
Le cavalier à pied près de son cheval	154
TURNER, J. M. W. (1775-1851)	
Calm (Plate 44 of the "Liber Studiorum"). 1812	167, 169
Æsacus and Hesperie (Plate 66 of the "Liber Studiorum").	170
Stork and Aqueduct (Plate 83 of the "Liber Studiorum").	171
VAN DYCK, SIR ANTHONY (1599-1641)	
Jan Brueghel (2nd state)	45
Peter Brueghel (1st state)	46
Portrait of the Artist (1st state)	47
Lucas Vorsterman (1st state)	49
VELDE, ADRIAN VAN DE (1635-1672)	
Les trois Bœufs (2nd state)	119

	PAGE
VELDE, JAN VAN DE (1593-1641)	
Spring—From the large set of "The Seasons." 1617	50
VLIEGER, SIMON DE (1601-1653)	
Le Bourg	98
Les Pêcheurs	99
WATERLOO, ANTHONIE (1609-1676)	
On the Road to Scheveningen	101
WATTEAU, ANTOINE (1684-1721)	
From the "Figures de Mode, Paris." 1725	155
WHISTLER, JAMES McNEIL (1834-1903)	
La Vieille aux loques (from the "French Set." 1858) (2nd state) .	242
The Unsafe Tenement (" " " ") .	243
Street at Saverne (" " " ") .	245
Rotherhithe, Wapping (from the "Thames Set," 1860) .	246
Limehouse (" " " " 1859. 2nd state) .	247
The Limeburner (" " " " ") .	248
The Forge (" " " " " 3rd state) .	249
Becquet (" " " " ") .	251
Fanny Leyland (3rd state) .	252
Old Battersea Bridge (5th state) .	253
The "Adam and Eve," Old Chelsea. 1879 (1st state) .	254
The Traghetto, No. 2 (from the "First Venice Set." 4th state) .	255
The Palaces (" " " " 1880. 2nd state) .	257
The Little Venice (from the "First Venice Set," 1880) .	258
The Riva, No 1 (" " " " " 3rd state) .	259
Furnace, Nocturne (" Second " " " 1886) .	260
Fruit Stall (" " " " " 7th state) .	261
The Bead-stringers (" " " " " 8th state) .	263
The Quiet Canal (" " " " " 2nd state) .	264
WILKIE, SIR DAVID (1785-1841)	
The Lost Receipt	183
ZEEMAN, REYNIER (NOOMS), (1623-1663)	
Sea Fight, No. 7	121
A Dutch Shipbuilding Yard	122
Sea Piece (No. 2 of the set)	123

THE GREAT PAINTER-ETCHERS FROM REMBRANDT TO WHISTLER

ONE of my most precious regrets will always be the non-fulfilment of a project in which Whistler had amiably acquiesced. This was a book, to be called "Talks with Whistler in the National Gallery," and in it I was to record his criticisms and appreciations of the masters. The idea was never carried further than a couple of visits to the Gallery, but one of those visits—it was in 1887, by the way—has left me a memory of treasured interest. It is of Whistler, with the great old masters all around him, seriously eager to show me that, so far from the public and most of the critics having any justification for condemning his own art as trifling and eccentric, he was only carrying on in a logical way the great traditions. Leading me from picture to picture—of Velasquez, of Rembrandt, of Tintoretto, of Paul Veronese, with all the great artist in him electrically sympathetic, his talk, sometimes curiously intoned, as the thought was reverential, sometimes vibrant and staccato, as it flashed the sudden illumination, he proudly proved to me how those masters were his direct ancestors, and he was continuing the line. But Whistler had ancestors too in that exquisite art of the copper-plate in which he was to become the consummate master of modern times, and so place himself on the same altitude as the art's supreme protagonist who, more than two hundred years earlier, had found etching scarcely understood as a medium of great expressive possibilities, and had proved it to be an art capable of infinite pictorial suggestion, and the finest and loftiest imaginative expression.

As Mr. Joseph Pennell says, in his admirable life of the modern master: "Whistler had already accomplished great things after a formula laid down by Dürer, Rembrandt, and Hollar." This referred to the astonishment and bewilderment caused by the wonderful Venice etchings on their first appearance, with their absolute newness of vision and expressive originality, their subtly suggestive beauty, and the extraordinary difference in manner between them and the earlier French and Thames sets, which had already established Whistler securely among the great masters of etching. Mr. Pennell goes on to tell how, by reference to *The Adam and Eve*, *Old Chelsea*, and that superb plate *The Traghetto*, Whistler demonstrated that "the one was the outgrowth of the other, and that there was a natural development from the beginning of his work." In a word, Whistler was showing again how he was carrying on great traditions, but here, with the art of etching, he was extending and enriching them.

Had there been no traditions, one may well believe that Whistler would have initiated them, for etching came to him as a natural form of expression ; he was a born etcher. But there *were* traditions, carrying splendid names, as the following pages will show. When, on the other hand, Rembrandt began, as a very young man, to work upon the copper, the artistic traditions of etching were still to make. One great name—Albert Dürer's—was associated with the medium, but it can hardly be said that it truly represented his genius. With Rembrandt the art came at once to full flower from seeds which his predecessors had sown without quite understanding how to cultivate them. Of course his craftsmanship developed, growing richer in resource, and more flexible, with the expanding needs and widening range of his artistic expression, but from the first Rembrandt was the master etcher. So likewise, it may be said, was Van Dyck, in his very restricted practice ; Hollar, Ostade, and Claude, too, scarcely less so, each in his particular way, and each, moreover, entirely independent of Rembrandt's influence.

For the art of etching it was a wonderful flowering time, that first half of the seventeenth century ; and the art's most illustrious exponents belong to it—its most illustrious, that is, until we come to the second half of the nineteenth century, and then we find it glorified once more in the practice of Haden, Meryon, and Legros, and consummate in the masterpieces of Whistler. There were etchers, of course, long before Rembrandt, but though their essays with needle and mordant have considerable interest for the student, that interest is mainly historic. It is only with the immediate predecessors of Rembrandt that our artistic interest begins to be awakened, with those etchers, indeed, who were actually working in his lifetime, but who, being his elders, began naturally earlier than he—such men as the Van de Veldes, for instance, who found pictorial appeal in the land and the life about them, and sought in their prosaic way to present with etched lines the homely scenes they saw, before ever a Dutch landscape had found immortal interpretation through the magic suggestion of Rembrandt's line.

The first known etching that actually bears a date, the year 1513—one may as well state the historic fact, and get it over—is credited to Urs Graf, of Basle, whose rare woodcuts are among the collectors' prizes, and may be seen in the museums. But perhaps the most notable of the earliest pioneers of etching was Daniel Hopfer, of Augsburg, one of three brothers, etchers all. Painter, wood-engraver, goldsmith, his work is chiefly interesting from the point of view of ornamental design, intended largely for the service of the goldsmith's craft. Little of his graphic art upon the copper was pictorial. The

fact is that all the very early users of the etching method, with the one distinguished exception of Albert Dürer, had little understanding of its true artistic significance ; they failed to realise its special and wonderful possibilities as a medium for pictorial expression. In Germany, in Italy, in the Low Countries, they drew and bit with acid the precise lines which, with greater labour, they might just as well have engraved with the burin : only they must have found etching easier. The true, the specific virtues of the etched line, its freedom, its spontaneity, its vitality, its imaginative suggestiveness, they never perceived.

Dürer, with his extraordinary genius, may have understood this, but, it seems to me, he only partially realised it in his limited practice of etching, experimental as that was. The vital beauty of his pictorial inspiration, his marvellous gifts of design and draughtsmanship, which found their highest expression through the pure line of the graven plate or the woodcut, were independent of that happy freedom and suggestive vitality one associates with the bitten line of the true-born etcher. Between the years 1515 and 1518 Dürer wrought half a dozen remarkable etchings on iron, and these, of course, are the first classics of the medium. Wonderfully graphic and complete in their statement of his pictorial intention, they are drawn with lines as precise as those of his line-engravings, if simpler and more open ; such lines, in fact, as he might have drawn on a wood-block for Jerome Andreæ to cut. Compare *The Agony in the Garden*, or his *Pluto and Proserpine*, or *The Cannon*, reproduced here (p. 43), with any of the great and wonderful woodcuts known as Dürer's—say, the beautiful *Flight into Egypt*, or *The Descent into Hell*—and you will find, I think, that the quality of line is practically the same—the line of statement rather than suggestion. Great the designs are ; and what a superb achievement in draughtsmanship is *The Cannon*, with its extensive landscape ! Yet, I confess, its elaborate completeness leaves me unmoved, as Dürer's woodcut-designs never do ; while the simplest landscape etching of Rembrandt's, with its immense suggestion of light and air spiritualising the scene, will charm one's imagination, and stir one's emotion with the very poetry of natural beauty. Dürer's genius, which needed fulness and precision of statement to utter all the ideality that informed its pictorial vision, had apparently little affinity with etching as an expressive medium. Why he used iron instead of the more sympathetic copper is a puzzling question, considering how much more uncertain it would be in its responsiveness to the action of the acid, and how much less control he would have over the process of biting the lines. The Hopfers etched a few plates on

iron, it is believed, but the copper-plate was their usual medium. One feels that with Dürer etching was merely a matter of experiment ; yet, had he chosen, with his wealth of imagination and his command of line, he could surely have been among the world's greatest etchers, as he is its supreme engraver and master of the woodcut. The freedom of the dry-point he allowed himself but scantily, yet he used it magnificently, realising to the full the beauty and tone-value of the burr, as the noble *St. Jerome by the Willow-tree* (p. 44) convincingly shows. But the severe purity of the graven line was Dürer's ideal, and somehow his etchings make it difficult for one to suppose him ever being happy in swift spontaneous drawing or sketching on the copper ; and, after all, is not the very spirit of the etcher's art most happily embodied in the sketch—the true sketch, that is to say, which, suggestively synthetising all the pictorial essentials of the subject, preserves the effect of spontaneity and the fresh artistic impulse ?

Now, let us consider a little what we should look for in fine etching. As Hamerton has aptly said, "the motive of a picture is not so much material as spiritual. It is a certain condition of the mind produced by the subject, and which the artist in rendering that subject desires to reproduce in the minds of spectators." "Almost anything is a subject," he adds, "but it only becomes a motive when an artist is moved by it. An etcher ought never to care about subjects ; he should etch motives only." That may sound dogmatic, but it is true ; and if you look at any etching that stirs you by its expressive beauty, you will find that, whatever the subject may be, it is not the subject that moves you, but the manner in which it has moved the etcher's temperament to expression. You will realise that your imagination is stimulated because he has engaged it by his own imaginative concentration upon the subject, by the way he has seen the lights and the shadows, by his selection of the lines, and his use of the unfilled spaces, which suffice to suggest all the pictorial interest he feels in it, whereas another might etch the same subject with more literal, more detailed exactness, perhaps, yet without exciting your interest at all. The etcher's temperament and its impressibility of transient mood as reflected through his vision must primarily determine the charm and appeal of his work, and it is impossible to look at this enjoyably without an alert imaginative response to the suggestion of his lines and spaces. And what is the secret of this wonderful power of suggestion that the true etcher instinctively commands, the secret of that artistic magic which creates the vital beauty of the master-pieces of Rembrandt and Whistler, and of such incomparable plates

as Claude's *Le Bouvier*, Ostade's *The Family*, Meryon's *L'Abside de Notre Dame*, Haden's *Breaking-up of the Agamemnon*, Frank Short's *Low Tide and the Evening Star*, D. Y. Cameron's *Five Sisters of York*, or Muirhead Bone's *Ayr Prison*; the secret of authenticity which distinguishes at once the touch of a James McBey, though he come self-taught from a Scotch village? Is this secret at all explicable, or is it only a matter of feeling, an elusive question of temperament? At all events, we may let Seymour Haden himself give us something of an explanation. Speaking of the etcher, he says: "Every stroke he makes tells strongly against him if it be bad, or proves him to be a master if it be good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. The necessity for a rigid selection is therefore constantly present to his mind. If one stroke in the right place tell more for him than ten in the wrong, it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the scores of ten by which he would have arrived at his end. His great labour is to select, to keep his subject open, to preserve breadth, to establish his planes, and to secure for them space, light, and air." Further, Seymour Haden claims—I quote him because in his own practice of the art he justified his words—he claims that the etcher must possess "an innate artistic spirit without which all the study in the world is useless," but he must cultivate that spirit and acquire his knowledge "by a life of devotion to what is true and beautiful—by the daily and hourly habit of weighing what we see in nature, and the thinking of how it should be represented in art; the habit, in a word, of constant observation, and the experience that springs from that habit. The skill that grows out of these habits is the skill required by the etcher. It is the skill of the analyst and of the synthetist—the skill to combine, and the skill to separate—to compound and to simplify—to detail plane from plane—to fuse detail into mass—to subordinate definition to space, distance, light, and air. Finally, it is the acumen to perceive the near relationship that expression bears to form, and the skill to draw them—not separately, but together."

Of all the pictorial mediums there is none, perhaps, more intimately personal in expression than etching, with its absolute spontaneity and freedom of touch responsive to the mental impulse. Hence its widely varied appeal, which can be limited only by the inherent limitations of the medium, the diversity of the human mind in its artistic moods being practically infinite. But the appeal of etching is through the suggestive conventions of the bitten line, and this has a specific beauty and significance which differ from the beauty and significance of a graven line, a pen line or any other line, and indeed from the qualities of every other graphic medium. This

is a principle which is often lost sight of in the appreciation of etching. Dürer's etchings are, I think, a case in point, while at the present day there is a great deal of popular etching on an imposing scale and of impressive inkiness in which the special qualities which constitute the charm of etching are entirely to seek. But with Seymour Haden's ideal of the etcher, just quoted, to help us in the matter of a standard, an ideal realised supremely in Rembrandt and in Whistler, we may look with profit through the following reproductions, which represent all the notable etching done from the day when Rembrandt first took his needle in hand to the day when Whistler put his last touch of beauty upon the copper. We shall see how great painters, regarding etching as an equally important activity in their life-work, were great etchers also, using the specific qualities of the medium to express another phase of their genius. We shall see, too, how other famous painters etched, less significantly perhaps, with happy impulse, for artistic diversion maybe, or in a mood of fanciful experiment, yet with a true instinct for the medium's possibilities, if not always with full command of them. Great original masters in etching, as in any other art, must, of course, be ever few and far between, but the true etcher, whether of the past or of to-day, is always recognisable by individuality of vision and expression, and by the eloquence of his reticence.

II

The art of the line-engraver was never more flourishing than it was in Flanders under the pictorial stimulus of Rubens, but etching found little or no favour. Yet this does not seem to have deterred Van Dyck when he returned to Antwerp from Italy, and in 1626 began to work upon his *Iconography*, which was to portray upon the copper the most notable of his artistic contemporaries and other interesting personalities of fame. With practically no etched portraiture existing to point the way, Van Dyck perceived for himself the greater freedom, swiftness, and vivacity of line to be obtained with the needle on the grounded plate, and consequently its superiority for his purpose over the burin, with its ploughed formal line. Therefore he etched the first eighteen plates of the series, and these are so absolutely original and personal in style, so certain and masterly in effect, with their concentration of interest and their economy of stroke, that they must always rank among the greatest things that the art has produced, while their manner founded a tradition which is followed in most of the best portrait-etching of

modern times. That Van Dyck was discouraged by public distaste from continuing the series of portraits in the same style must be ever a matter of regret. The later plates were engraved from his chalk drawings by some of the leading engravers, such as Lucas Vorsterman, Pieter de Jode, Paul Pontius, and the two Bolswerts, and some of his etched plates were unfortunately given into other hands to be elaborated with the burin in accordance with the Flemish taste of the day. But happily rare proofs exist in the state in which Van Dyck's masterly needle left the coppers, and these, after more than two centuries of neglect, are now esteemed among the greatest treasures of those collectors fortunate enough to possess them. The first states, such as the three reproduced here, are of excessive rarity, while extremely scarce too is such a "second state" as the *Jan Brueghel* (p. 45), with a portion of engraved background at the top of the plate. But what great true portraiture they present! What a keen and comprehensive vision has seized all the vital character of the subjects, and with how sure an art, with what avoidance of all distracting interest and what virility of style, this is depicted! Rembrandt's portraiture shows a deeper-penetrating spiritual insight, but it never surpassed Van Dyck's in giving all the individual characteristics of the man portrayed. The Van Dyck of those wonderful etchings was not yet the favourite painter of the English Court, the Sir Anthony Van Dyck who was to fill the stately houses of England with elegant picturings of princes, nobles, and gracious ladies. Here was the young artist, fresh from those years of glowing colour in Italy, drawing, with the sympathetic spontaneity of his etching-needle, his comrades in art, the men he knew familiarly, and from these prints their very selves seem to look at us eye to eye. Here is Jan Brueghel (p. 45), who began his career with fruit and flowers, and was noted later for his landscapes, who rejoiced moreover in the *sobriquet* of "Velvet Brueghel," because his clothes were always of that material. His brother *Peter*, too (p. 46), nicknamed "Hellish Brueghel," on account of the diabolical nature of his pictorial subjects. How wonderfully the character of the brothers is differentiated! Then, there is *Lucas Vorsterman* (p. 49), the distinguished engraver, who, after his quarrel with Rubens, came over to England and worked for King Charles I and the Earl of Arundel, and left an influence of darker shadows on contemporary English engraving. A truculent-looking man—and it is said that he threatened the courteous Rubens with personal violence. But, for the most part, the artists that engaged Van Dyck's needle suggest a frank, genial camaraderie. Jan Snellinx, Adam Van Noort, Franz Snyders, Cornelissen, Sustermans, Franz Francken, William and Paul de

Vos, one feels, as one looks at their faces, that they and Van Dyck liked each other, and there is no more delightful plate of the series than that in which Van Dyck gives us his own handsome head (p. 47). Yet Antwerp and Brussels would have none of these. The line-engraver ruled the roost, and Van Dyck, a master-etcher, but a man for prosperity, forswore the medium, because in Flanders it was unprofitable. He had doubtless enjoyed etching those portraits of his friends; his was a temperament that called for the larger enjoyment of life itself. Yet with those eighteen plates he remains the one great Flemish etcher.

In Holland, on the other hand, etching would seem to have been indigenous to the artistic soil. It was truly the happy medium, and though several names famous in the history of Dutch painting are unassociated with it—such as Franz Hals, Vermeer of Delft, Hobbema, Wouwerman—the majority of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters, headed by the most illustrious of all, found in etching a delightful means of fuller artistic expression, and the Dutch people, glad in their new era of prosperity after long stress of strife, were only too happy to be responsive to the artists, and provided a ready market for the copper-plates as well as the canvases of the painters. And the people were all the more responsive because the artists were interpreting for them all the picturesque charm and the homely beauty of the life that was about them, and the land they were living in, and the very waters that helped them to prosperity. As Walter Pater very aptly puts it: “The Dutch had just begun to see what a picture their country was—its canals and *boompjes*, and endless, broadly-lighted meadows, and thousands of miles of quaint water-side: and their painters, the first true masters of landscape for its own sake, were further informing them in the matter. They were bringing proof, for all who cared to see, of the wealth of colour there was all around them in this, supposedly, sad land. Above all, they developed the Low Country taste for interiors.”

Jan Van de Velde was the most notable among the earliest etchers to picture the realities of Dutch life and landscape, but he used the medium less with its true effect of free and essential suggestion, and more in the deliberately formal manner of line-engraving. His was a matter-of-fact vision, concerned with the conventional representation of what was to be seen, and when the pliant needle and the responsive acid seemed inclined to leave something to the imagination, the burin would be called into play to strengthen them against any such compromise. Yet, while they lack the true quality and charm of etching, as its great exponents have taught us to understand these, the plates of Jan Van de Velde

are full of pictorial interest. The *Spring* (p. 50), reproduced here from the larger set of *The Seasons*, is a typical example, and its date, 1617, gives it importance in the history of etching, for it places the work eleven years before the earliest etching we know of Rembrandt. Here is a characteristic scene—a large boat, with a living freight of folk and beer-barrels, being towed along a canal, on the waters of which are reflected, with the pretty effect, as it were, of an embroidered pattern, the trees and buildings on the bank. The sun shines, yet here is no “informing expression of passing light” absorbing all the material details. But Van de Velde, if he has missed the artistic subtlety of the innate etcher, if he has not even suggested the poetry of reflections in calm waters, as Rembrandt, Whistler, or Haden could not have failed to suggest it, he has at all events visualised the scene with a happy sense of composition, and drawn it with a spirited needle. The same manner of the line-engraver one finds also in the landscape etchings of Esias Van de Velde, and other contemporaries; but it does not characterise the work of Hercules Seghers, who shows individuality and more poetic feeling in his treatment of landscape, with a truer and more independent handling of the needle. There is no inspired selection of line, there is rather a fussy indecision of elaboration; but in his plates etching is beginning to have a significance of its own. Yet there was more of the painter than the etcher in Seghers, and, not realising, perhaps, that black and white could be handled so as to suggest colour, he was the first to experiment with a colour-print from a copper plate. He would print his etching with a coloured ink—using one colouring—on hand-tinted paper, but the results, though curious from the craftsman’s point of view, have little artistic importance. Rembrandt is said to have held Seghers in esteem, though one cannot believe that he approved of printing an etched line in colour; but he was not above taking a plate of Seghers’—*Tobias and the Angel*—and, by removing the disproportionate figures and materially altering the landscape, turning it into *The Flight into Egypt*. The difference is magical.

“Others abide our question. Thou art free.” We might say this of Rembrandt as justly as Matthew Arnold said it of Shakespeare. Master craftsman that he was and supreme artist, it is his wonderful humanity, with its infinite range of sympathy, its extraordinary spiritual insight, its imaginative truthfulness of material vision, that inspires his every pictorial utterance, informing it with a vital and infallible beauty of expression; be it but a sketch, some few slight suggestive lines of dramatic or pathetic significance, or a majestic composition of rich resource and elaborate completeness, touched to

great issues of divine pity and human drama ; be it the portraiture of some personality stamped with character and scarred by worldly contest ; or just a typical Dutch landscape seen tenderly in some happy moment of the sun.

As we look over Rembrandt's prints, starting with that first wonderful little portrait-sketch of his mother, done when he was barely twenty-two, and trace in chronological sequence, as one may do at the British Museum, the progress of his artistic expression, with the accompanying development of the craftsmanship it called for, we shall find him always "self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure." There was the first period—roughly a decade—when the bitten line alone was his medium, the frank clean open line that made no compromise with tone, as well as the line laid closely with its neighbours for shadows and tonal gradations ; then the next ten years, say from 1640 to 1650, when he was availing himself more and more of the dry-point's enriching burr for luminous tone-suggestions ; and finally, the period from about 1651 to the end of his etching in 1661, when, although as long as he worked on the copper he could always find expression through the free etched line, the passionate intensity of his conceptions seemed to call more and more uncompromisingly for the readier and more incisive utterance of the point upon the naked copper. It helped him with the resultant burr toward suggestions of mystical light and shadowy mystery, to the artistic illusion of infinity.

Not all, but most, of the fully developed Rembrandt we find adumbrated in the various plates of that first period. Landscape for its own sake has not yet made its irresistible appeal to him, but his interest in human character, human picturesqueness, human feeling is expressively active, while Biblical story is already stirring his imagination to a pictorial eloquence of deep impressiveness. The rugged picturesqueness of the beggars and the humblest peasant life engage his needle with alert and vivacious draughtsmanship in many a characteristic etching, such as the inimitable *Blind Fiddler* and *The Rat-Killer* (p. 51), the most engaging of all Rembrandt's prints of this class. But, of course, it is in portraiture that his penetrating sense of character and his extraordinarily observant vision already find richest expression. He lays the features of his father and mother frequently under contribution, drawing the old people in various costumes and headgear from his miscellaneous collection of pictorial properties and posing them with dignity, so that the old miller will look like some Oriental potentate, perhaps, or mediæval seigneur, while his bourgeois wife has all the distinction of the *grande dame*. Look at *Rembrandt's Mother seated at a Table*

(p. 52); was ever mother so nobly immortalised by the etching needle? The tender protective spirit of all motherhood is not suggested, perhaps, as it is in Whistler's *Mother*, but here, one feels, are just those wise and beautiful qualities of reverend and experienced age that one can imagine Rembrandt wishing to realise in his mother. And how simple and dignified the treatment, with all the relative truth of the blacks of the costume! No such reticence marks that sumptuous etching of the young woman in her pride of flowing tresses, supposed to be his beloved and soon-to-be-lost wife Saskia, yet traditionally known as *The Great Jewish Bride* (p. 55). With what richness of tone he wrought this, revelling in his growing mastery of chiaroscuro! Yet Rembrandt etched other presentments of Saskia, more spontaneously with lighter touch, doubtless in fonder moods and with more delight, anyhow with considerably more charm, with pathos too, as her approaching end cast its darkening shadow. As for charm, no portrait he ever etched has more than that perfect little masterpiece, the *Young Man in a Velvet Cap*.

Throughout his career Rembrandt found constant pictorial suggestion in his own pliable features, and probably no artist ever served himself so well as a model. In this earlier period he etched numerous portrait-studies of himself under different aspects of light, of mind, of feeling, his face readily assuming all sorts of expressions, and adapting itself variously to picturesque settings of costume. Some of these are finished studies, others little more than sketches, but among them there are two very important self-portraits of this time of pure etching. These are *Rembrandt with plumed Hat and lowered Sabre*, of 1634, an exceedingly rare and valuable print, and *Rembrandt leaning on a stone Sill* (p. 53) of 1639. Both of these are eminently picturesque, in costume, in pose, in expression, and they are superb examples of Rembrandt's mastery of line. Leaning on the stone sill he looks every inch the artist, loving fine and beautiful things, and regarding life with clear and steadfast and reverend vision, seeking always the inner truth, the spiritual beauty beyond the material picturesqueness. Here, in fact, is the poet-artist as he looked doubtless when he etched his beautiful and pathetic *Abraham Casting out Hagar and Ishmael*; the delicate yet great little piece of weird fantasy, *Death appearing to a Wedded Couple*, and that expressive masterpiece, *The Death of the Virgin* (p. 56), one of the greatest and most beautiful of all Rembrandt's etchings. The piety, the solemnity, and withal the beauty of death are here, and the scene is realised with wonderful touches of natural truth. Physical finality is graphically suggested in the sinking figure

of the Virgin, the powerless, propped-up head, the wasted, pulseless hands ; yet, while the sorrowing people around, waiting for the inevitable end, just watch as the bed seems changing to a tomb, there is in the grave atmosphere of the chamber a mysterious uplifting sense of supernatural loveliness, such as one feels with the first far-off, lofty-sounding notes of Croft's music at a Westminster Abbey funeral, and it carries one's eye naturally to the angelic vision—but a few magic strokes of the master's needle.

The middle period of Rembrandt's work upon the copper is perhaps the most interesting of all, for it produced not only some of the noblest and greatest among the portraits and the Biblical subjects, but practically all the landscapes ; that is to say, for many the most lovable product of his etching genius. There is in these landscapes of Rembrandt's a charm of deep and gentle beauty, a natural magic infinitely enchanting, that distinguishes them from all other landscape-etching in the world, and makes them the ideal and inspiration for all later etchers of landscape. They present no scenic grandeur ; the spirit and aspect of Holland are in them all, but otherwise their interest depends upon no topographical association. Their subjects are of the simplest and most homely, as their descriptive titles show ; yet we feel, as we look at these immortal prints, that here is a great and beautiful mind reverentially interpreting for us, with happy and exquisite art, not merely a bit of Dutch landscape in its relation to a canal, a cottage or a hay-barn, but nature herself, with God's wonderful and beneficent gifts of sunshine and genial air and the fertility of the homely earth. That may not have been Rembrandt's conscious motive when he started etching a landscape, but in Rembrandt the imaginative vision of the artist worked, ever inseparably, together with the rich expressive nature of the man, the fine interpretative spirit of the poet. So, just as Wordsworth would find in a wayside flower or a woodland bird inspiration for a poem that interprets, in simple and perfect phrase, the interweaving sympathies of nature and man, Rembrandt would see in a Dutch hay-barn and a sunlit plain, with the play of light and shade, pictorial motive for his needle ; but through his "inward eye" would come the transfiguring light of the sunny days of all time for the gladness and the solace of all mankind.

In the lovely *Landscape with a Cottage and a Hay-barn* (p. 57) the concentration of shadows in the centre of the plate, emphasising the light around, is managed with wonderful art, but it is needless, perhaps, to point out artistic details in these exquisite and lovable landscapes, where the art is all bewitching and wonderful. Personal preferences there must be, but I think that Rembrandt's various

moods—one might almost say his various joys—in landscape expression are adequately represented by the group of etchings reproduced here. Perhaps one of the loveliest and tenderest is the *Arched Landscape with a Hay-barn and a Flock of Sheep* (p. 58); perhaps the noblest of all is the *Landscape with a ruined Tower and a clear Foreground* (p. 61), with a gathering storm menacing the sunny peace of the place. Storm is also the expressional motive of Rembrandt's most famous etched landscape *The Three Trees* (p. 59), but the storm has had its will of the land, and the clouds are clearing; rain still falls locally, but when it is over and gone the light is lovely and the country looks glad, and the three trees on the hill take the brightening air with beauty. No etched landscape of Rembrandt's is a greater achievement of selective and comprehensive vision than the spacious *Goldweigher's Field* (p. 62). Then there is, in another mood of suggestive actuality, the charming *Omval* (p. 63). The far-famed *Six's Bridge*, with its legend, may be missed here, and the delightful *Cottage with White Palings*, *The Windmill*, and the *Obelisk*, but, even with Rembrandt's landscapes, there must be limits to representation.

Turning to the portraits of this middle period, we have, perhaps, the finest of his delineations of himself, and, one feels convinced, the most faithful and self-searching. *Rembrandt drawing at a Window* (p. 64) it is called, and its date is 1648. Here is no idealising, no artistic pose, nor is he dressed picturesquely; but we see the great artist seriously at his work, as we may believe he really saw himself: the thoughtful brow puckered, the eyes concentrating their vision, the mouth close set with decision, the hand acting, surely, in perfect accord with the brain. So he must have looked when, in Whistler's fine words, as art's "high priest . . . he saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks"—for in this same year he wrought that remarkable piece of solemn realism, *Jews in the Synagogue*. He had at this time already etched some of the landscapes, and, in the open linear manner, those wonderfully expressive plates, the smaller *Raising of Lazarus*, and *Christ carried to the Tomb* (p. 65), so full of the dumb eloquence of intolerable grief. In the previous year he had wrought those three great richly-toned portraits, *Ephraim Bonus* (p. 67), the Jewish physician, with keen visage, standing at the bottom of the staircase, possibly about to visit a patient; *Jan Asselyn*, the painter, a bold, picturesque figure; and *Jan Six* (p. 68), Rembrandt's great friend and patron, later the Burgomaster, who is seen at full length leaning easefully against a window, with his back to the light, absorbed in reading, it is

supposed, the manuscript of a play of his own writing. This, which is the most deliberately pictorial of all Rembrandt's etched portraits—though, for all its elaboration of detail, comprehensive picturesqueness of arrangement, and richness of tone, I cannot think it, by any means, the finest—has been the most highly appraised of any etching that ever found its way into an auction room, an impression in the second state—that is, the state reproduced here—fetching, in the Hubert sale of 1909, the enormous sum of £3124. Of the first state, with high window-sill, which Rembrandt wisely removed, only two impressions are known to exist, and they are in the national museums of Amsterdam and Paris, and never likely to be sold.

The most popular and famous of all Rembrandt's etchings belongs to his middle period. This is *Christ Healing the Sick* (p. 71), commonly known as the "Hundred Guilder" print, because the master once sold an impression at that then unheard-of price—between £8 and £9 (a second state, four years ago, fetched £2706 !). It is a wonderful pictorial achievement, realising, as only Rembrandt could realise it, with his sublime art, and wide, tender humanity, the eternal pity of human suffering, and the uplifting solace of faith. With that crowd of figures and their individual interests surrounding Christ, the pictorial balance is faultlessly preserved by Rembrandt's unerring sense of chiaroscuro.

In the final decade of his etching the master did some of his greatest plates, and among these the finest portrait was that of *Clement de Jonghe* (p. 69), the celebrated print-seller. A perfect piece of portraiture is this, consummate in all the qualities of etching—Whistler himself called it flawlessly beautiful—and whenever I read upon a print of any of the old Dutch etchers "*Clement de Jonghe excudit*," Rembrandt brings this shrewd artistic man of business actually living to me. A notable group of portraits follows this: the smaller plate of *Van Coppenol*, the writing-master; *Jacob Haaring* (the "Old Haaring") (p. 70), an aged functionary of the Court of Insolvents, whom Rembrandt, shortly before his bankruptcy, found a becoming subject for incomparable treatment with the dry-point; the *Young Haaring*—Thomas Jacobsz—who was entrusted with the selling of all Rembrandt's goods and chattels, yet nevertheless appealed pictorially to the artist; *Arnold Tholinx*, Inspector of Medical Colleges at Amsterdam, a marvellous example of the luminous suggestiveness of the dry-point's burr; and finally, *Jan Lutma* (p. 73), the elderly goldsmith, one of the most charming, as it is one of the most masterly, of the portraits, preferable in the second state, with the window introduced behind the old man's chair.

The question of states, by the way, is one of great importance in the study of Rembrandt's etchings, for the master, never satisfied with less than perfect artistic expression, would frequently alter his plates. Often it would be with but a few etched lines, or a little dry-point burr, added or removed; sometimes it would be a matter of emphasised lights and shadows, occasionally a drastic simplification or transformation of the design. These alterations may or may not seem to us improvements, but, at all events, they represent Rembrandt's changes of mood, or his developed ideas about his work, and they deserve study. They will be found described and analysed, with the sum of all the knowledge of the various cataloguers of Rembrandt's etchings, in Mr. Arthur Hind's handy and erudite "Essay and Catalogue." *The Three Crosses* (p. 74) offers a remarkable instance of reconstructed design. Hamerton describes this wonderful etching as "of all Rembrandt's important plates the most passionate, the most frank, and the most swift. . . . A rapid memorandum of a true vision; one of those visions seen only by men of great imaginative endowments." Then he adds, "The plate afterwards underwent very rough treatment at his hands; much of the early work was effaced, and several afterthoughts were added; which changes of intention only serve to prove the ungovernable ardour of the first inspired and passionate hour." But Mr. Hind suggests that Rembrandt, by his alterations, "aimed at a progressive rendering of the Crucifixion, the changes introduced in the fourth state (that shown here) being inspired directly by the last moments of the drama." The seven states of the splendid *Christ Presented to the People* show gradual change, the design in the fifth state undergoing drastic simplification. *Christ Preaching* (p. 75), on the other hand, one of the most beautiful in expression and composition of all the etchings inspired by the New Testament, seems to have satisfied Rembrandt from the first, for in no single particular of design or execution did he make alteration after he had printed from the plate. There is one state only, and to me it seems a perfect thing. This final period of Rembrandt's was especially rich in scriptural subjects expressed in terms of great art. Among these, some are etched in the open linear manner, such as the pathetic *Blindness of Tobit*; *Christ Disputing with the Doctors*—the two versions; the larger plate of *Christ at Emmaus*—a magnificent composition; the beautiful *Christ and the Woman of Samaria*; *Christ between His Parents returning from the Temple*, with dry-point most effectively used; *David at Prayer*; *Abraham's Sacrifice* (p. 77), noble in design and surely the finest pictorial rendering of the subject in existence; and *The Entombment*, in its first state, printed later with a surface tint of ink manipulated to

a marvellous effect of chiaroscuro. Impressiveness of chiaroscuro we find also in *The Descent from the Cross by Torchlight*, and *The Presentation in the Temple*, where the splendour of the priestly vestments is magnificently suggested. Light and shade, too, are contrasted with miraculous effect in *Faust in his Study, watching a Magic Disk*. Rembrandt's range of study, of expression, was almost infinite in its variety. His last etching of all was *The Woman with the Arrow* (p. 76), in which he presented the female figure with a sense of physical beauty quite exceptional in his studies of the nude.

III

Of Rembrandt's pupils the most notable was Ferdinand Bol, but, despite his excellence of technique, in which he came as near as possible to his master, he was too imitative to have much individual interest. For long his etching, *The Family*, passed for Rembrandt's, but his most distinguished work was in portraiture. *A Woman holding a Pear at a Window* has grace and charm, but, perhaps, *A Philosopher in Meditation* (p. 79) shows Bol's etching at its best. More interesting is Jan Lievens, for though he was never a pupil of Rembrandt, he came considerably under his influence, yet not entirely. They were fellow pupils in Pieter Lastman's studio, but, coming to England, and being employed as a painter by Charles I, he met Van Dyck, and for a time modelled himself on the great Fleming. Subsequently he worked in Antwerp before settling in Amsterdam, and though we see Rembrandt's influence powerful in the impressive *Raising of Lazarus* (p. 80) and the *St. Francis*, Van Dyck's is clearly recognisable in the portrait of *Justus Vondel*, the "Dutch Milton."

After the supreme master, the greatest Dutch painter-etcher was Adrian Van Ostade, of Haarlem, Franz Hals's pupil, and he was absolutely original. In range of subject, pictorial vision, and artistic and technical manner he was entirely himself, and a master. His etched line, rich in the expressive quality of the medium, is positively autographic. It was the simple, humble life about him, the peasant life, in its quiet, homely, family relations, or in its jolly, careless moods of carousing and dancing, fiddling and singing and boisterous philandering, that he delighted to picture. And he did this with a marvellously clear vision for the realities in their true pictorial aspect, and a draughtsmanship of singular power and refinement, unerringly responsive to his vision. His composition has always the authority of artistic rightness, and yet it seems so easily natural, so

inevitable. As for light and shade, not even Rembrandt's needle commanded them more surely. Human sympathy vitalises his figures, and a kindly generous humour plays about them, inviting us to fellowship. Ostade has been accused of lowness of mind, a love for only the coarse and vulgar in human nature, a lack of tenderness, insensibility to beauty. Of course there were ugly features, ungainly figures, and much boorishness of manner, among the poor peasants that furnish the human interest of his subjects. But these were merely realistic details that took their right subordinate places in the general design of pictorial truth. Would the beauty of that masterpiece, *The Family* (p. 81), have been greater had the mother, fondling her latest-born in that poor apartment, been young and fair of form and feature instead of worn with years of care and toil to the loss of all comeliness? For me, her very plainness adds to the simple pathos, and so to the beauty, of the picture, showing Ostade's tenderness of perception; and it is as necessary to the pictorial harmony as the diffusion of light among the shadows, and its concentration about the living group, as necessary as the multifarious details so rightly observed, and composed with such masterly effect.

While his technical and artistic qualities are undisputed, Ostade has been denied imagination by Sir Frederick Wedmore, and sensibility and sympathy by Hamerton—both eminent authorities; but it heartens one to find a poet and critic of fine intuition like Mr. Laurence Binyon writing: "The chief glory of Ostade is his imaginative draughtsmanship, and akin to this are his vivid human sympathy and his humour." I am on the side of the poet; I delight in Ostade, and I would gladly see some of our brilliant contemporary etchers deriving inspiration from him, and finding motives in the common life of our own day. Surely it teems with subjects as pictorially interesting as any that Ostade gave vitality to with his sympathetic vision and masterly art and craft. Rembrandtesque landscapes and old buildings, when they are etched with true artistic impulse, are admirable and precious, of course; but where is the etcher of to-day to give us a homely interior with the light playing naturally on some vivid and characteristic scene of casual human comedy or pathos, such as Ostade gives us in that perfect little plate *The Peasant Paying his Reckoning* (p. 82), or *Le Gouter*, or the large *Dance in the Tavern*, or *The Paterfamilias* (p. 83), or that touching scene of simple reverence, *Saying Grace* (p. 84), in which the artist's sympathy with the daily life of the very poor is frankly expressed with affectionate tenderness tempered with gentle humour? Might not the etcher of to-day find inspiring suggestions too, and stimulus to a more varied pictorial

outlook, in the charming *Woman Spinning* (p. 85), with the homely group at the cottage door, and the sleeping pigs in the roadway, bathed in hot sunshine; in the sweetly tender little piece, *The Doll* (p. 86), the merry, lively, sunny *Fête under the Vine-arbour* (p. 87), or *The Fiddler and the Hurdy-gurdy Boy*, a very engaging piece of open-air *genre*? To deny imagination to these vivid etchings, true pictorial imagination, is, I think, to be very wide of the mark, as also to gainsay imaginative vision in that very beautiful landscape *The Anglers* (p. 89), a genuine etcher's landscape, scarcely less poetic in its own way than a Rembrandt; or in that remarkable plate *The Barn*, or the very interesting and intimate *The Painter in his Studio* (p. 90), so finely designed, so perfectly lighted. Surely Ostade was one of the greatest of the great painter-etchers. Early impressions from his fifty plates are rare and valuable, but those taken long after Ostade's time from the often re-worked plates are common and valueless.

Of course the master had disciples, and of these the most gifted and individual was Cornelis Bega. The son of a sculptor named Begyn, who turned him out of doors on account of his loose way of living, he changed his patronymic, but apparently not his ways. Finding his subjects almost exclusively in the poorer class of tavern, his range was narrow, but his pictorial conceptions were bold, broad, and simple, and his draughtsmanship had considerable strength and vitality, while he etched with an emphatic line, and a telling sense of light and shade, vivid rather than subtle. The most powerful and characteristic of his tavern scenes are *Le Cabaret* (p. 93), *Les Trois Buveurs* (p. 92), and *La Jeune Cabaretière Caressée* (p. 91); but *La Mère et son Mari* (p. 95) shows Bega in a mood of more domestic sympathy, combining tenderness of conception with virility of execution. Sir Frederick Wedmore, in his staunch enthusiasm, believes that Bega will be more widely admired as the years go on. Perhaps he will, but, unlike his master, Ostade, he does not engage one's affection as well as one's artistic appreciation. Cornelis Dusart was another pupil of the Haarlem master who distinguished himself with the etching needle, but his manner follows Ostade more closely than Bega's, it has less individuality. Nevertheless, in his two large plates, *Le Violon Assis* (p. 96), his best work, and *La Fête du Village* (p. 97) the scenes are realised with much pictorial vivacity and lively observation, and the draughtsmanship reveals a spirited play of the needle. Mezzotint Dusart also practised with taste and dexterity.

Now let us turn to the landscape-etchers. One of the earliest of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters to perceive the essential

qualities of etching as an interpretative medium for landscape was Simon de Vlieger. Curiously enough, it was the sea and ships that he painted, and among his pupils was that famous marine-painter William Van de Velde, the younger ; but for his subjects on the copper-plate de Vlieger looked only inland. He etched delicately, and with a sensitive eye for the aspect of the land with the air and light about it, and the life of the people upon it. *Le Bourg* (p. 98) and *Les Pêcheurs* (p. 99) are excellent examples of his work, the sense of atmosphere in the latter, with the character of the Scheveningen fisherfolk, being admirably rendered. Many of the picturesque charms of Dutch landscape were gracefully presented in the numerous etchings of Anthonie Waterloo. He is best seen as an etcher of trees, yet a dainty little plate is *On the Road to Scheveningen* (p. 101). Waterloo's etchings show nothing to equal the brilliant and delightful little plate, *Near Naerden* (p. 102), by Roeland Roghman ; nor is there any other comparable with it among Roghman's own works for masterly treatment of light and shade. For the rest, he etched quite interestingly, with keen observation of nature and with frank art. The same may be said, perhaps more emphatically, of Herman Naiwjncz, whose rendering of trees was full of pictorial charm, as one may see in the graceful and sunny piece *La Colline avec les deux grands Arbres* (p. 103), while in *Le Rocher au bord de la grande Rivière* (p. 104) he shows a fine appreciation of his medium's suggestive power of simple line.

It is little of Dutch landscape that we find in the charming etchings of Allart van Everdingen, for, starting as a painter of the sea, the accident of shipwreck cast him upon the coast of Norway, and in that beautiful country of mountain forest and rocky gorge and torrential waters he found fresh and fertile subject-matter for his canvas and his copper-plate. This was an entirely new pictorial note in Dutch art, and on his return to Haarlem, and after he had finally settled in Amsterdam in 1652, his prints and his pictures were exceedingly popular. They called him the "Salvator Rosa of the North," from the wild romantic nature of his subjects, and his success induced poor Jacob Ruysdael, whose greater art met with the scantiest appreciation, to adopt similar pictorial schemes, but without visiting Norway. Van Everdingen's influence was, in fact, wide and powerful. Among his hundred and fifty or more prints, one may select as characteristic *La Roue sous le Toit mobile* (p. 105).

Ruysdael's few etchings are all of woodland scenes ; his needle is concerned pre-eminently with the wayward growth of trees, with the picturesque charm of their interlacing branches, the delicate graces of their foliage. He does not invest them with romance, with

mystery ; one feels that he enjoyed drawing trees for their forms' sake, for their leafy exuberance, but the presence of the Dryads always eluded him. *The Little Bridge* (p. 109), *The Travellers* (p. 108), *The Cornfield* (p. 107), and *The Three Oaks* may not be great etchings, but their individuality of vision and of style are undeniable. Poor Ruisdael could not sell his prints or his pictures, and ended his days in the poor-house. Bartholomew Breenberg, leaving his native Holland, was allured by the landscape and the ancient ruined buildings of Italy, and his etchings, of which *The Courier* (p. 106) is a good example, are of a charming delicacy.

Italy was also the inspiration of Jan Both, to whose stay in that country, together with his brother Adrian, we owe the gracious character of his sunny landscapes, the harmonious idealising of his vision. *Les deux Vaches au bord de l'eau* (p. 111) is a typical example of his etching, which is always of genuine quality. It is supposed that the figures of men and cattle in Jan Both's prints and pictures were done by Adrian, though I know of no reason why Jan should not have done them himself. At all events, there was a beautiful affection and sympathy between the brothers, and when Adrian was drowned Jan's grief was so great that he died soon afterwards. Nicholas Berchem, Both's friend, was also greatly influenced by Italian residence and study, but for me he has more individual charm than Jan Both, if, perhaps, a more deliberate habit of pictorial elegance. One never feels that his peasants have known the heat of labour, one never scents about his cattle the good brown earth and the heat of the summer air, in spite of the sunshine. He seems never content with nature's simplicity, he must always adorn it with the graces of the studio. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that Berchem was a great collector of Italian prints and drawings for the purposes of study and design, and he was so prodigiously industrious that in summer he would often work in his studio from four o'clock in the morning till dusk. So joyous was his temperament, too, that he would always sing at his work. This cheerfulness, I think, is reflected in his etchings, which were possibly done as a relaxation from his indefatigable work as a painter, work which, when his pictures were in such popular demand that purchasers were willing to pay for them in advance, he would contract for at the rate of ten florins a day. There is an attraction of personality about Berchem. Even his name, really a *sobriquet*, speaks to his personal popularity ; for, while he was a student with Van Goyen, his father, Pieter Van Claesz, an indifferent painter, went to the studio to chastise him for some boyish peccadillo, but the master, sympathetically on the side of the peccant

boy, called to his pupils, "*Berc hem!*" the Dutch for "Hide him!" and this gave the young artist the name by which he lives in art history. Berchem's touch on the copper is delicate and brilliant; his selective vision in black-and-white, if perhaps a little affected, at all events makes for grace. *The Bagpiper* (p. 112), known also as *Le Diamant*, is perhaps Berchem's most famous etching, and the most charmingly picturesque, but scarcely less so are *The Flute-player* (p. 113), *The Three Cows in Repose*, and *Cow Drinking* (p. 114), with its very characteristic group of cattle and peasants by the rivulet and the ruins. One must not forget also a set of animals' heads, admirably drawn and etched. Berchem's famous pupil, Carel du Jardin, also went into Italy and became the most Italianate of the Dutchmen. Landscape in his etchings was of quite secondary interest, being merely accessory to the cattle which he pictured with charm and refinement. *The Two Horses* (p. 115), the *Cow and Calf*, *Dogs* (p. 116), and the *Two Mules* represent him at his best. Of all the Dutch painter-etchers of cattle Paul Potter is the most famous, and in his plates, which are very rare, we find, perhaps, the most searching study, the most realistic presentment. Two examples are given here, *The Shepherd* (p. 117), a group of sheep in hot sunlight, and *The Horse of Friesland* (p. 118), which is one of an important series depicting the career of the horse in its various stages, of which the most interesting as a picture is *The Two Plough-horses*. More charming, however, are the landscapes with cattle of Adrian Van de Velde, for he was a genuine out-of-doors artist, and he saw nature more comprehensively in its pictorial aspect than the other cattle men, as may be seen in such a plate as *Les Trois Bœufs* (p. 119). Among other notable etchers of animals were Jan Fyt and Pieter de Laer. Then, there was Dirk Stoop, whose etching is represented here by one of his vigorous studies of horses, *A Boy leading a Horse to drink* (p. 120), though the animal seems inclined to prove the truth of the proverb. This is, perhaps, the most interesting of Stoop's plates from the point of view of pure etching, but he did a number of plates of great historical interest, in which graven work was mixed with the etching. Going to Lisbon, he quickly found favour as a painter at the Portuguese Court, and when Catherine of Braganza came to England to marry Charles II, Dirk Stoop was in her train, and he drew, etched, and engraved a series of plates depicting her progress to London, and the ceremonial processions connected with the royal nuptials.

Of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters of the sea and shipping, which gave their country so much importance and power

at that period, the two who won reputation also as etchers were Reynier Zeeman, whose patronymic was Nooms, and Ludolf Backhuysen. Zeeman's pictorial interest in shipping was exceedingly varied, and his capitally etched plates show all kinds of craft, from the fishing-boat to the warship, in all their relations to the sea and to the purposes of man, or rather, to the Dutchman of his day. For Zeeman was very patriotic in his art. His spirited naval battle scenes invariably depict the prowess of the Dutch ships, as in the example given here, Plate VII of the *Sea Fights* (p. 121), where the Dutch flag has just been hoisted over the captured English vessel. Yet Zeeman seems to have had no hostile feeling towards England, for he came and worked here for a while, and dedicated his interesting *Shipbuilding Yard* (p. 122), to Samuel Pepys, a compliment upon which the little Admiralty Secretary must have preened himself. How charmingly Zeeman could convey a true pictorial impression of a calm sea on a sunny day, with fishing-boats ready to take the first chance of a breeze, is seen in Plate II of the *Sea Pieces* (p. 123). Meryon, by the way, got his first impulse toward the copper through his admiration for Zeeman, some of whose prints he copied.

Backhuysen began drawing the shipping in the port of Amsterdam while he was trying to follow the commercial career intended for him. His drawings attracted eager purchasers, and eventually he answered the call of art whole-heartedly. Van Everdingen was his master, but he made a practice of learning all he could in various studios, and so keen was he to paint the realities of the sea that, in stormy weather, he would go out, often at great risk, in small craft, so that he might study the forms and movements of waves in their very midst. A man of engaging personality and varied interests, Backhuysen won wide admiration, and his drawings and pictures were exceedingly popular, but he did not commence etching until he was past seventy. Yet his plates are true etcher's work, spirited in draughtsmanship, and, as one may see in this *Distant View of Amsterdam* (p. 125), full of the sense of breezy air and moving waters, and the actuality of ships buoyantly riding the waves.

IV

Jacques Callot should not, strictly speaking perhaps, find a place among the painter-etchers, but he was certainly one of the most original and distinctive of the early etchers, and his influence was important. His youthful career was romantic and adventurous. He was but twelve years old when, rebelling against the parental

intention of bringing him up to the service of the Church, he first ran away from home in his native Nancy, and, after living awhile among a band of gipsies—an episode in his life productive of four of his most characteristic and interesting etchings—he reached Italy and commenced artistic study. Twice his family found the truant and took him home, but art was his inevitable calling, and Italy was for several years his home. There, in Rome and Florence, he practised etching, but finally he returned to France and settled in Nancy. His industry was prodigious; about a thousand of his prints have been catalogued; his pictorial interests were of an exceeding variety, his treatment always inventive and full of spirit. The interest of his otherwise clever and telling technique is marred somewhat for modern taste by a frequent use of the burin for emphasising bitten lines and strengthening tones. His etching, however, was in the right spirit, and it may be said that he only did in effect with engraving what Rembrandt and more modern etchers have done with dry-point work. His numerous plates cover a wide range of subject, and comprise many sets, the most famous being *The Miseries of War*. The example shown here, *La petite Vue de Paris*, or *Les Galériens* (p. 126), gives us a vivid glimpse of Paris in 1629, and shows Callot's manner characteristically. The most faithful of his immediate followers was Stefano Della Bella, the Parisianised Italian, who, with a daintier and more refined touch, etched nearly twelve hundred plates. Not so original and virile as Callot, he has more charm, especially in such prints as *La Place Dauphine, du côté du Pont Neuf* and *Les deux Nourrices assises par terre avec leurs Nourrissons* (p. 127), of the set of thirteen plates known as *Agréable Diversité de Figures*, done in Paris in 1642.

When young Claude Gellée left his native Lorraine to seek a livelihood in Rome, it was not as an artist, but as a cook. Happily he chanced to take service with Agostino Tassi, a landscape painter of repute, who discerned the innate artistic quality of his youthful cook, and taught him to paint. From whom Claude learnt the technique of etching we do not know—it may possibly have been from Callot—but anyhow, he developed a manner of using needle and acid quite unlike that of any of his contemporaries or predecessors, a manner so entirely his own that it seems to belong inevitably to his vision and its expression. And with what mastery of magic charm Claude's needle invested his lovely and graceful visions of sylvan beauty! The acid might occasionally prove a little rebellious, the plate might show the accidents of experiment, the impression that truly represents the artist's intention may now be rare to seek, yet beyond question Claude as painter-etcher must rank always among

the greatest, a master of landscape more intimate and lovable on copper even than on canvas. It may be that, as Goethe said, "there are no landscapes in nature like those of Claude," no landscapes in which everything seems to occur together with so infallible a grace, so flawless a beauty, that they enchant the vision with an ideal loveliness ; but don't we wish there were ! Yet to supply the pictorial deficiencies of nature, to study her lovingly, and take her suggestions with imagination, is the artist's *raison d'être* ; and Claude, like all great artists, knew this. So he gives us, in his exquisite masterpiece of etching, *Le Bouvier*, or *The Cowherd* (p. 128), a sylvan vision of suave and gracious beauty that one knows instinctively is only pictorially perfect, as it is, because of his unerring sense of composition, and his artistic imagination that synthetises, under their aspect of tender passing light, all the details—the clusters of trees in their abundant leafiness, the winding stream with the cattle slowly fording it, the landscape receding to its hilly limits. With what a delicate and magical touch has Claude shown us the light through the foliage, and suggested in the restfulness of the shadows the quiet calm of the scene ! This is one of the great classics of etching, essentially poetic. Classics, too, with no cold, formal classicism, but with warm romantic charm, are *Cattle going Home in stormy Weather* (p. 131), *Shepherd and Shepherdess conversing* (p. 129), *Sunset* (p. 132), a splendid vision of the sun going down behind the waters, *The Seaport with the large Tower* (p. 133), the delightful *Dance by the Waterside*, and *The Dance under the Trees* (p. 134), with the *Saltarello* filling the sunny air with its joyous rhythm to the sound of pipes and tambourine.

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new.

To turn from the Italianate Frenchman Claude to the Anglicised Bohemian Wenceslaus Hollar is to turn from romance and idealism to fact and reality. But this is by no means to say that Hollar, though unimaginative, perhaps, by temperament, and prosaic by force of circumstances, was ever merely commonplace, was ever anything but an artist. For, whatever the fact, Hollar would see it always in its true pictorial aspect, and present it with the charm of frankly explicit art and of delicate and masterly craft. There was among the seventeenth-century etchers no one more personally interesting than Hollar, no one more distinctive in manner, more absolutely certain in technique, no one whose vision and artistry show more unfailing sincerity. In the "biting" of a plate he had no rival in his day.

His prodigious industry throughout a long life of vicissitude and precarious fortune, often in penury, was unflagging ; his output was enormous, comprising, as Parthey catalogues them not quite exhaustively, 2733 plates, and no etcher that ever lived was so various in choice and exigency of subject. His busy and dexterous needle was engaged with anything and everything of picturesque interest that came within range of his alert eye, from a cathedral to a lady's muff, from a royal pageant to a butterfly. His portraiture, too, was of very diverse personalities ; while topographically his range was wider than that of any other etcher of the period, extending from his native Prague to Strasburg, Cologne, and other German cities, Antwerp, England, Tangier—everywhere with the presentment of the contemporary scene. But to the Londoner, especially to the one who loves his London with a sense of history, Hollar's appeal must be of a specially intimate and affectionate kind, for if we would visualise London as it was under the rule of Charles I, Cromwell, and the Merry Monarch, as it looked before and immediately after the Great Fire, we must go to Hollar's prints. With them we may wander in and out of old St. Paul's, and watch the busy barter on the Royal Exchange, or linger about Westminster and Whitehall to see the happenings there ; we may idle pleasantly in Tothill Fields, where duels were fought, and entertainment was offered in the maze and the bear-garden ; we may go to Tower Hill for a statesman's execution, and stop, perhaps, on our way to see a Quaker pilloried or whipped at the cart's tail ; or we may hie us for country air to quiet rural Islington, or take wherry or barge down the busy Thames to the royal palace at Greenwich.

It was in 1637 that the Earl of Arundel, the greatest English art patron and collector of his time, having met with Hollar in Cologne, brought him to England, and established him in his household at Arundel House. This was the happiest and most prosperous period in Hollar's vicissitudinous career. Working for the earl and the king among their collections, teaching young Prince Charles how to draw, he married one of Lady Arundel's waiting-women. No wonder, then, that, as he looked at *London from the top of Arundel House* (p. 143) his vision was such a serene and engaging one. At this period, too, he took note very daintily of ladies' costumes, and he must have been feeling the influence of feminine charm and comfortable days when he etched with so much suavity the two sets of *The Seasons*. In these we get a somewhat different and, as I fancy, more exact vision of the contemporary fashions than the pictures of Van Dyck vouchsafe us, just as J. R. Smith's prints show us more truly than Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures what

fashionable women were really wearing in their day. The lady in the costume of *Summer* (p. 135) is taking the air in St. James's Park, while the masked lady in *Winter* (p. 137) is evidently bent on shopping, for she is in modish Cheapside. In these charming plates, as in the *Spring* (p. 138) of the smaller set of *The Seasons*, Hollar shows as exact an eye for the general aspect and all the minutiae of contemporary feminine costume as for *A Bird's-eye View of London* (p. 140) with all its ramifications. Troublous days followed the pleasant ones at Arundel House, for in the Civil War Hollar played his part, fighting in the defence of Basing House side by side with Faithorne and Inigo Jones. Probably he was not sorry when he was taken prisoner by the Roundheads in 1643, for they seem to have allowed him plenty of latitude for his business as an etcher, which he resumed very actively. He did, among other things, his fine portrait of *Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, General of the Forces* (p. 139), and a very spirited view of the *Royal Exchange* in the busiest hour of the day. Then he went to Antwerp, and during some eight strenuous and penurious years wrought many fine plates, including the splendid *Antwerp Cathedral* shown here (p. 141), and those wonderful and matchless still-life studies, the *Set of Shells*, the *Butterflies*, and the *Muffs*, of which the *Five Muffs*, and the *Muffs, Mask, Gloves, etc.* (p. 144) are among the most famous etchings of their class. Hollar's subsequent record is one of continuous, hard and ill-paid work in London—interrupted only by the adventurous expedition to Tangier at the bidding of Charles II—until his death in 1677 in abject poverty, with the bailiffs waiting to confiscate the very bed on which he was lying. Yet to this master of the needle, labouring in those arduous years for a pittance of fourpence an hour, the archæologist and the student of history owe an invaluable heritage, in which the etcher of to-day would do well to share.

With Hollar we take leave of the seventeenth century, but we shall find a great change in the eighteenth. It was the age *par excellence* of reproductive engraving, and the etching-needle was used but rarely for its own sake, and chiefly as a lively help and support to the burin, the mezzotint-scraper, or the stipple-graver. Original etching was little encouraged, and therefore little practised, but the few notable artists who did practise it had each his distinctive note. Nothing in the whole range of etching is more original than the work of Giovanni Antonio Canaletto, with its sincere simplicity of means commanding light and atmosphere to a fulfilment of pictorial beauty. His plates, all representing Venice and its environs, are not numerous—just over thirty—but they have a charm that grows as one's familiarity with them increases, and one realises how rich they

are in artistic beauties. The skies are invariably filled with delicate tone, compassed by closely-etched lines broken to suggest the forms of pale clouds, so that against these the white buildings, with their shadows full and deep, show up vividly as if in hot and brilliant sunshine. A beautiful example is *La Torre di Malghera* (p. 145), with its effect of heat and shimmer over the serene and restful landscape and waters, and the dominant white tower concentrating the sunlight and the interest of design. With what engaging pictorial humour the sun can play its part when there is a Canaletto to record it, we may see in the delightful *Mestre* (p. 146), where the white houses carry the sunlight gradually along the receding canal right away to the furthest distance. And with what rightness of actuality the people seem to happen upon the scene! Strongly appealing with charm of design and of lighting are *The Porch with the Lantern* (p. 147) and *The Lock of Dolo* (p. 148), in which again pictorial value is added by the happy grouping of the casual figures. These four plates, and *The Port of Dolo*, its waters gay with elegant gondolas, and its white buildings taking the sun in the distance, may, I think, be regarded as Canaletto's etched masterpieces; but the little plate of *The Prison* (p. 149) is characteristic of another, if more prosaic, phase of his etching.

When Giovanni Battista Piranesi went from his native Venice to Rome he saw as the ancient Romans saw, and to his powerfully imaginative vision Pagan Rome lived again. Then with magnificent interpretation through the burin and the etching-needle, on a matter of some two thousand huge plates, he made the city of the Cæsars vividly picturesque to the eighteenth century, influencing its decorative ideas with inspiration from the architectural beauties of the antique world. Among the naturally unequal plates of the *Vedute di Roma* and *Le Antichità Romane* are some that are masterpieces of their kind, but it is in the *Opere Varie di Architettura, Prospettiva, Groteschi, Antichità*, and especially in the *Carceri d'Invenzione*, that Piranesi's marvels of imaginative draughtsmanship are seen as the fullest expression of his amazing genius. In the *Carceri*, too, we see him at his greatest as an etcher, for in those sixteen wonderful plates it was with the free play of the needle alone, commanding startling contrasts, that his prodigious imagination had its will of the copper. These are the plates which, calling them *Dreams*, De Quincey attempts to describe from his recollection of Coleridge's account of them, and likens them to the monstrous architectural visions in his own opiate dreams. De Quincey's description is suggestive, but inaccurate, and, considering how alien to the Gothic genius was Piranesi's, it is strange that Coleridge should have mistaken for vast

Gothic halls of endless growth and self-reproduction, with machinery of tantalising rather than punitive intention, these immense prisons, with their massive stone arches, their countless staircases and galleries inextricable and of awful purpose, and their Titanic engines of endless torture and sudden, terrific death. These *Carceri* plates are supposed to have been the reminiscent result of a fever delirium, but in the rare, perhaps unique, set of fourteen plates in the original state, which may be seen in the British Museum, the designs are comparatively simple and lightly etched, with none of the violent contrasts of light and shade, or the fearsome details, and little of the dreadful effect, to be found in the sixteen plates of the later, published state. Therefore, we may assume that, even if Piranesi got the first inspiration from a fevered dream, the designs were done from the first with deliberate invention and art, and were elaborated when he realised that his conceptions were vastly more stupendous and haunting than they appeared in his first set of prints. The frontispiece and the last plate given here (pp. 150 and 151) represent the finished designs.

Invention of a very different order characterises the daintily etched plates of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, the motive of whose pictorial fancy upon the copper was generally, at least when he was etching quite independently of his painting, a graceful and harmonious composition of purely decorative significance. In the set of ten plates known as *Varii Capricci*, two of which are given here, *Le jeune homme assis et appuyé sur une urne* (p. 153) and *Le Cavalier à pied près de son cheval* (p. 154), we see Tiepolo's most distinctive qualities as an etcher, delicacy and refinement of line, with lightness of tone. The same style, if not quite the same charm, marks the etching of his son Giovanni Domenicho, which chiefly translated the father's pictures.

Watteau's etching was but a small affair, limited in fact to seven little plates which were all his own, and perhaps three in which his bitten lines were but the preliminary groundwork for the line-engraver's elaboration. We give on page 155 two of the seven, from the *Figures de Mode*, a volume published in 1725, the rest of Watteau's designs being etched by others. In these etchings, picturing luminously and in elegant pose types of the fashionable ladies and gallants of the day, Watteau's grace of draughtsmanship and distinction of style are apparent. The reproduction of Watteau's designs was the chief business of François Boucher as an etcher, and in the early years of his brilliant career he was quite a prolific one. But his original etching was of small compass, his most important plate being the allegorical frontispiece to the second volume of Watteau's *Figures des*

différentes caractères de paysages et d'études dessinées d'après nature (p. 156). This is conventional enough, but it has that decorative prettiness with which Boucher pleased so pre-eminently the France of Louis Quinze.

Of far more real etching interest were the five original plates of Honoré Fragonard, and they are particularly noteworthy because they represent him in a phase of expression that we do not see in his painting. He seems to have turned to the copper with the true artistic impulse of the etcher, and in joyous mood to have allowed his delicate pagan fancy free play, so that it drew his needle through the waxen ground with swift and dainty touches to a witchery of exquisite grace. The four fascinating and absolutely original plates, *Jeux de Satyres*, or *Bacchanales*, done in 1763, of which two are given here (pp. 158 and 159), are pure fantasy, spontaneously rhythmic, full of "sun-burnt mirth," and joyously natural. Bewitching conceptions are these pagan revels in the heart of the wood, where, amid sunny bosage and lush leafage, the Bacchante in happy innocence is coquetting with the two delighted satyrs, and the satyr cuddles in his arms his two human babies frightened at the wild dancing of their nymph-mother with their tiny faun brother. These are perfect little lyrics of the etching-needle; while the *Deux Femmes à Cheval* (p. 157) has all the charm of a graceful impromptu.

It is a far cry from the delicate and happy fancies of Fragonard to the mordantly cynical and grimly dramatic pictorial satires with which Francisco Goya y Lucientes, the greatest Spanish painter after Velasquez, won added fame as a master of the copper-plate. Entirely unlike any other etcher in the quality, character, and scope of his conceptions, and the manner of his expression, Goya enchains attention by the mysterious force of his surprising and often appalling imagination, and the sheer strength of his art, which makes no compromise with the conventional graces. It was when he was Court Painter at Madrid, in the midst of a society offering itself easily to the whips and scorns of satire, that, between 1793 and 1797, he wrought the extraordinary, puzzling, haunting series of eighty plates known as *The Caprices*. These, with their ironic audacities of invention, seem to aim at a universality of social satire, though sometimes their meaning is elusive, not to say cryptic, but they have engaged the efforts of many interpreters, and Goya's own annotations are available. Their technique is remarkable, being a broad and simple but very telling use of line-etching emphasised with dust-ground aquatint for sharp contrasts of light and shade. *Tal para qual* (p. 160), or, as one might translate it, "Birds of a feather flock together," shows this technique very effectively, as well as Goya's

characteristic style ; while *Por que fue sensible* (Because she was sensitive) (p. 163) is the only one of *The Caprices*, I believe, in which pure aquatint is used with no accent of line, and used, too, with wonderful effect in broad flat tones, with no graduating subtleties through many bitings, scrapings, or burnishings. *No se puede mirar* (One cannot look !) (p. 164) represents *The Disasters of War*, a set of eighty powerfully dramatic plates, which Goya etched during the Peninsular War, when his feelings were forcibly moved to pity, horror, and indignation by the ghastly tragedies of war then brought so nearly home to him. *The Agility and Daring of Juanito Apiñani in the Circus at Madrid* (p. 161), is typical of the vivid and vigorous bullfight series, *La Tauromáquia*.

V

Thomas Girtin's *Picturesque Views in Paris and its Environs*, etched by himself, and aquatinted by F. C. Lewis and others, are among the rarest and most valuable of the old English aquatints, but scarcer still are prints of the remarkable etchings by themselves done by Girtin in 1802, the year of his untimely death. Few people know these at all, yet, with their masterly suggestion of all the essential pictorial features of the spacious scenes that his vision embraced, they are well worth study, and they only make one regret that Girtin never used etching as an end in itself. For, what more of true expression do the aquatint tones of Lewis or Stadler convey, admirably as they represent Girtin's wash-drawing, than he himself could have suggested with his needle, had he but given these strictly selected and expressive lines of his the emphasis of shadow, instead of limiting their purpose to guides for the aquatinters? Considering its simplicity of means, could anything be more comprehensive than this etching of the *View of Pont Neuf, the Mint, etc.* (p. 165)? Here, too, is a working proof of an etched plate of *The Waterworks at Marli and St. Germain-en-Laye seen in the distance* (p. 166), evidently intended for the aquatinter's work, yet for some inexplicable reason discarded for the etching, inferior to it in many ways, which was used for the published plate. Mr. Martin Hardie, who owns this unique proof, suggests that possibly the aquatinting was a failure, and the plate was spoiled, so that Girtin had to fall back upon his first etching. Yes, there was certainly a fine etcher lost in Girtin.

¹⁸⁰² "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved," said Turner, recalling what he generously considered the superior gifts of his dead friend. However, I think there is no doubt that these etchings, like Earlom's for Claude's *Liber*, showed the way to Turner, for no more

than Girtin did he practise etching for its own sake, but, like him, he used it merely as a basis for the building of tones, and used it even more completely. Mezzotint was the determinate medium of interpretation for the exquisite gradations of light and shade in his *Liber Studiorum* drawings, but in the preliminary etchings he indicated, with a masterly comprehensive power of vision, and extraordinary intuition for the essential details and their relative truth, the whole form and structure of the landscape with its natural expression. Atmospheric effect is, of course, not attempted, the subsequent mezzotint, with its infinite tonal gradations, being designedly left to suggest this, but every line that can express the nature and feature of the scene is in its right place in these etchings, every necessarily expressive line, that is to say, and no line more. And how superb is the drawing in these plates! Commandingly free and fluent and graceful, but always virile and frank. One needs no better proof than these etchings of Turner's unerring mastery of composition. However intricate they may be in their drawing of trees, for instance, which suggest always, not only their pictorial appearance, but their stages of growth, and their vital energy, there is always the serene sense of large simplicity that belongs to perfect balance. Look, for instance, at the *Æsacus and Hesperie* (p. 170), which Hamerton considers "of all Turner's etchings the most remarkable for the grace and freedom of its branch-drawing," and the Rev. Stopford Brooke, always an illuminating student of the *Liber*, thinks "the most romantic, and, perhaps, the most beautiful," while Ruskin quotes it as a lesson in drawing, though he judged the *Stork and Aqueduct* (p. 171) to be the finest of all Turner's etchings. Sir Frank Short, by the way, who in his own incomparable way of interpretation has re-etched and mezzotinted both these drawings, tells me that Turner "bit" the *Stork and Aqueduct* too lightly at first, and, being dissatisfied with it, subjected the plate to an entire re-biting, with the result that it was covered with marks of foul-biting, which were only partially removed. But the history of Turner's *Liber Studiorum* is full of incident, and Mr. W. G. Rawlinson's great authoritative work on the subject is rich in their record. Perhaps the most interesting plate of the series is the very beautiful *Calm*, of which we reproduce the first two working proofs (pp. 167 and 169), for in its progress Turner made many experiments. First, as we see, he etched it in pure soft-ground with exquisite effect, indeed the medium has never been handled more expressively and with more subtle and delicate charm. Next he lightly added tones of aquatint all over; then the aquatint was strengthened. In the fourth proof mezzotint appears, with the sky very dark; the sky is then lightened, but more mezzotint is after-

wards added and, this proving too strong for the soft-ground etching, the lines are re-etched with hard ground. After the eighth working proof comes the first published state, but, with the third, the plate shows signs of wear, and then Turner takes it in hand again, re-works and alters it, so that, as Mr. Rawlinson says, with the fourth published state we get Turner's final and finest expression of the subject. Yet surely that proof of the pure soft-ground etching is in itself eloquent of all the beauty of that calm sea, with the summer air hot and still and heavy upon it.

Painter-etching proper began, in nineteenth-century England, with John Crome, who was the earliest of our great painters to exploit the medium with the full significance of its own special qualities. Without attaining, perhaps, to perfect mastery of the medium, he commanded it sufficiently to express his pictorial vision completely in terms of etching, with both soft and hard ground, to suggest with bitten line alone both form and tone. Naturally, landscape was invariably his subject, but landscape seen always in relation to the sky; and how Crome could etch a cloudy sky, and suggest its influences of light and shade on the aspect of a spacious stretch of country, we may see in the *Mousehold Heath* (p. 173), which is generally considered his masterpiece. His vigorous, yet sensitive tree-drawing, with its veracious intricacies of branch and foliage, one finds very happily determined on the plates, *At Bawburgh* (p. 172), and *A Composition* (p. 175). Crome etched his plates very lightly at first, then, after he had taken a few trial proofs, he would have recourse to re-biting, with alterations. He seems to have set little store by his etchings when he had done them. He gave to his friends the few impressions he printed, but his advertised project of publication in 1812 came to nothing, and it was only in 1834, thirteen years after his death, that they were published, from the plates as he had left them. The prints issued a few years later render but a poor account of Crome's original work.

It was with soft-ground that John Sell Cotman did his strongest etching, and in the plates of his *Liber Studiorum*, published in 1838, we see how his truthful observation of natural fact was always controlled by his fine pictorial sense of rhythmical design. As Mr. J. E. Phythian in his admirable book, "Trees in Nature, Myth and Art," says of Cotman's picturing of trees, "Stems and branches that gleam in the sunlight are opposed to masses of shade behind them in a way that brings out their structure with startling vividness. At other times we have simply masses of foliage, too dense for stem and branch to be seen, yet we feel that we could push our way through them. The sense of design does not reduce wild nature to

bondage, and the various kinds of trees retain their individuality and habits of growth." The truth of this will be recognised in the *Twickenham* (p. 176) and *Postwick Grove, Norfolk* (p. 177), while, in sterner mood, Cotman shows us, with noble dignity of design, *Carnarvon Castle* (p. 178), indifferent to the centuries, and *Bambro' Castle, Northumberland* (p. 179), as it "stood four square to all the winds that blew," before the modern restorer laid his spoiling hand upon it. No etcher of this early English period evinced a truer and more subtle understanding and handling of the medium than Crome's pupil, the Rev. E. T. Daniell, a very interesting artist of the Norwich School, whose plates, etched in the eighteen-twenties, are remarkable for genuine etcher's vision, expressive charm, and delicacy of craft. His *View of Whitlingham* (p. 180), full of light and air, proves him to be in the direct line of the masters. In this line, too, assuredly was Andrew Geddes, the Scottish portrait-painter, whose work in dry-point, deriving splendid inspiration from Rembrandt, showed fine appreciation of the burr's tonal capacity, and a masterly command of it. His portraiture, of which the *Mrs. Geddes* (p. 182), the artist's mother, is a most impressive example, interprets character vividly with all the essentials of personality. In the charming *Peckham Rye* (p. 181), we see how truly he had imbibed the artistic spirit and pictorial principles of Rembrandt's landscape-etching. Dry-point is also the medium of Sir David Wilkie's finest work upon the copper. Had there been any public encouragement for etching in his day, he might have been a really great etcher of *genre*, for one has only to look at this attractive plate, *The Lost Receipt* (p. 183), to realise that Wilkie could conceive in line, and carry out his conception to the full with every suggestion of form and tone within the possibilities of the medium. With his pictorial eye for the comedy of character alertly engaged, and with vivacious draughtsmanship, he made this a perfectly balanced little masterpiece.

The charm of etching, with its freedom of expression, made its appeal to the French Romantics. Delacroix and Decamps etched, and the men of Barbizon too. Of Corot, however, it may be said that he was hardly a thorough etcher, for though, when he was in the fifties, he turned to the medium sporadically, and on a few copper-plates drew with a light touch of the needle landscapes characteristic of his vision, interpreted essentially through line, he appears to have shirked the actual business of etching. It is on record that the "biting" of his plates was done chiefly by Félix Bracquemond, and they were thus fortunately in the hands of a master, and a very sympathetic one. But, since the effect of an etching depends upon the skill and sensitiveness with which the

drawing on the wax-grounded copper-plate is submitted to the action of the acid, which is, as a matter of fact, the etching proper, one need not be surprised if a Corot "etching," etched by somebody else, has not all the poetry and spirituality and vaporous atmospheric beauty of the great master's painting. *Dans les Dunes, Souvenir du Bois de la Haye* (p. 185) has charm and poetic suggestion, it has light and air, the drawing is true etcher's drawing, but it is only half Corot, for Bracquemond did the etching, as he did that of the graceful *Souvenir d'Italie*, which I had hoped would have been one of our illustrations. *Le Bateau sous les Saules—Effet du Matin* (p. 187), Corot's second attempt on the copper, and *L'Etang de Ville d'Avray—Effet du Soir* (p. 186), bitten by Jules Michelin, show in the distance the house of Corot's father at Ville d'Avray, a place associated with some of the master's loveliest painting. But these etchings alone would hardly make us feel the truth of the saying that Corot's art is "a window opened upon nature." Far more important as etchings are the few plates done by Théodore Rousseau, of which the *Chêne de Roches* (p. 188) is a brilliant example, the true expression, through the suggestive medium of line, of a great painter who sees nature simply and directly in her intimate pictorial moods. With the exception of Charles Jacque, none of these men etched so numerous as Charles François Daubigny. That he was as fine an etcher as he was a painter cannot, of course, be said, but some of his plates have an expressive charm due to the medium, while that sentiment of landscape one recognises in Daubigny's pictures is eloquent in his etchings. *Temps d'Orage* (p. 189) is rather a painter's subject, perhaps, than an etcher's, but it is a very impressive rendering of storm hurrying the flocks homeward over the heath. *Le Bouquet d'Aunes* (p. 191) is not properly an etching, but one of those *clichés-verres*, or glass prints, with which Daubigny, Corot, Millet, and Rousseau amused themselves between 1855 and 1860. The drawing was done with an etching-needle on a blackened plate of glass covered with a white opaque varnish, the print being taken on a sensitised paper exposed to the light behind the plate.

Jean François Millet was in some respects the noblest etcher of them all. His handling of the medium was bold, broad, and simple as his designs were ; and though his subject was always of the kind he painted in his later years, his treatment of the pictorial essentials was the etcher's treatment and not the painter's. And in the vital, expansive draughtsmanship one recognises always a simple elegance that lends distinction to the humblest figure. In *Le Départ pour le travail* (p. 195) we see the tillers of the soil going across the

sunlit fields to their daily toil, as in *Les Bêcheurs* (p. 193) they are actually digging up the earth, but, with the force of draughtsmanship that realises for us the heavy monotonous labour of turning those sods, there is suggested the pathos of the daily drudgery and the unconscious dignity with which it is borne. So it is in *La Baratteuse* (p. 194) and the famous *Les Glaneuses*, while *La Grande Bergère* (p. 192) gives expression to a world of simple sentiment. Yet, with all Millet's wonderful human sympathy he never allows it to weaken his pictorial purpose. His etchings are expressively personal, but they are true to their medium; they are works of art. One feels this artistic sincerity also as one looks at the next three plates, *Troupeau de Porcs sortant d'un Bois* (p. 197), *La Gardeuse de Moutons* (p. 199), and *L'Abreuvoir de Moutons* (p. 198), for Charles Jacque was a true, as he was a prolific, etcher, and these tender scenes of peasant folk with their herds and flocks he knew how to invest with natural sentiment compatible with charming pictorial design. As Hamerton says, "no artist ever had the sentiment of rusticity in purer form than Jacque."

But we must turn now to a great poet-etcher, one of the greatest masters that the copper-plate has ever known, and one of the most tragic and piteous figures in the history of art. When Charles Meryon, after his sea-wanderings and his failure as a painter, found his true vocation with needle and mordant, his strange weird genius, haunted by the mysterious beauty that the centuries had stamped upon Paris, expressed itself through an artistic record of her old buildings that was soundly while imaginatively picturesque, yet personally reflective to an extraordinary degree. With a poetic temperament morbidly sensitive, Meryon went about old Paris, passionately hostile to the modern renovating spirit, and, brooding in tragic, ironic or philosophic mood, upon the human significance of the time-worn buildings, he made the etchings that have given him immortality. Yet ungrateful Paris let Meryon starve and go mad while he was rescuing from oblivion her old picturesqueness of aspect and giving it the perpetuity of his haunting art. These etchings of his, wrought to a seemingly spontaneous unity of impression with infinite labour of mind and hand, and heart-searching care and patience, have now won their secure places among the masterpieces of the medium; yet poor, starving Meryon, in the days before his sufferings forced him to the mad-house, where he died, was grateful to sell for a franc and a half a proof of *L'Abside de Notre Dame de Paris* (p. 201) that has since realised at auction £640. And what a serenely beautiful vision this is of the grand old cathedral taking in solemn dignity the tender caresses of the sun-

shine! Was artist's vision, mental as well as ocular, ever more wonderfully and beautifully expressed than in *Le Stryge* (p. 200), that mediæval winged demon of Nôtre Dame, leaning on its parapet corner, and brooding impassively over Paris and its happenings, as it has brooded through the centuries, with the restless ravens flying perpetually around? Then, there is the Gothic beauty of *La Galerie de Nôtre Dame* (p. 203) graciously envisaged with the sunlight behind its slender columns; *La Pompe Nôtre Dame* (p. 205), too, a masterpiece of line and tone. A fine pictorial sense has concentrated the sunlight on the buttresses of the historic and often-etched *Pont Neuf* (p. 206), while equal originality of impression marks *St. Etienne du Mont* (p. 209), and one of the most temperamental of all Meryon's plates is the grimly fascinating *La Rue des Mauvais Garçons* (p. 207). An unforgettably great thing is *La Morgue* (p. 204), noble in design, and touched to a morbidly pitiful significance only by the characteristic incidents of the drowned body being carried from the river to the house of the dead. Personal as all these prints are—Meryon's and no possible other's—the spirit of old Paris is expressive in all. An unmistakable elegance and refinement of vision, with delicacy of technique, give individuality to Maxime Lalanne's *Aux Environs de Paris* (p. 210), with its characteristic arboreal graces. A bolder, freer, more spontaneous handling distinguishes the two admirable examples of Adolphe Appian, *Aux Environs de Menton* (p. 212) and *Barques de Cabotage, Côtes d'Italie* (p. 211), the light and atmosphere in both being interpreted with true etcher's vision.

When we turn to the two very beautiful plates, *The Early Ploughman* (p. 213) and *The Herdsman* (p. 215), that represent the poetic art of Samuel Palmer, we must enlarge our conception of the medium's expressive power, for in these we shall find richness and subtlety of tone to be its guiding pictorial principle rather than suggestive line. This is not the kind of etching that is popular nowadays, nor is it the kind, perhaps, that would be tolerable in the hands of any etcher who lacked the rich poetic temperament and romantic vision of Samuel Palmer; but, deriving its original inspiration from the etchings of Claude, and influenced, doubtless, by the woodcuts of Palmer's early friends William Blake and Edward Calvert, it is a manner that naturally evolved itself with the working of his exquisite if solemn imagination. And it expresses perfectly his pictorial conceptions of idyllic beauty, in which romantic lights in noble skies lend their poetry of shimmer and shadow to the fertile landscapes, where men and cattle with quiet labour take profit of the generous earth. This is elaborately constructive etching, but

in the multitudinous touch of the needle there is a large unity of effect ; so that one forgets the etcher's elaborate means in the artist's beauty of expression.

The next of our illustrations brings us face to face with *Francis Seymour Haden* (p. 216), the famous surgeon-artist, who, one of the foremost to influence the popular revival of the etcher's art in England, preserved in his own masterly and vivacious practice strictly the classic tradition of suggestive line. This self-portrait, done in 1862, long, of course, before his knighthood as first President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, shows the frank, straightforward, practical man expressing himself as artist upon the copper, seeing his subject steadily and seeing it whole, with the stroke of his needle infallibly true to his vision. Just so one may picture him, one day in that very year, sitting at the upper window in his Sloane Street house, and recording that fascinating glimpse, over the tops of the trees, of London and the hills beyond, with clouds floating low in the sky above it—the delightful etching we know as *Out of Study Window* (p. 224). But one thinks of Haden more as generally out-of-doors, with copper-plate and needle ever ready to his hand ; for he was essentially an open-air etcher, and the freedom, spontaneity, and breadth of his draughtsmanship are as characteristic of him as the certainty of his touch and the variety of his line. Without being original in the sense that Rembrandt and Whistler, his young brother-in-law, were original, Haden's personality was so strong that it stamped itself upon his plates, though the manner was in the great tradition. It must have been exceedingly difficult, at the time that Whistler was doing his immortal Thames etchings, for an artist of less originality, albeit a master, to etch the charming *Whistler's House at Old Chelsea* (p. 217) and yet remain entirely himself. Haden has told us how carefully he made the drawing, how troublesome was the foreshortening of the barges. Greater still is his achievement in the noble *Breaking-up of the Agamemnon* (p. 218), with its splendid sky, one of the finest down-river etchings ever done. But the country-side was Haden's happiest etching-ground, and he was never so easy as when drawing trees or the river-banks where trees and rushes grow, since, like Turner, he loved nature not only in her pictorial aspects, but in her vital energies of growth and structure and movement. One can imagine him revelling among the interlacing boughs in that fine old English park which he has pictured as *The Three Sisters* (p. 221). Then, one sees his delight in water with reflected shadows in the charming *Water-Meadow* (p. 223), with its rainy sky, a plate that Haden himself confessed to liking, "which," he added, "was saying a great deal" ; also in the serenely beautiful

Sunset in Ireland (p. 219), with the dry-point's tonal richness, done in the same park as the favourite *By-way in Tipperary*; and in the attractively sketched little *Kilgaren Castle* (p. 222), and that very happy piece of dry-point, *The Little Boat House* (p. 228). For sheer simplicity and directness of vision expressed with spontaneity and breadth of suggestion, nothing that Haden ever did can beat those vigorous, luminous dry-points, *Windmill Hill, No. 1* (p. 225) and *Nine-Barrow Down* (p. 227), and yet one might quote a dozen memorable plates of his, each an honour to English etching.

Although Alphonse Legros died but two years ago, he published his first etchings in 1857, a year before Whistler issued from Delâtre's press in Paris his famous "French set"; but the Paris public of those days seemingly had little sympathy with the high seriousness, the weirdness, the sombreness, and withal the deep humanity of Legros's art, and nine years later he came to London. In the interval he had produced many remarkable and powerful plates, weird, grave, pathetic things most of them, and dramatically expressive, such as *La Mort du Vagabond* (p. 229); *Les Chantres Espagnols* (p. 230), wherein the spiritual significance is shown strangely in conflict with the physical; *La Promenade d'un Convalescent* (p. 231); and *La Mort et le Bûcheron*. Here, in London, with his fine artistic fervour, his high ideals, and his reverence for great old masters, working and teaching he exercised much influence for good. During his long career his output of prints was enormous—700, I believe, is the number that Mr. H. Wright, who has undertaken the task of cataloguing, will have to describe in their innumerable changes of state. Yet in no etching of Legros's that I have ever seen is there any note of commonness, however humble the subject, any lack of distinction, any lowering of the artistic standard of pictorial expression and vitality that gives to all his best work the classic stamp. One feels always that here is an artist with something individual to say, and an authoritative way of saying it. In every print the personal expression is strong and vivid, and the art of it is guided by that principle of penetrating the matter with the form and spirit of the handling which moved Walter Pater, in his memorable essay on Giorgione, to instance a landscape etching of Legros's in practical support of his dictum that "all art constantly aspires to the condition of music." And how beautifully expressive of human moods in relation to nature's moods are these landscapes! Not Millet himself is more pictorially sympathetic with the tired toiler of the fields than is Legros in *Paysanne assise près a'une Haie* (p. 234), while for pure landscape charm, as the dry-point or the needle can interpret it with breadth and simplicity, one

may turn with pleasure to such representative gems of Legros's art as *Repos au bord de la Rivière* (p. 235), *Le Canal* (p. 236), *Le Pré Ensoleillé* (p. 240), *Lisière du Bois* (p. 239), *Près d'Amiens* (p. 241), and *Le Mur du Presbytère* (p. 237). Then, there is his other phase of grave and reverend portraiture, which is here represented by the finely vital *G. F. Watts, R.A.* (p. 233).

Now let us hark back to Rembrandt's one compeer, Whistler, though little space remains in which to speak of the great master, of whom one must be speaking always when the subject is the art of the painter-etcher. In his studio one day, he was showing me some proofs of the Venice plates of the second series—the "Twenty-Six Etchings"—shortly after their first appearance, and I ventured in my enthusiasm to say that his needle, like the song of Keats's nightingale, "charmed magic casements," and there was a lovely witchery in his touch upon the copper that one might liken to the verbal magic with which Keats etches a picture upon the mind. "Well, you know, that's very nice and charming, and just as it should be, of course," said Whistler genially, "but if you must have your poetic analogy, I should suggest Edgar Allan Poe would be, as who should say, nearer the mark." Then he went on to talk of Poe's scientific analysis of his own poem "The Raven," which, Whistler said, was to him one of the most fascinating things in literature. For in this he found, consciously applied to the composition of a poem, his own principle of focussing the pictorial interest, and then deliberately building up to it with careful selection of essential detail, so that the complete work of art should be determined from the first. Now, this principle we shall see gradually developing as we look through the few examples which must represent the master here—an unavoidably limited representation, when we remember that, of the 400 plates he etched, few had not the importance of masterpieces, while he did little or nothing that would not be welcomed by the artistic collector.

First, the "French set," with its lively and engaging diversity of character. In *La Vieille aux Loques* (p. 242), where, as we shall always find with Whistler, the human interest is justly subordinated to the pictorial, we see the earliest instance of his favourite method of focussing the interest within lines that compose a frame, as it were, an arrangement he used still more impressively in the magnificent *Kitchen*, of the same series, and in various plates of later date, such as *The Traghetto* (p. 255), and *Furnace, Nocturne* (p. 260). Here, in *The Unsafe Tenement* (p. 243), and *Street in Saverne* (p. 245), he is delighting in a mastery of light and shade, compassing splendidly harmonious contrasts, casting glamour over poor buildings, though

he does not aim as yet at the subtle triumphs of wonderful mystery revealed in his nocturnes. The "Sixteen Etchings," known popularly as the "Thames set," come next, with their amazing freshness and comprehensiveness of vision, their marvellously complete drawing, their originality of design and pictorial vitality, and their scientific certainty of technique—an unfailing equipment of the master. Thames-side has changed a good deal since Whistler did these things, yet who that has ever seen this superb *Rotherhithe* (p. 246), *Limehouse* (p. 247), *The Lime-Burner* (p. 248), *Black Lion Wharf*, and the rest, can take steamboat down to Greenwich without Whistler's vision helping him to see and enjoy? *The Forge* (p. 249), a swift, vivid impression, concerned primarily with fire-light's capricious effects of picturesque contrast, one of Whistler's earliest dry-points, shows his genius in another aspect; while *Becquet* (p. 251) reveals him as a great portrait-etcher, comparable only with Rembrandt. Then, here is the dainty, graceful little dry-point sketch of *Fanny Leyland* (p. 252), and I wish the delightful *Annie Haden* could accompany it. In this elegant vision of *Old Battersea Bridge* (p. 253) with its Japanese influence, we are getting nearer to the delicately suggestive and exquisitely selective Whistler of the Venice etchings; and in *The "Adam and Eve," Old Chelsea* (p. 254), a fascinating plate, we arrive, as we have already seen that Whistler himself pointed out to Mr. Pennell, at the period of transition from the older way of complete utterance to the newer phase of lyric suggestion. With the Venice etchings the master weaves a spell of enchantment, leading one into a new world of pictorial vision, where everything is poetised quintessentially, and all is lovely. His strokes upon the copper sing, his spaces are melodious. Look at *The Traghetto* (p. 255), and look and look again. You may not take the slightest interest in the four seated men, or even the little girl with the child in her arms, but the pure pictorial qualities of form and tone that convey the impression of unity, repose, vitality, and infinity, will make you realise that this is one of the greatest etchings ever done. And how Whistler altered and altered that plate, even re-etching the greater part of it, till he achieved the perfection he aimed at! You will doubtless feel the same about *The Palaces* (p. 257), *The Little Venice* (p. 258), and *The Riva, No. 1* (p. 259), for they are all inspired by the very poetry of the etcher's art, as are *The Doorway*, *The Beggars*, and *The Two Doorways*, wonderful things, hauntingly beautiful. But here are four of the second Venice set to look at: *Furnace, Nocturne* (p. 260), a triumph of subtle, mysterious chiaroscuro; the graceful and delicate *Fruit Stall* (p. 261), *Bead-*

stringers (p. 263), and *The Quiet Canal* (p. 264). Perfectly charming these are, yet one would like to have shown also such adorable plates as *The Bridge*, *The Garden*, *Doorway and Vine*, *San Biagio*, *San Giorgio*, *The Balcony*, *The Dyer*, and, but for a regrettable veto on reproduction, we should have represented the master in later phases and periods, in London, in Brussels, and especially in Amsterdam, with that galaxy of great plates in which his masterful genius culminated, such as *The Embroidered Curtain*, *Pierrot*, *Zaandam*, and others of the Amsterdam period. A momentous period this, when Whistler returned to something of his early manner of ample definition, yet with a subtle difference, fusing this wonderfully with the quint-essential style of the Venice plates, and developing the constructive method of completer design and fuller tone, no less poetically suggestive, that distinguishes *The Embroidered Curtain*, *The Steps*, *Amsterdam*, and *The Long House—Dyer's—Amsterdam*. In these we see the bricks of the walls, the cobbles of the pathways, and all the detail of fenestration, suggested with a multiplicity of magic quivering stroke, yet all subordinate to that mysterious sense of harmony which is the secret of all great art. Yet every period of Whistler's life was fruitful for posterity, since all his artistic effort was guided and dominated by the principle of beauty.

It was this principle of beauty that inspired him to see in an old French rag-picker working in her hovel, or in groups of London street-children playing about a fish-shop, or in clusters of Thames barges or coasting craft come up-river to moor off the wharves and warehouses, pictorial elements which he could "group with science, so that beauty should be the result." It was this same principle of beauty that led Whistler, when he went to Venicè or Amsterdam, to find the picturesque motive, not in the picture-maker's usual expected subject of topographical import, but in surprising corners and humble byways and quiet backwaters, where, amid luminous shadows, beauty would lurk shyly for the vision of the poet-artist to woo and win her to the light; or on watery spaces, where, as in the exquisite *Little Venice*, the very atmosphere lures the eye enchantingly across the lagoon, alive with dancing reflections, to the distant domes, and palaces, and campanile. But not only Whistler's pictorial creativeness in etching, or through whatever medium he expressed it, had for motive this principle of beauty. When his plates were etched he must have beautiful mellow old paper to print them on, Dutch for choice. Then the printing; that must be also a matter of beauty. With what subtlety of refinement he would handle the copper, and, if he meant the print to take a slight atmospheric tone, with what exquisite sensitiveness he would wipe and warm the plate, so that

the merest suggestion of ink should remain upon it! And the impression, when Whistler had tremulously withdrawn it from the press, would prove to be an individual work of art. His printing was almost fresh creation. He would frequently work upon the plate when it was in course of printing, adding a line, a touch, here, strengthening or subduing a passage there; though the passage might be insignificant to the ordinary observer, to the master it would make all the difference if it were not exactly in accord with his own conception of the perfection he was aiming at. There is nothing, perhaps, like an etching of Whistler's for proving the truth of Browning's "Oh, the little more, and how much it is! The little less, and what worlds away!" That is why the study of his prints is a liberal education in artistic expressiveness and sensibility; no two prints from the same plate are alike, for in each the artist's temperament and imagination have been freshly at work. But to study a series of impressions, recording the progress of one of Whistler's plates through its numerous "states"—if that were possible, other than in the monumental work of reproduction published by the Grolier Club of New York—would be an education in the whole art of etching; for not even Rembrandt himself was so obstinate in demanding from his copper-plate the perfect artistic expression of his pictorial conception. In *The Bead-stringers*, for instance, there is a state in which the young woman sitting in the doorway is perfectly comely and charming, yet when one looks at the eighth state reproduced here (p. 263), after the work had passed through one or two intermediate stages, one feels that Whistler was invincibly right in the changes he made; the pretty face turned towards the spectator concentrated the attention too much upon itself, upsetting the balance of pictorial interest.

Now, at the end of our survey, with the centuries eloquent between the two supreme masters, who shall say that there was ever a greater etcher than Whistler, or one who did so large a number of plates that maintained the high average of the masterpiece, even though Rembrandt's loftier genius, with its great humanity, its divine spirituality, may have chosen subjects that were in some instances nobler? But Rembrandt did not create more purely artistic beauty upon the copper-plate than Whistler did. "I have fifty-five Rembrandts," said a famous collector, "and, except half-a-dozen more, I have all I want. Of Whistler's I have fifty-one, and I would gladly buy as many more. Even then I should want as many again." If Whistler could only have heard this! For the *ben trovato* story goes that, when asked which of his etchings he thought the best, his reply was "all of 'em."



(From a print in the British Museum, London)



ST. JEROME BY THE WILLOW-TREE.
DRY-POINT

*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*



Joannes Breugel Antv.^{us}
Pictor Florum et Animalium Prospectuum

Ant. Van Dyck fecit aqua forti.





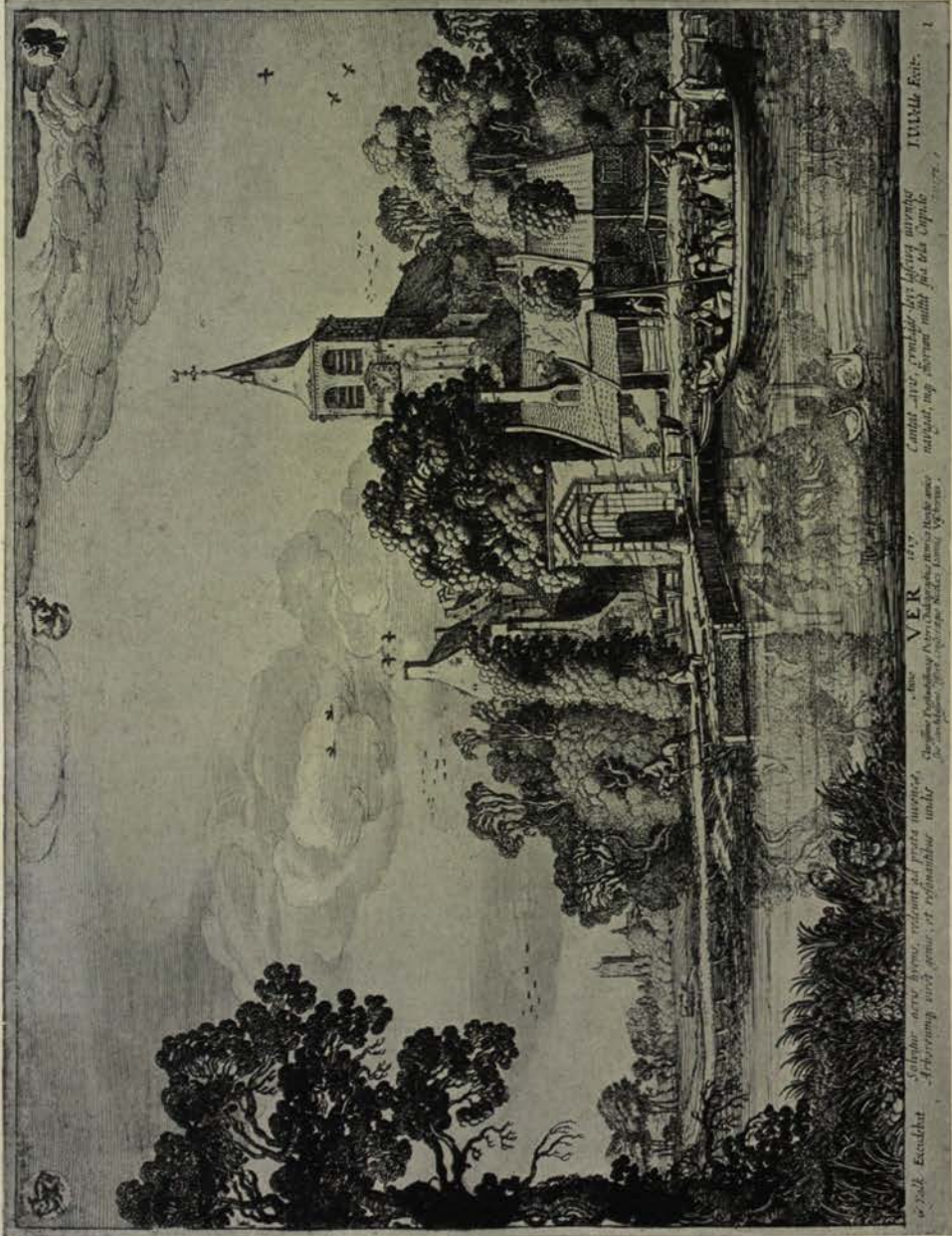
*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
(1ST STATE)



(From a print in the
British Museum, London)

LUCAS VORSTERMAN
(1ST STATE)



(From a print in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

THE RAT KILLER. 1632
(2ND STATE)



REMBRANDT'S MOTHER SEATED
AT A TABLE. 1631 (3RD STATE)

*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*



*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*

REMBRANDT LEANING ON A
STONE SILL. 1639



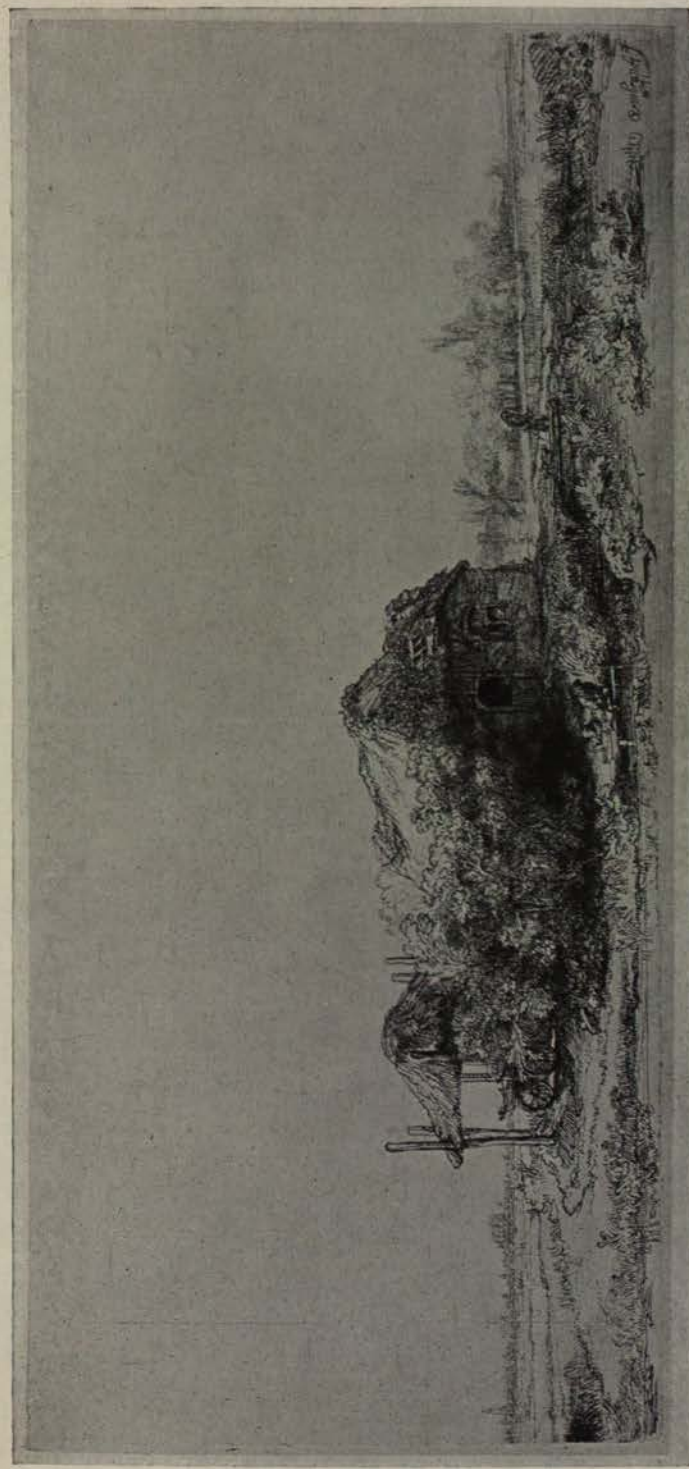
(From a print in the
British Museum, London)

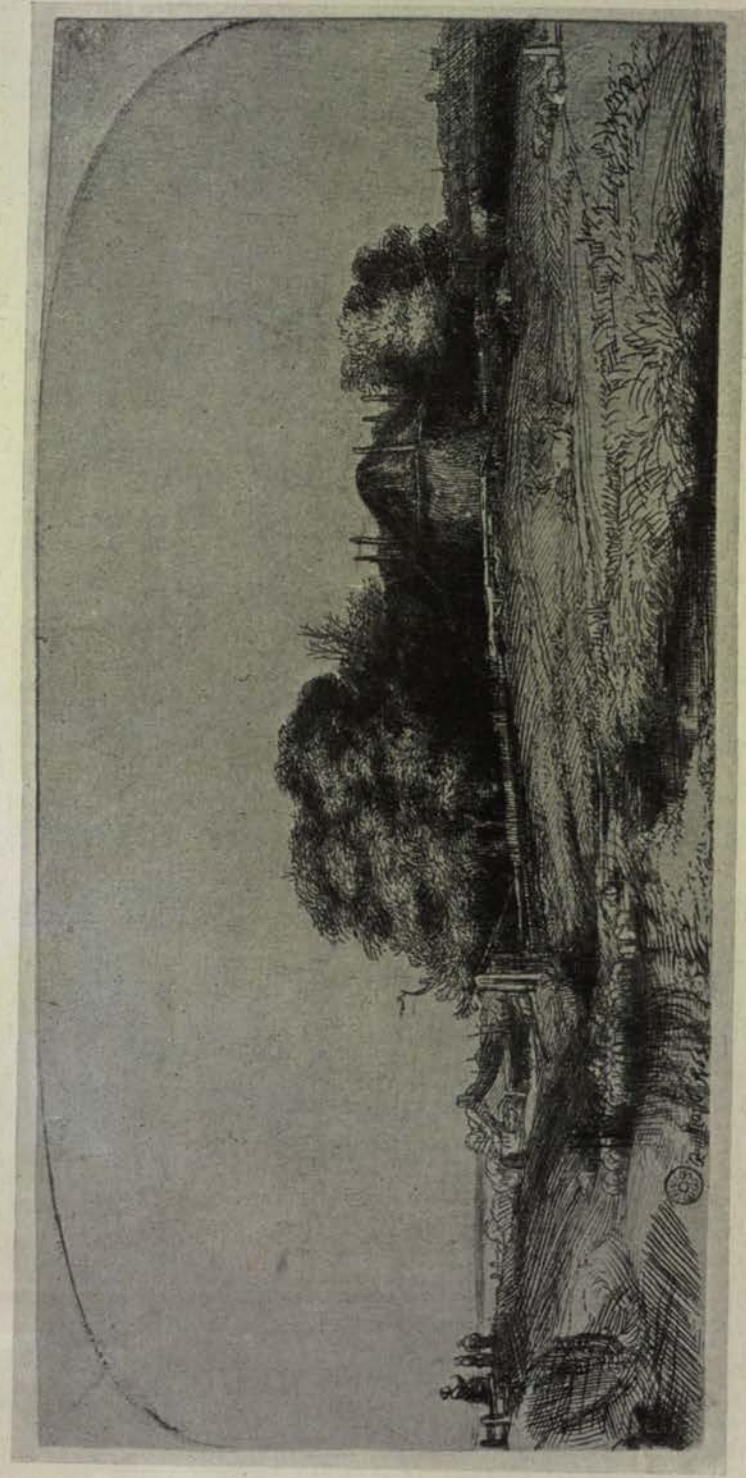
THE GREAT JEWISH BRIDE (SUPPOSED
STUDY OF SASKIA). 1635. (2ND STATE)



THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN. 1639
(2ND STATE)

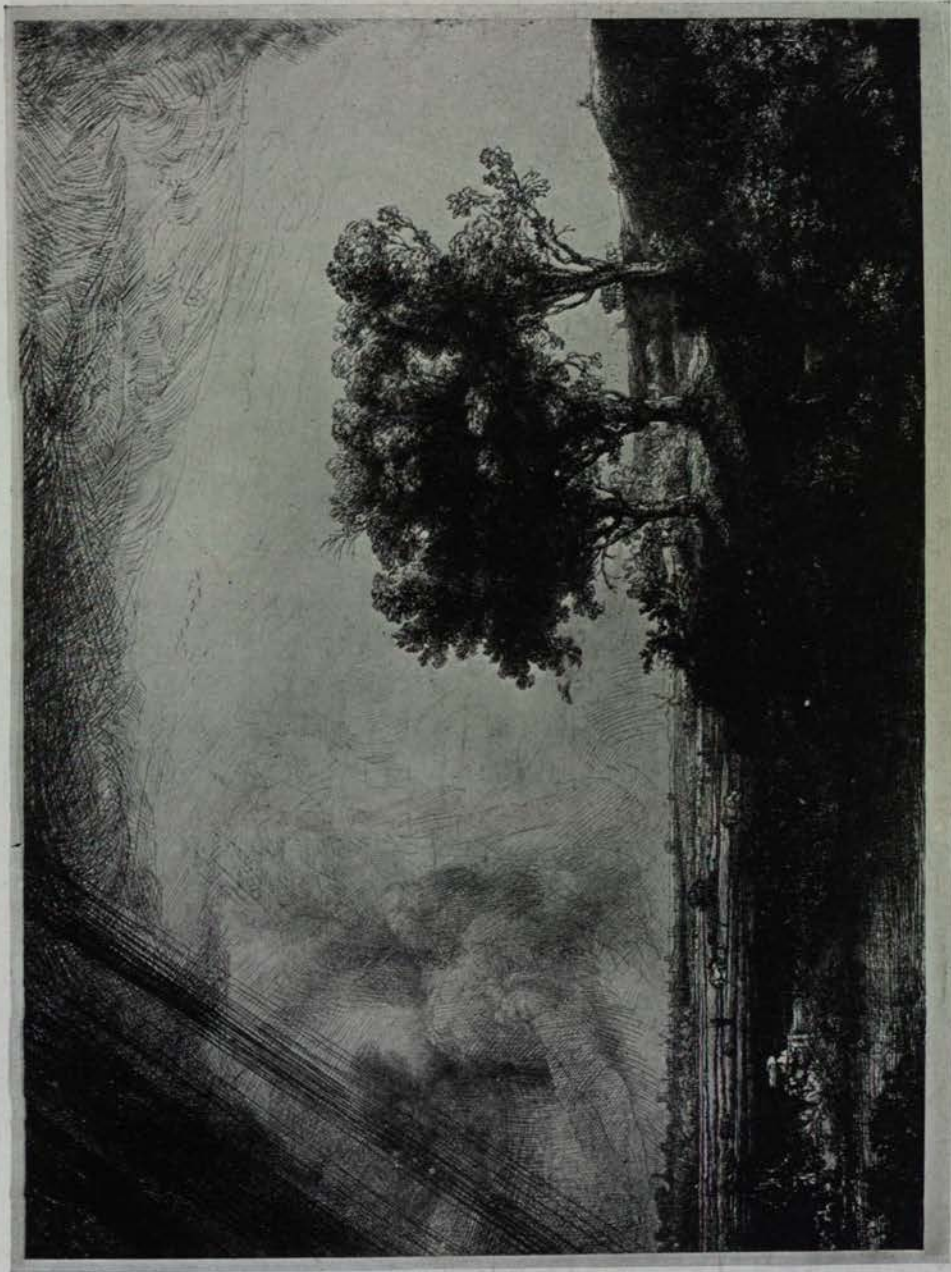
*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*





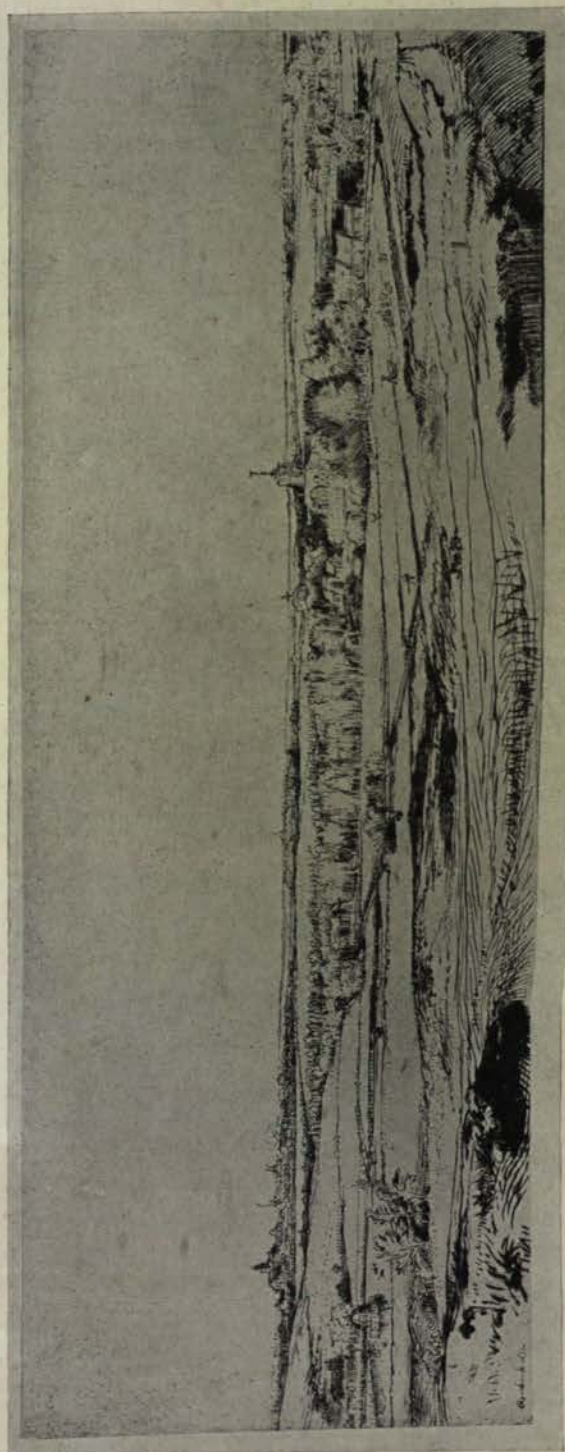
(From a print in the British Museum, London)

ARCHED LANDSCAPE WITH A HAYBARN AND
A FLOCK OF SHEEP. 1650. (2ND STATE)



(From a print in the British Museum, London)



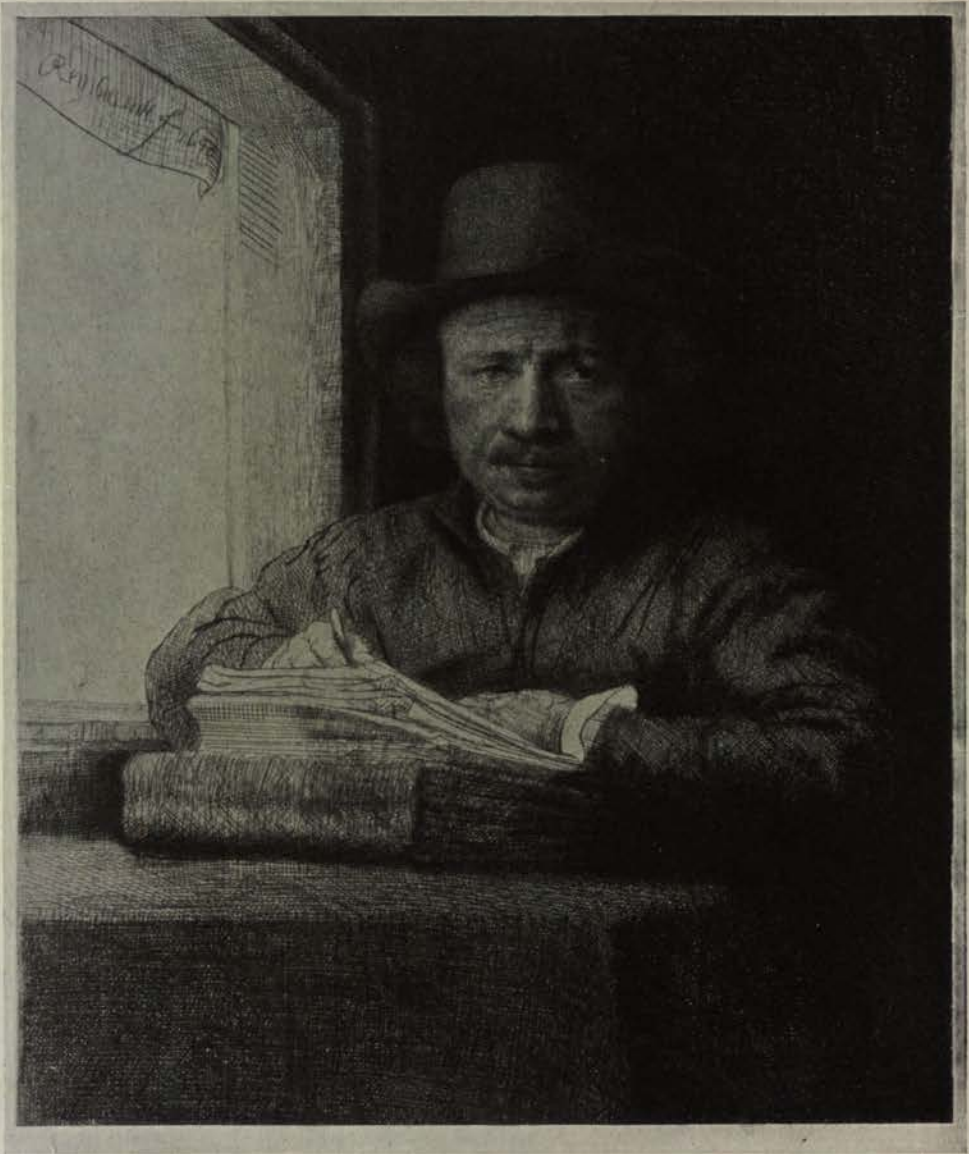


(From a print in the British Museum, London)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

THE OMBAL. 1645



REMBRANDT DRAWING AT A
WINDOW. 1648. (2ND STATE)

*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

CHRIST CARRIED TO
THE TOMB. 1645



*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*

EPHRAIM BONUS. 1647
(2ND STATE)





*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

CLEMENT DE JONGHE. 1851
(1st STATE)

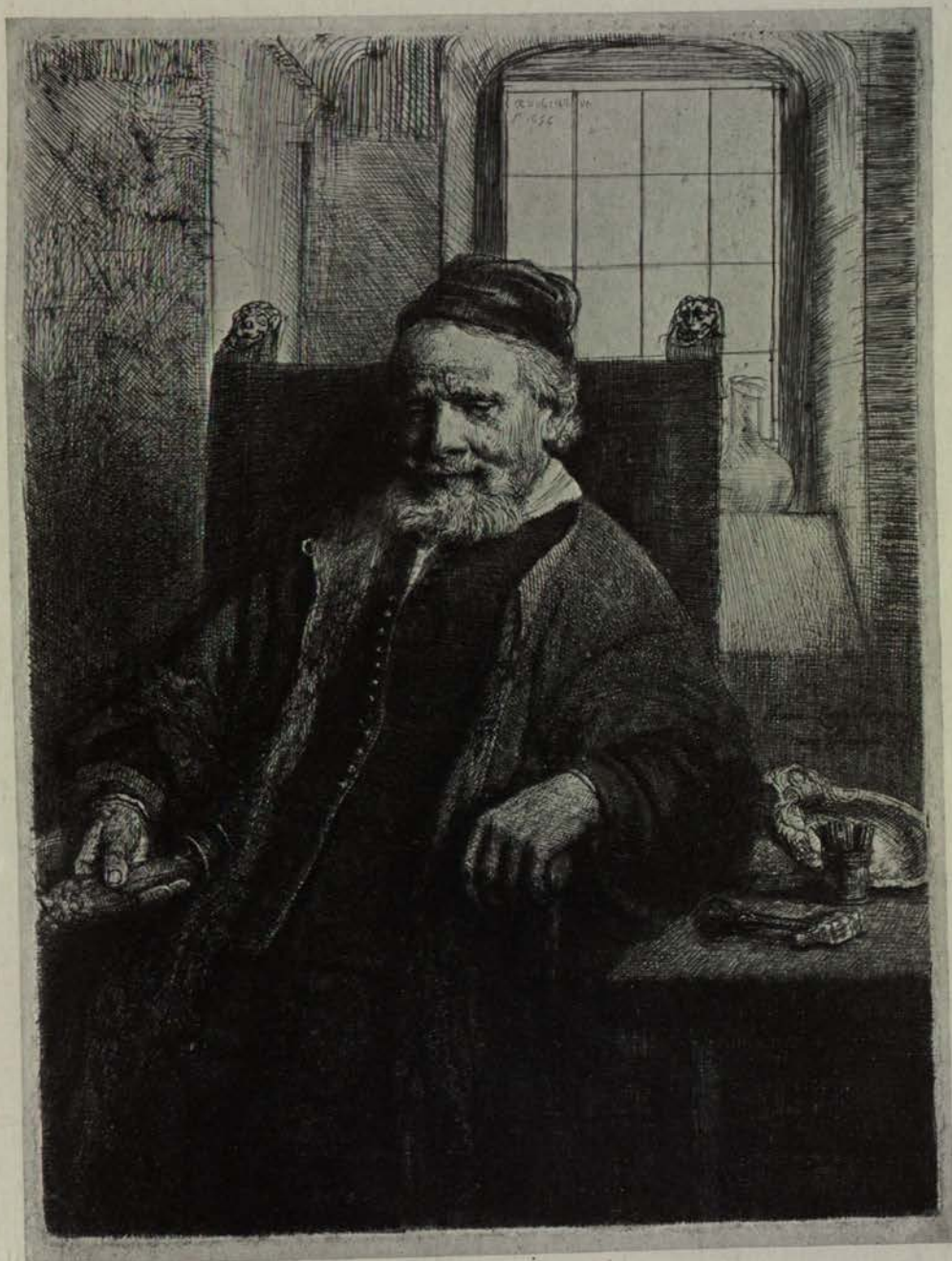


JACOB HAARING ("THE OLD HAARING")
1655. DRY-POINT. (2ND STATE)

*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*



(From a print in the British Museum, London)



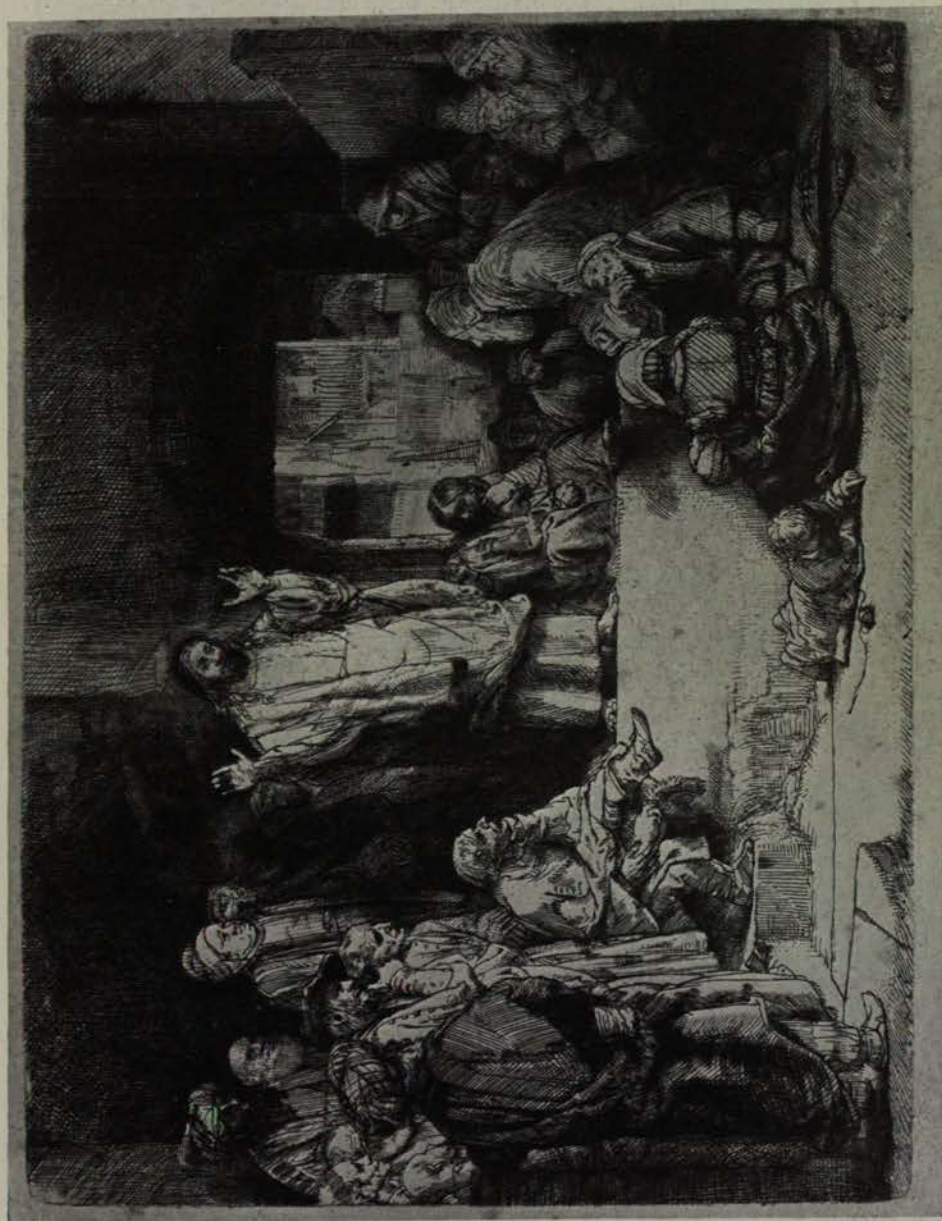
*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

JAN LUTMA. 1656
(2ND STATE)



THE THREE CROSSES (THE RECONSTRUCTED
DESIGN). 1653 (4TH STATE)

*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*





THE WOMAN WITH THE ARROW
1661.
(2ND STATE)

*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE. 1655



*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*

A PHILOSOPHER IN MEDITATION



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

THE FAMILY. 1647
(1ST STATE)



THE PEASANT PAYING HIS RECKONING

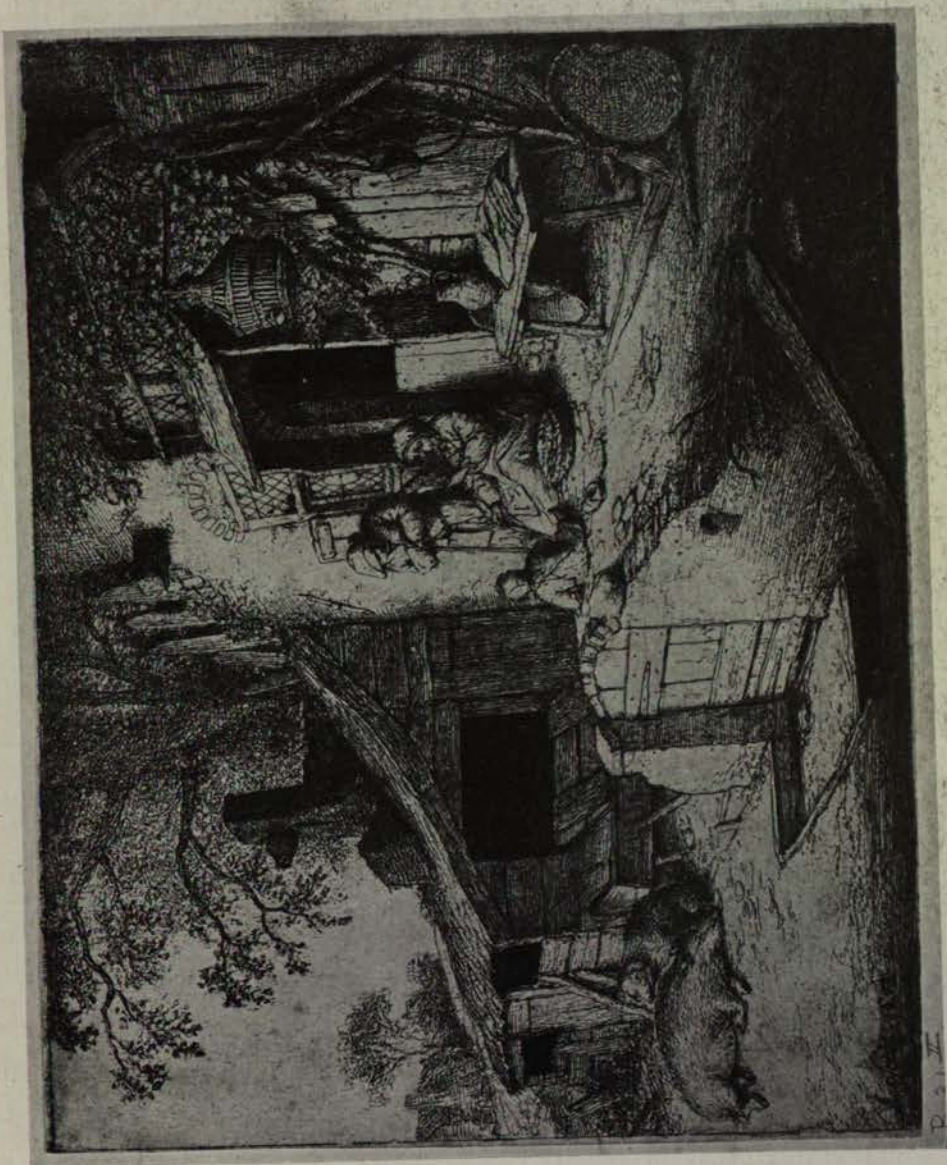
*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*





SAYING GRACE. 1653

(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)



A WOMAN SPINNING
(2ND STATE)

(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)





(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)





THE PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO

(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



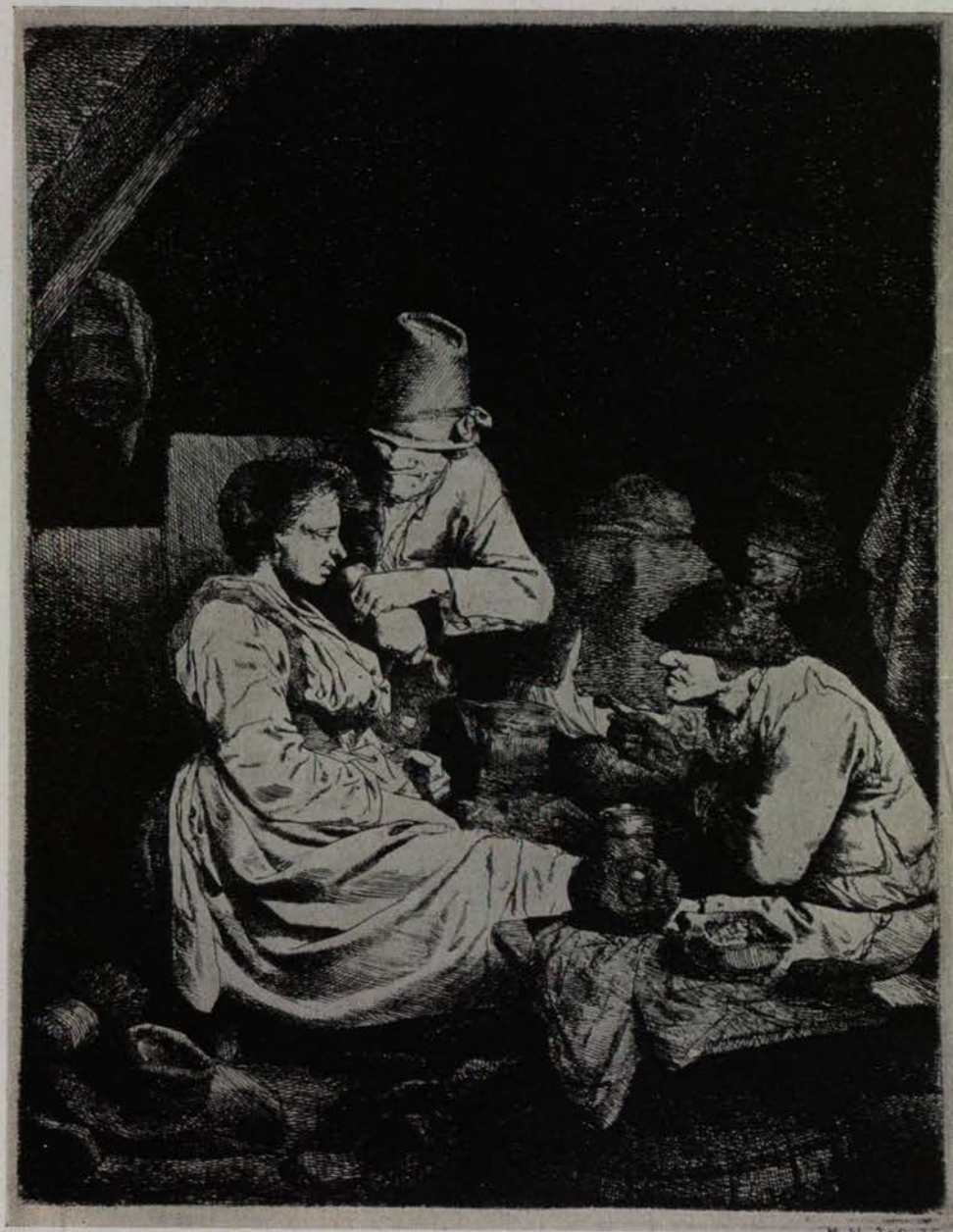
*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*

LA JEUNE CABARETIÈRE



LES TROIS BUVEURS
(1ST STATE)

*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

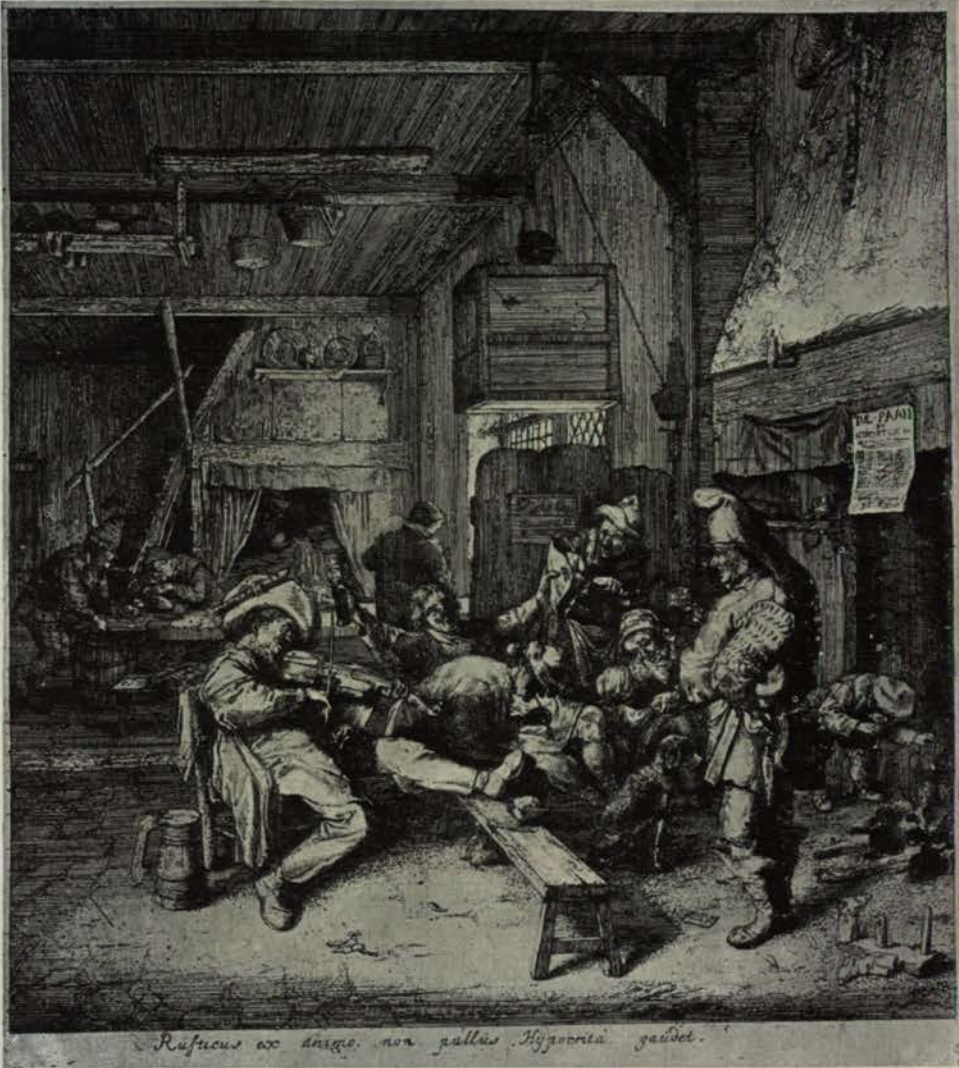


*(From a print in the
British Museum, London)*



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

LA MÈRE ET SON MARI

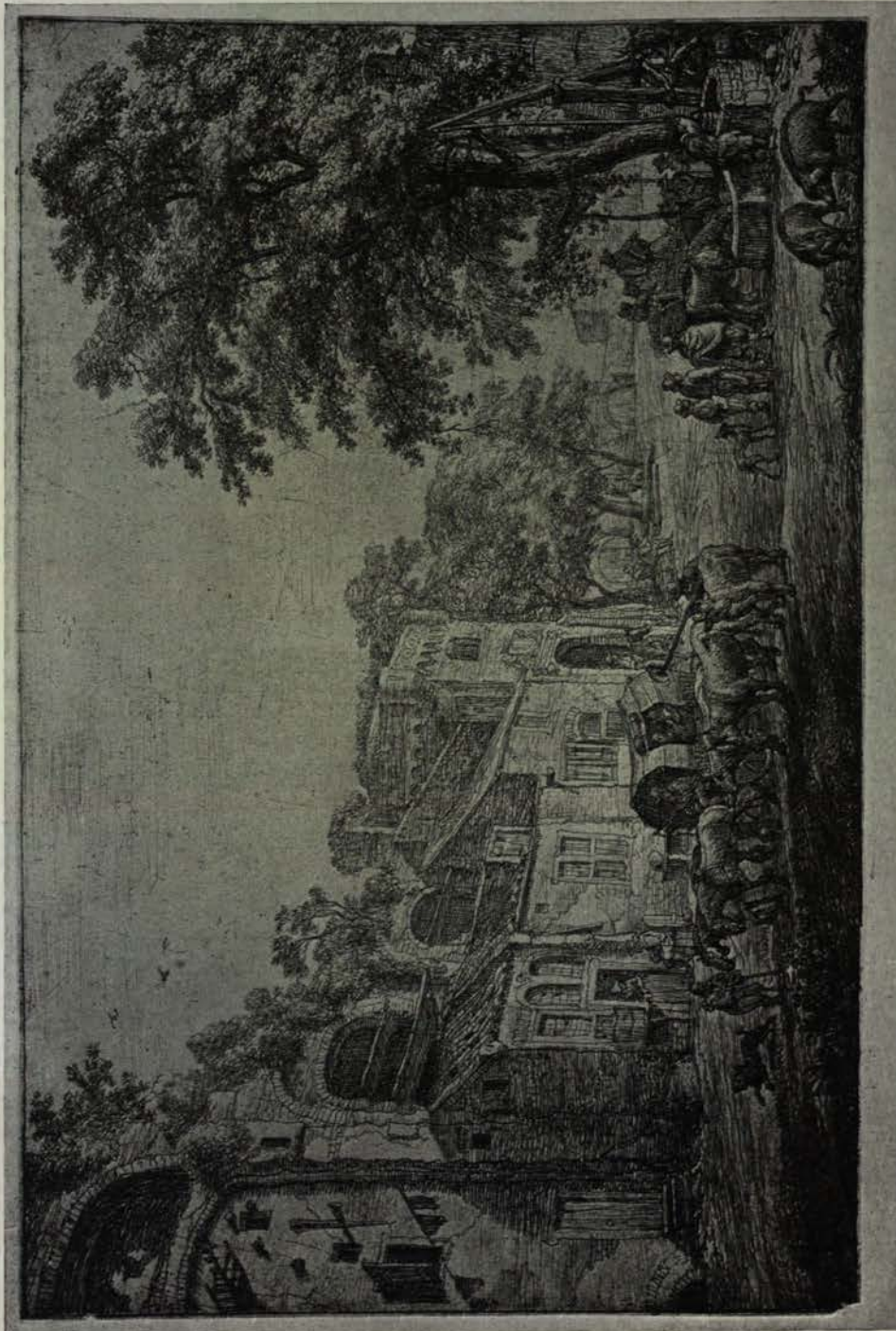


Ruficus ex dingo. non gallus Hygorita gaudet.



(From a print in the British Museum, London)

LA FÊTE DU VILLAGE
(1st STATE)

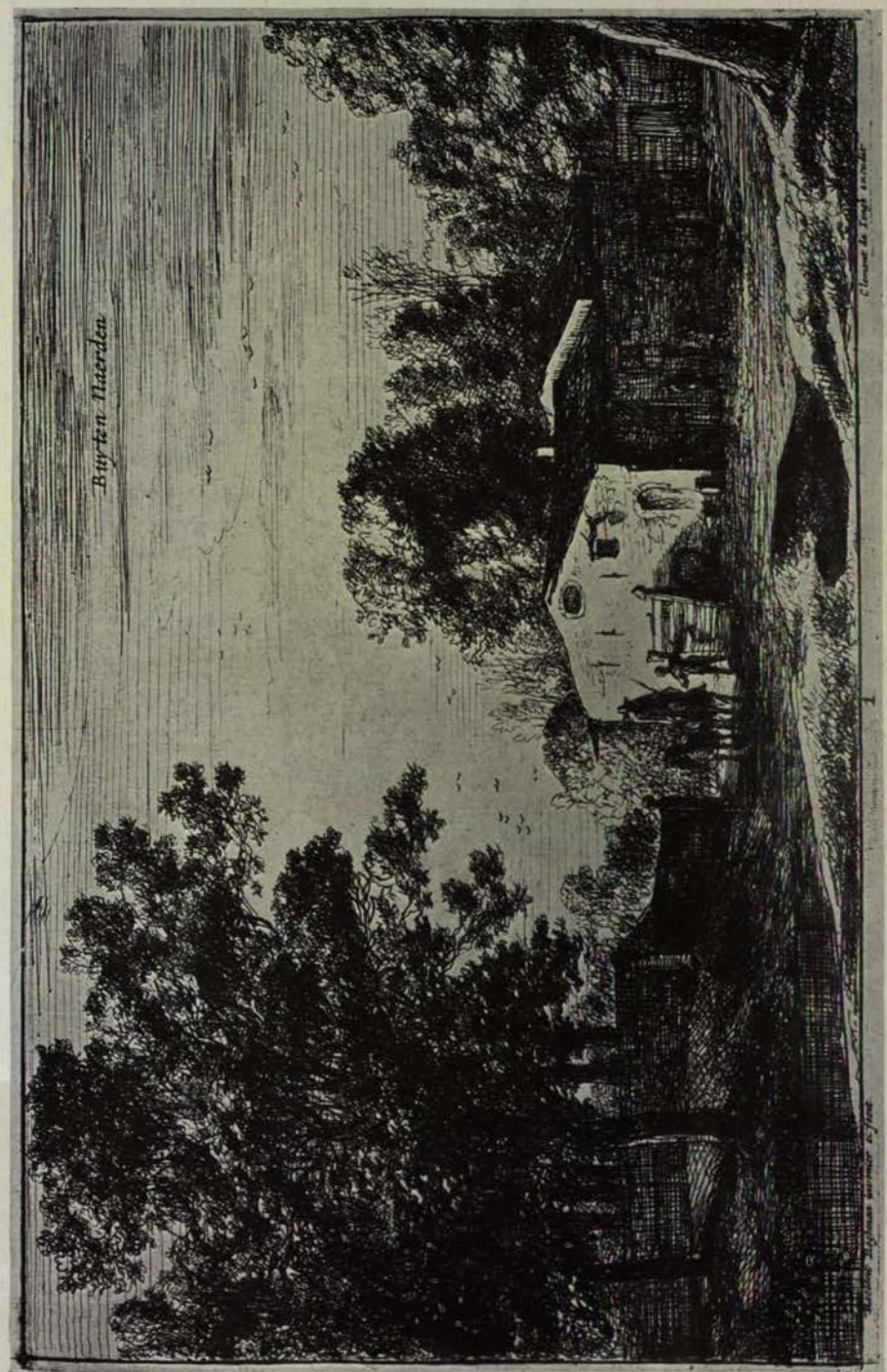


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Henry Percy Horne)



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Henry Percy Horne)





From a print in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London



(From a print in the Victoria
and Albert Museum, London)

LA COLLINE AVEC LES
DEUX GRANDS ARBRES

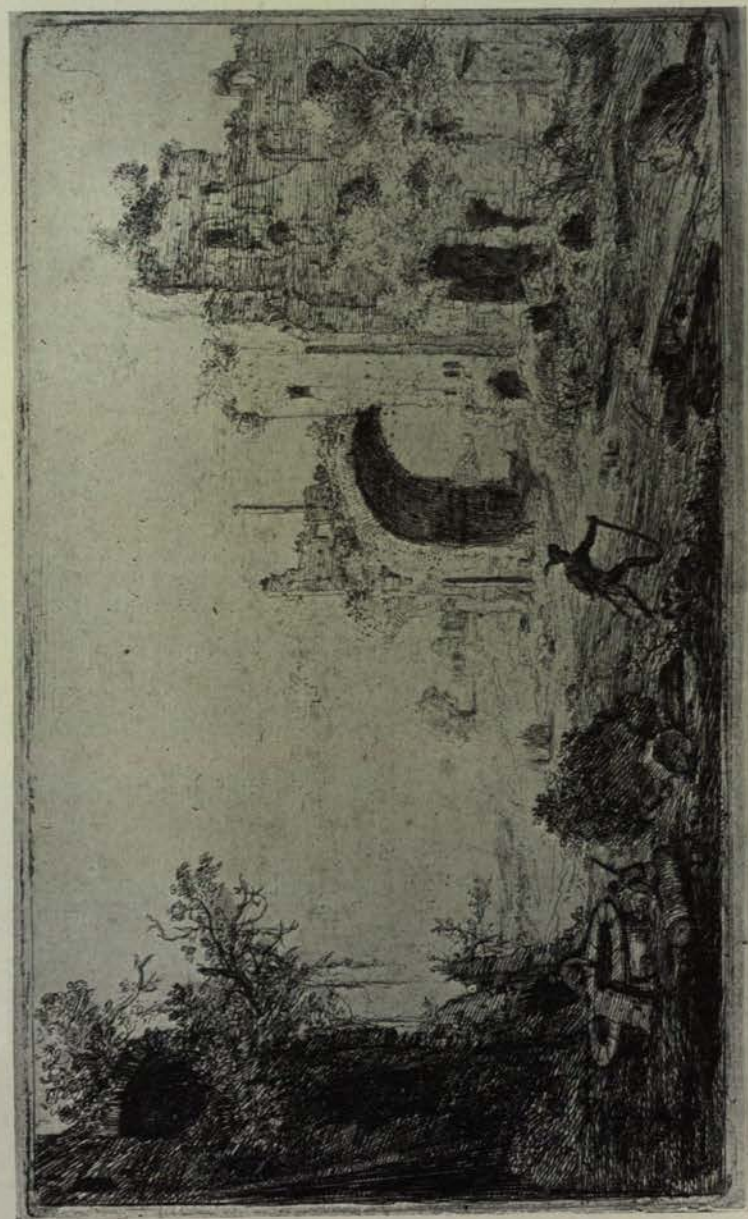


LE ROCHER AU BORD DE
LA GRANDE RIVIÈRE

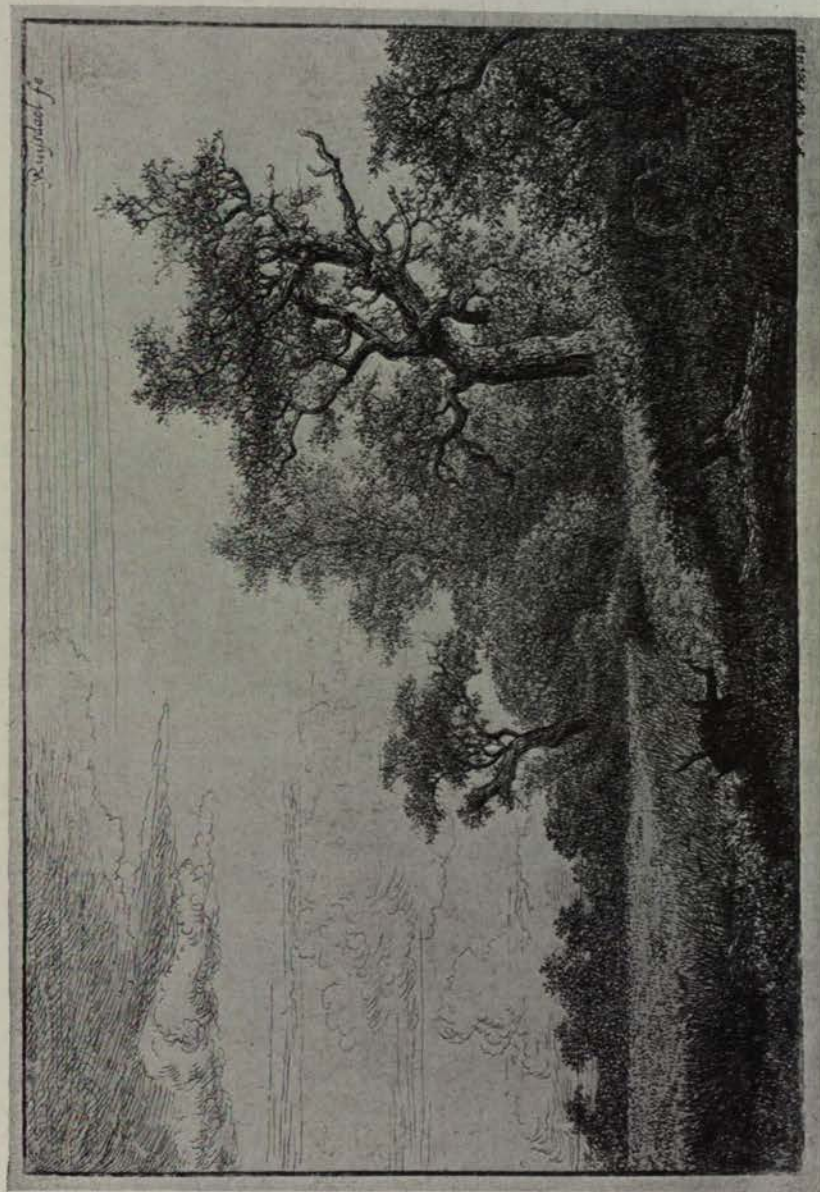
*(From a print in the Victoria
and Albert Museum, London)*



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. F. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)*



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

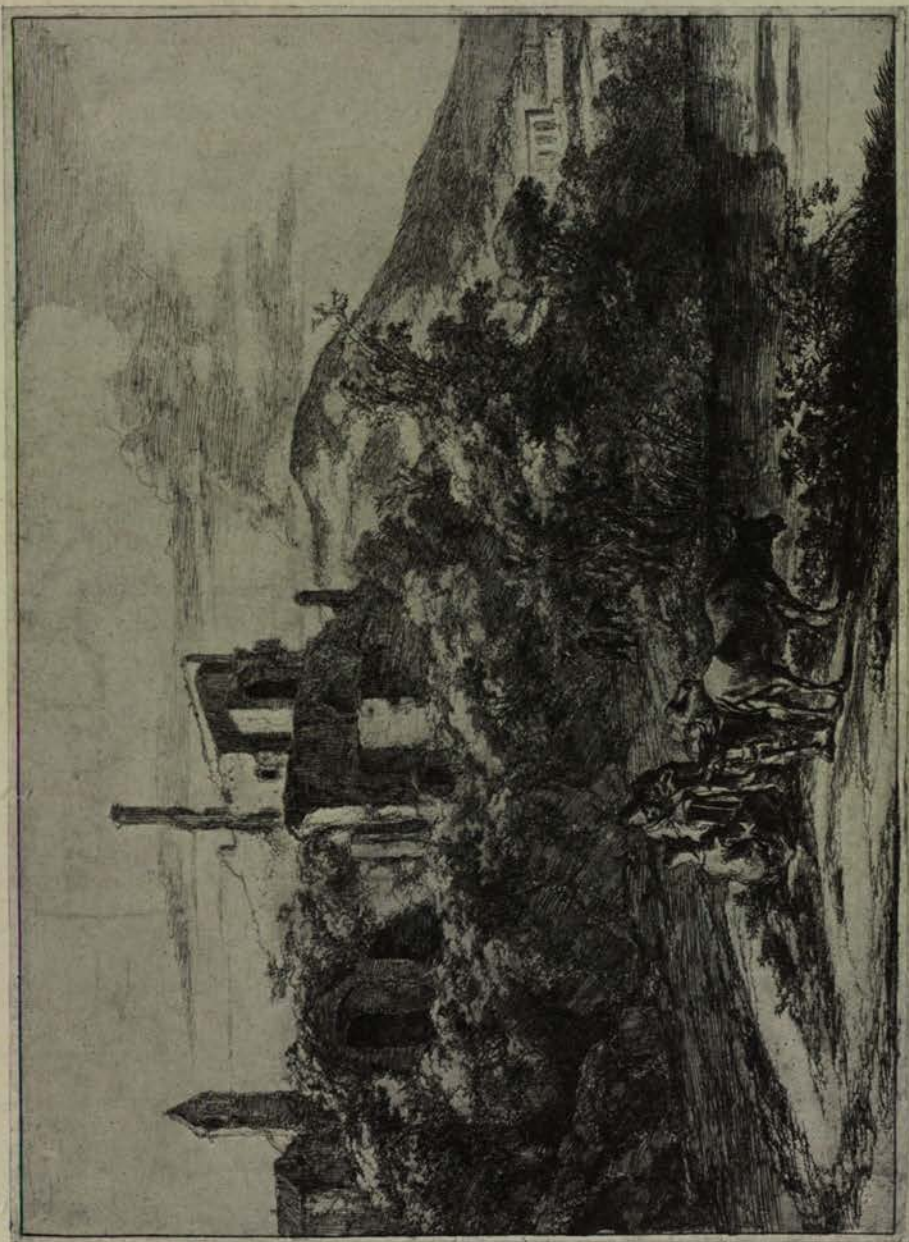


(From a print in the British Museum, London)



(From a print in the possession of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)

LE PETIT PONT. (STATE BETWEEN 1ST AND 2ND IN BARTSCH)



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaght and Oback)



(From a print in the British Museum, London)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Henry Percy Horne)*



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)

THE TWO HORSES





(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. F. and D. Colnaghi and Obuch)



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



*(From a print in the possession
of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)*

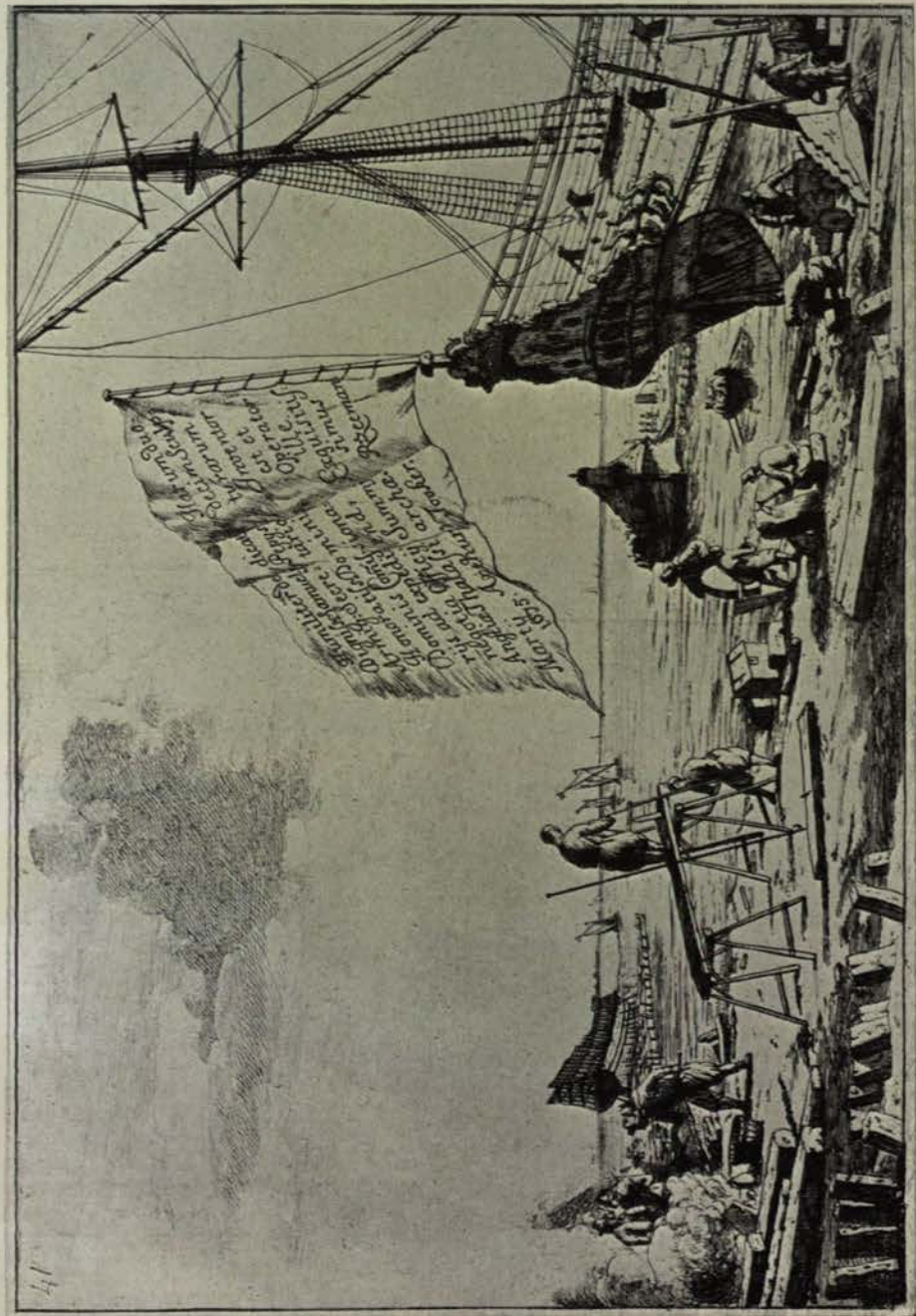
LES TROIS BOEUFs
(2ND STATE)



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

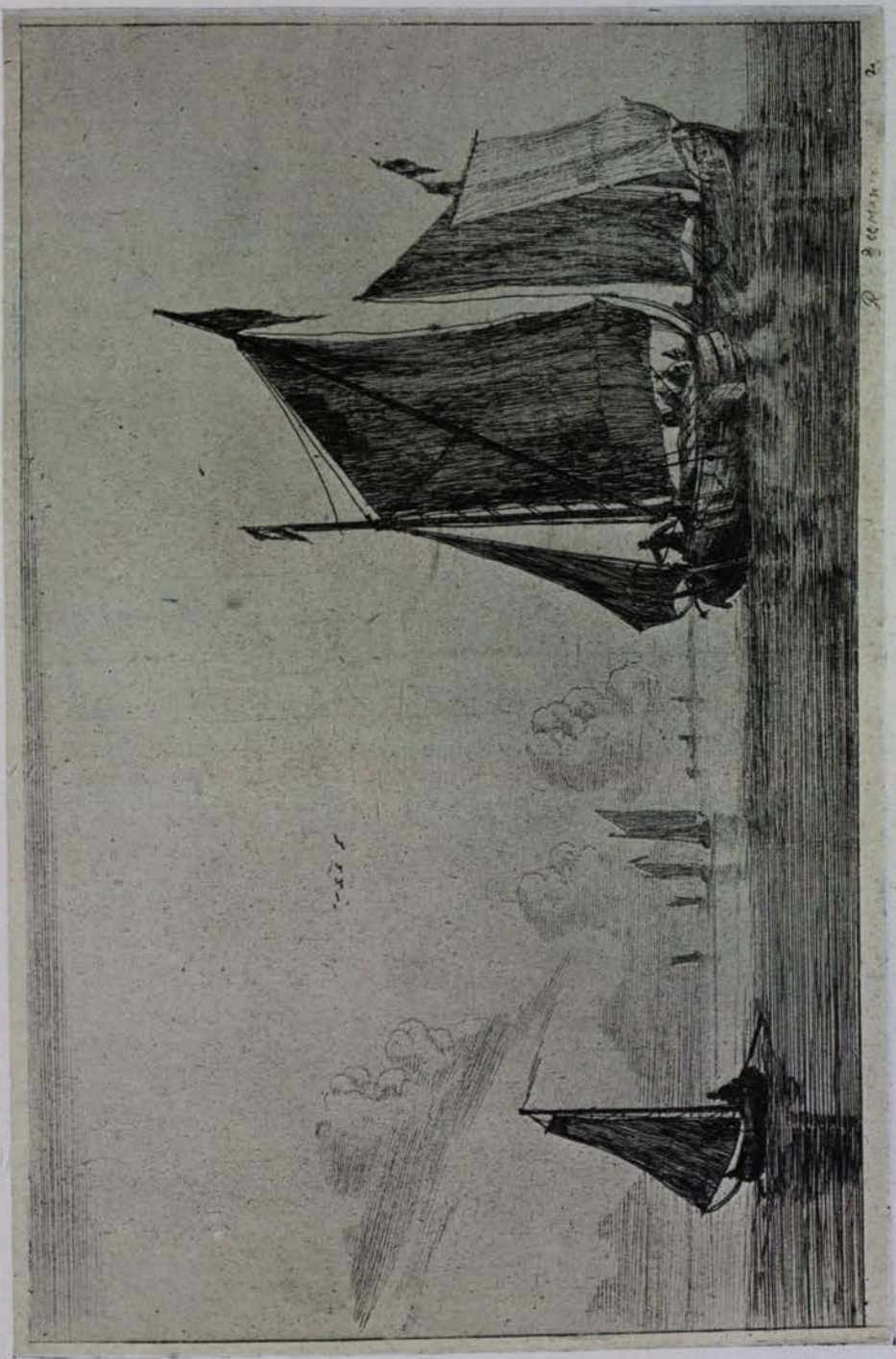
A BOY LEADING A HORSE TO DRINK



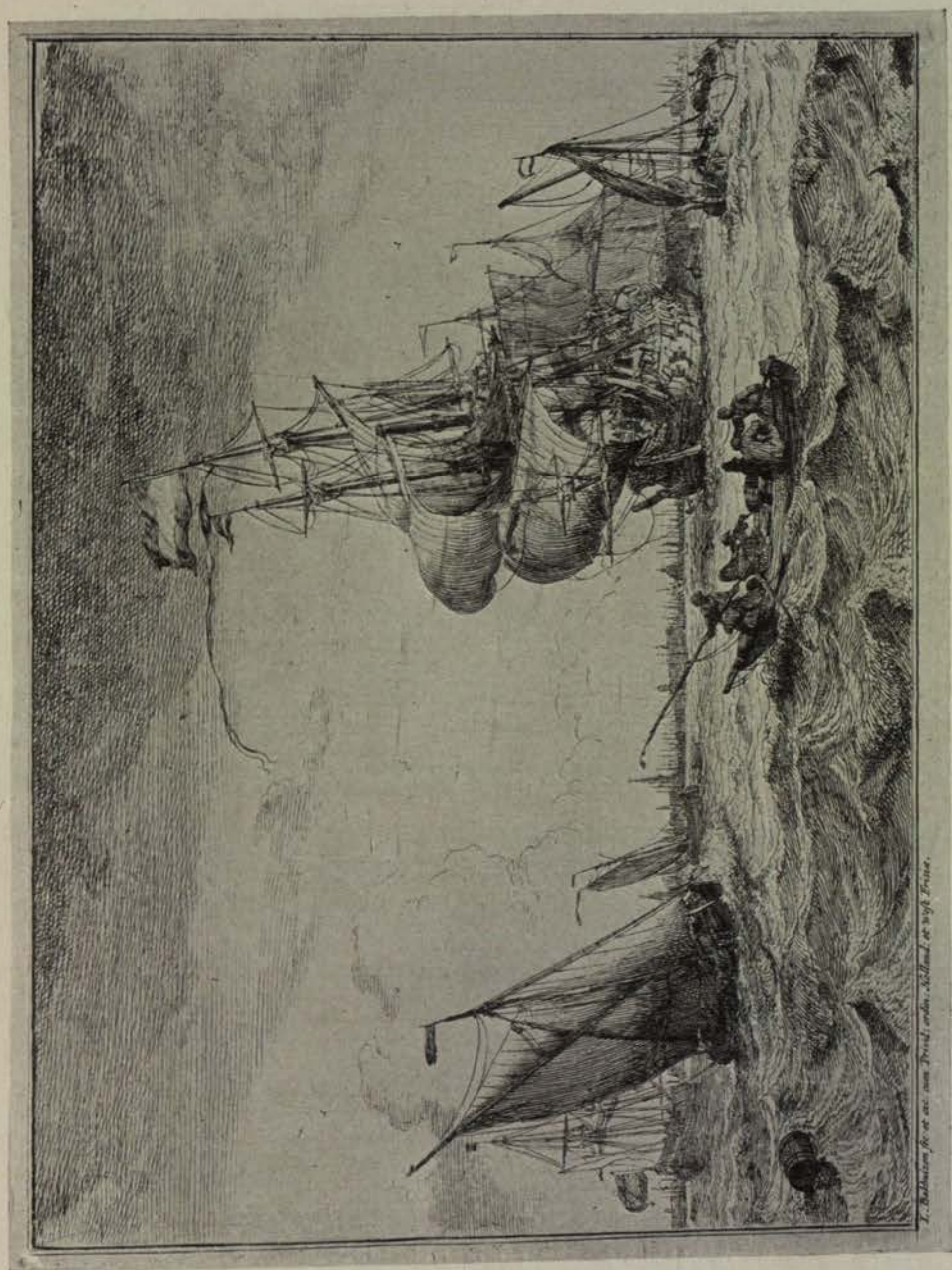


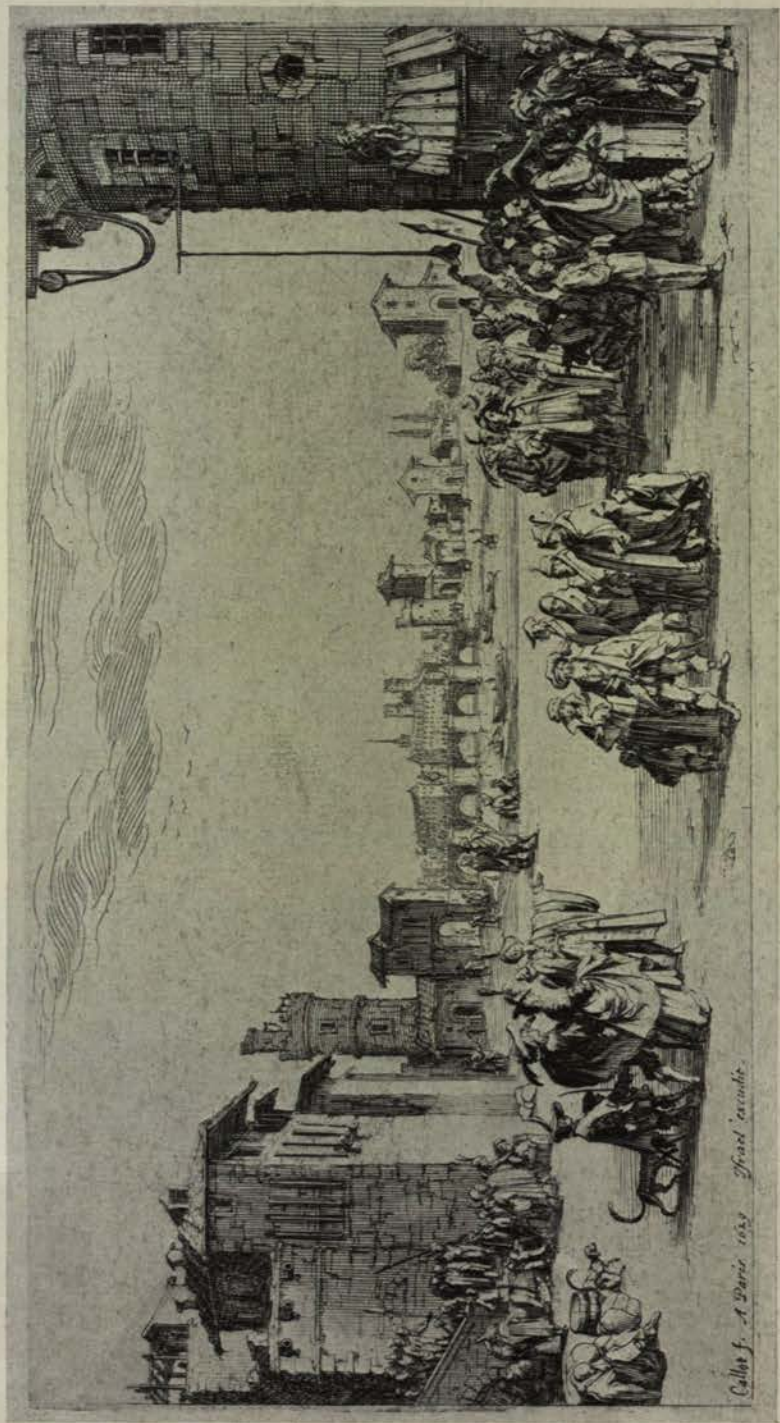
(From a print in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

A DUTCH SHIPBUILDING YARD

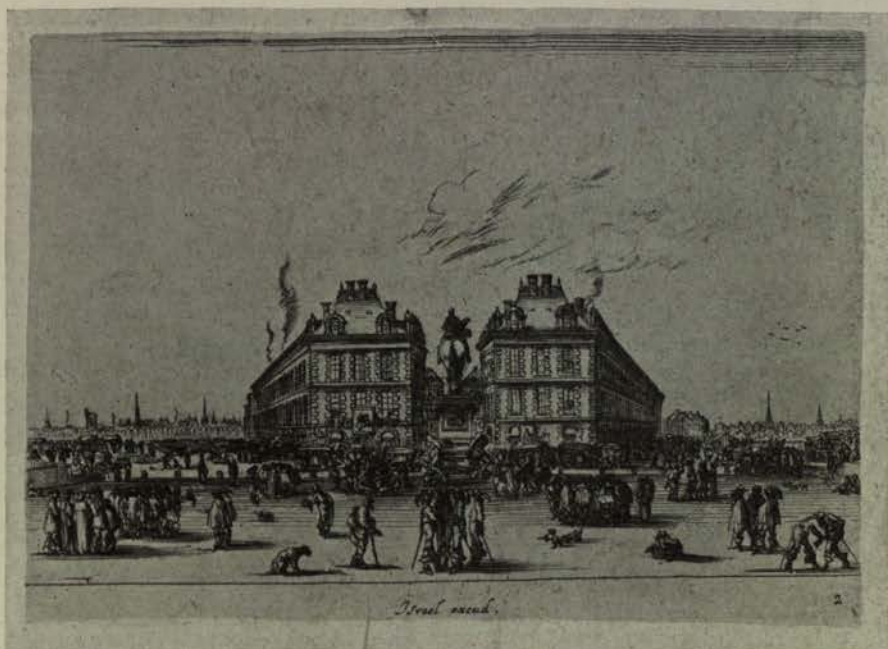


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gückert)





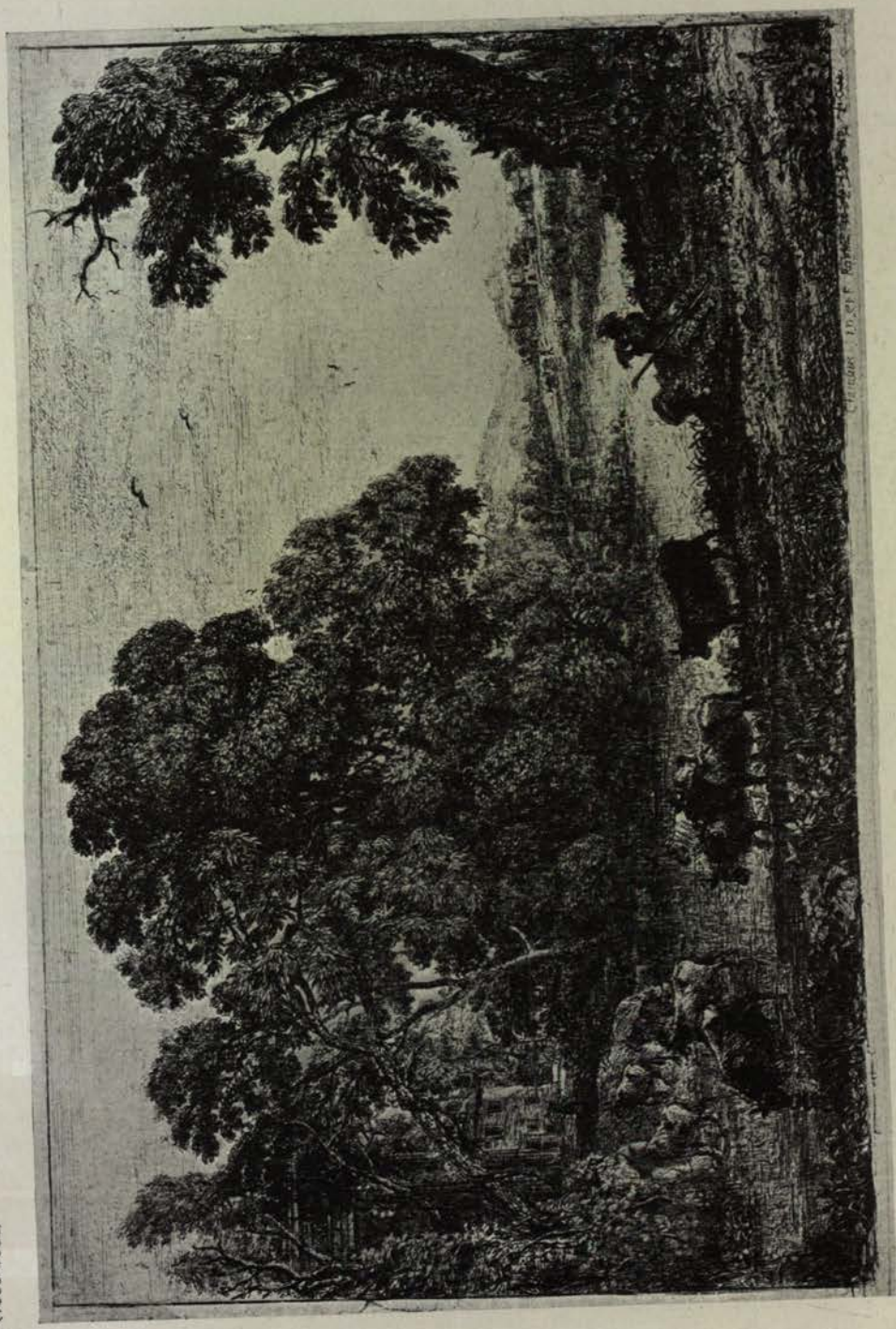
(From a print in the possession of Mr. Richard Guttkunst)



LA PLACE DAUPHINE, DU CÔTÉ DU PONT NEUF. 1642



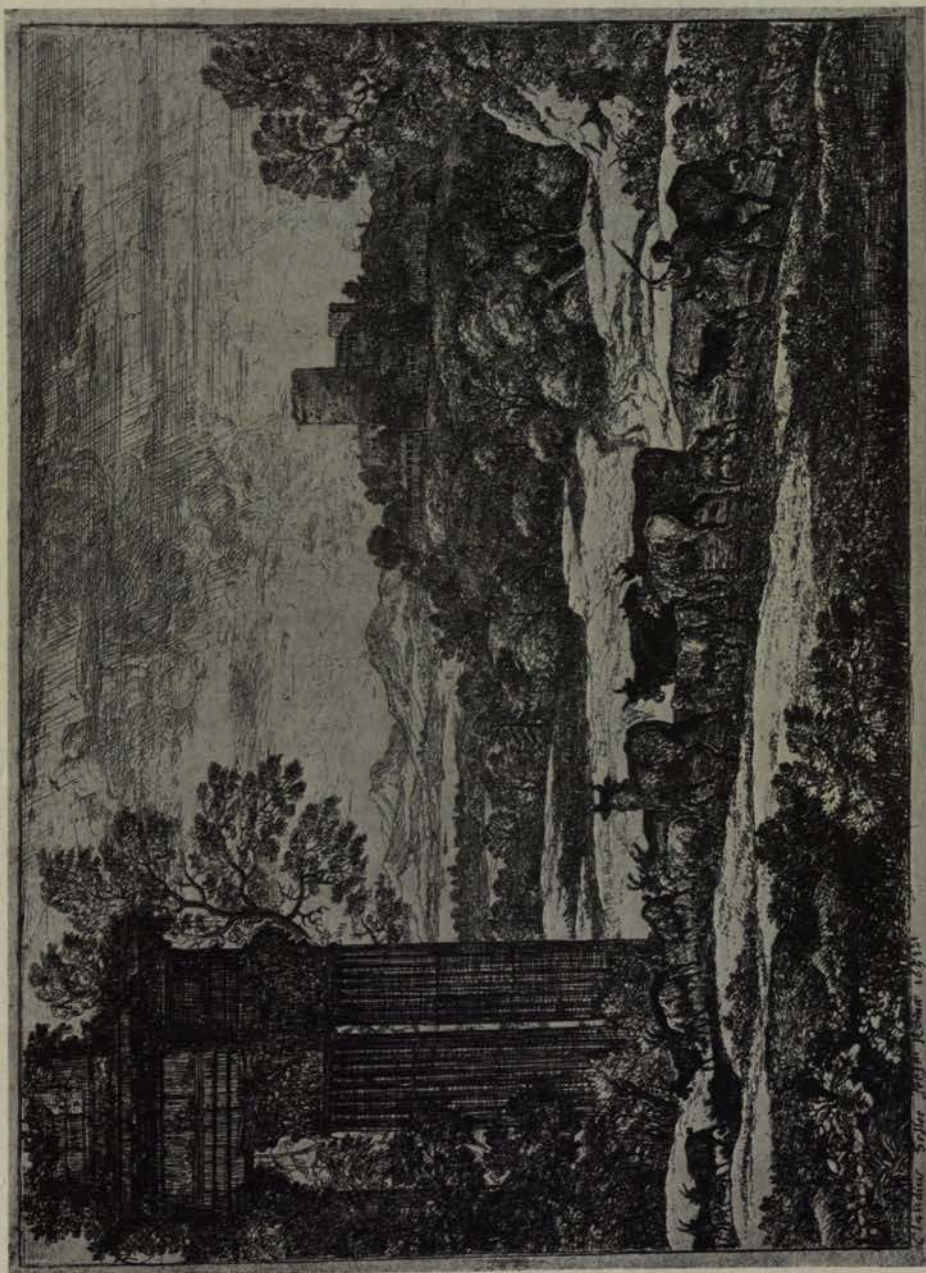
LES DEUX NOURRICES ASSISES PAR TERRE AVEC LEURS NOURRISSONS, 1662



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Guttenst)*

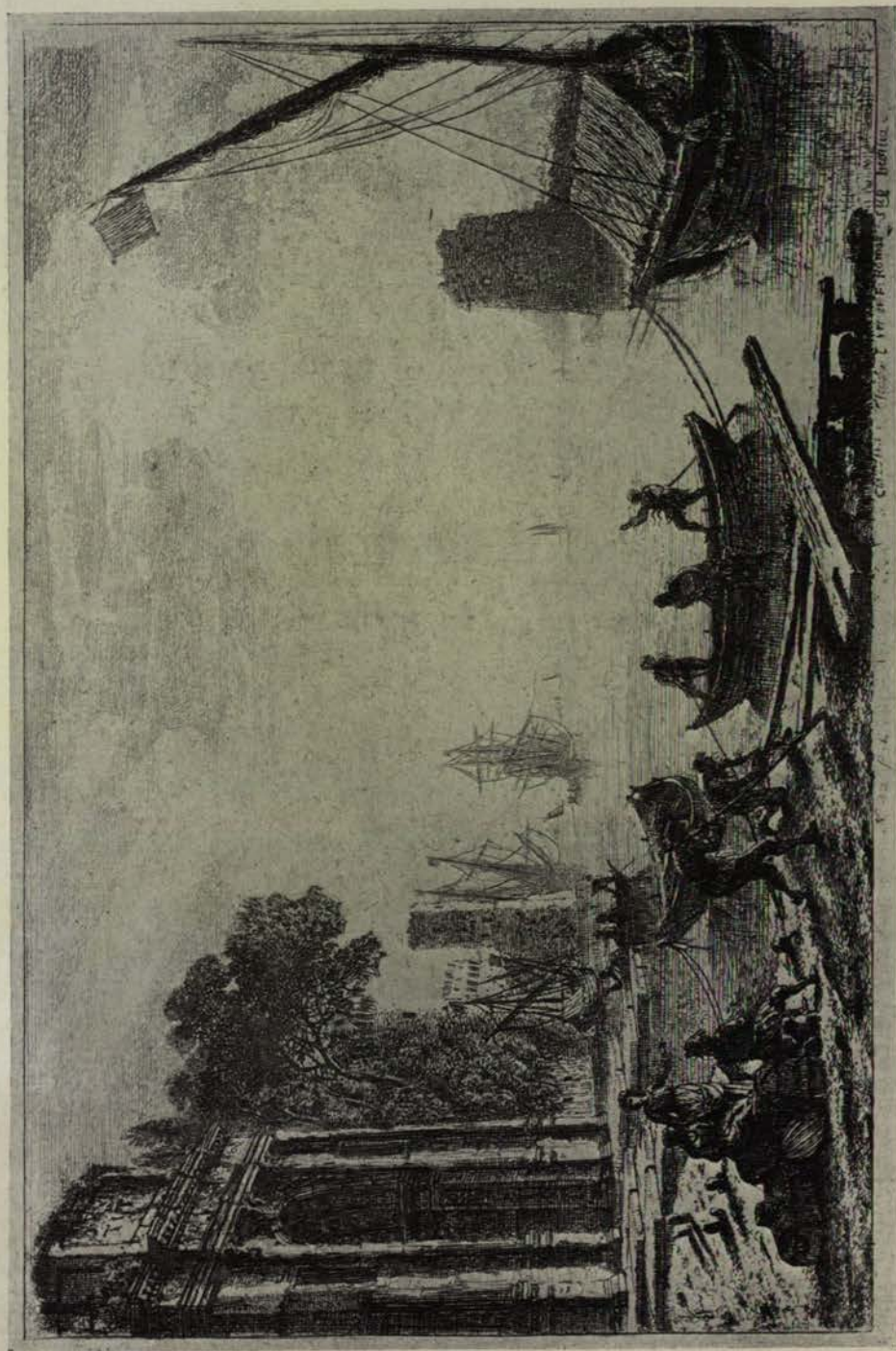


*(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach*

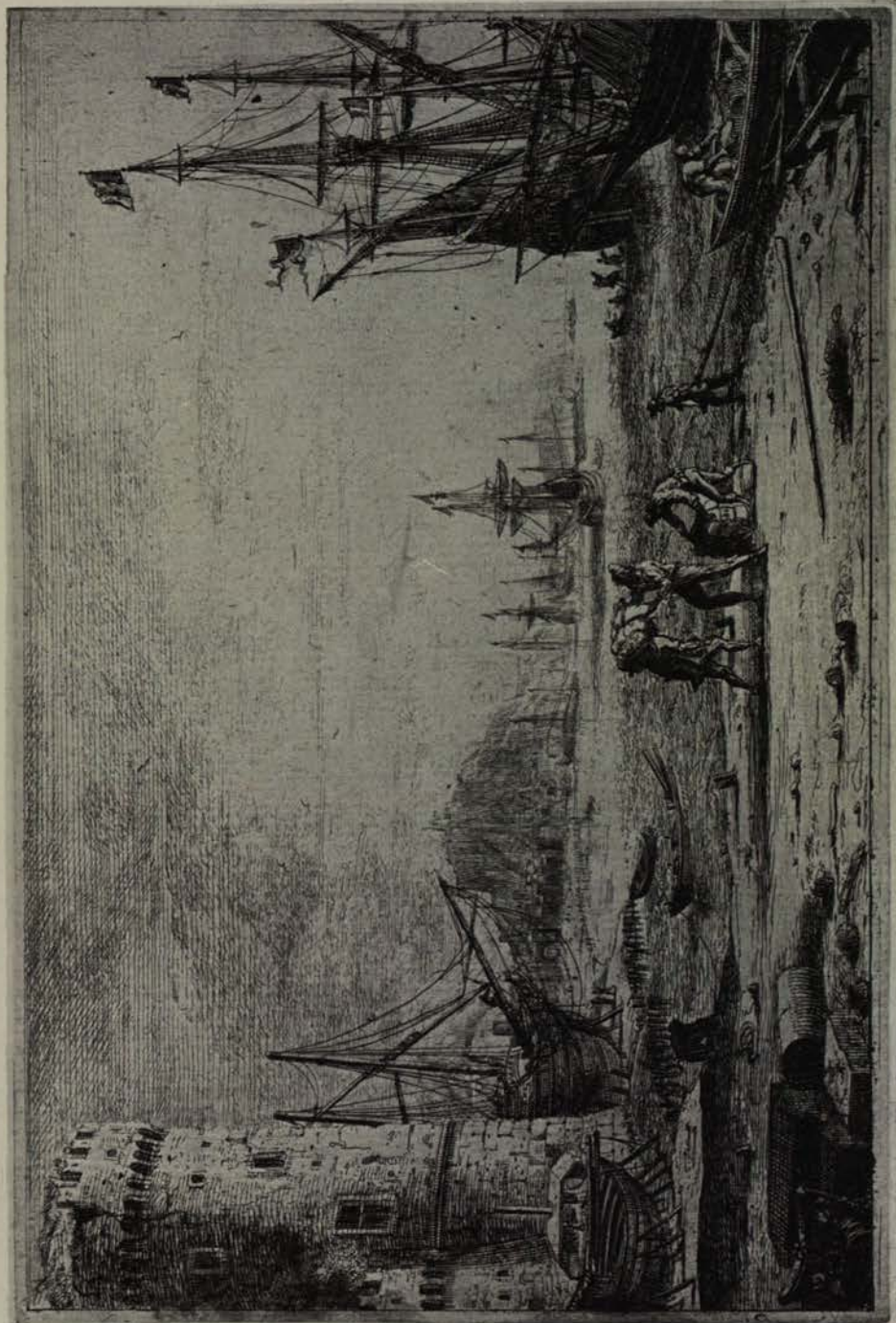


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Outekunst)

CATTLE GOING HOME IN STORMY WEATHER. 1652
(2ND STATE)



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutschmidt)*

THE SEAPORT WITH THE LARGE TOWER
(2ND STATE)



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



Now Phoebus, crowns our Summer days Summer Her lovely neck, and breast are bare,
With stronger heat and brighter rays Whilst her fan doth coole the Ayre.



*The cold, not cruelty makes her weare
In Winter furs and Wild beasts haire* Winter *For a smoother skin at night
Embraceeth her with more delight*



VER

*iam decedit Hyemis, pellae et vela ualido
 Florida iam Venere, tempore quida uenit
 Risenti facie cum iam Natura sperabit
 Dic, colare an nos ora uenusta decet.*

W. Hollar invenit et fecit. Londini. A. 1641. E. L. D. H. Carlsro. excudit. Cum Priv. Regis Christianissimi.

SPRING

*Hurry fare you well the Winter is quite gone
 and beauty's quarter now is coming on
 When nature brimeth most to show her pride
 our beauty's being the cheefe, we must not lude*

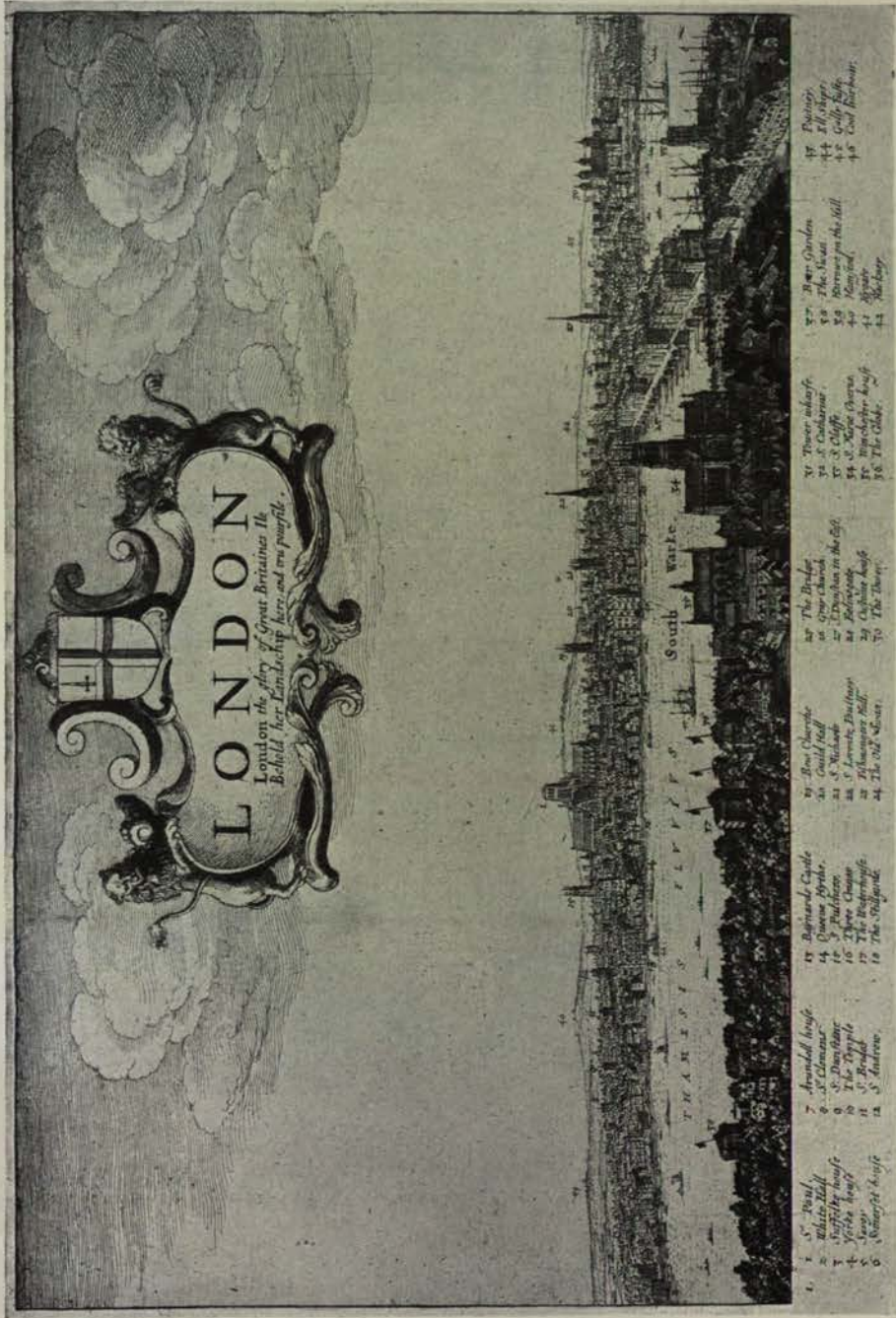


ROBERT DEVEREUX EARLE OF ESSEX HIS EXCELLENCY. LORD GENERALL OF
the Forces raised by the Authority of the Parliament. For the defence of the King and Kingdom.

Printed for Iohn Patridge

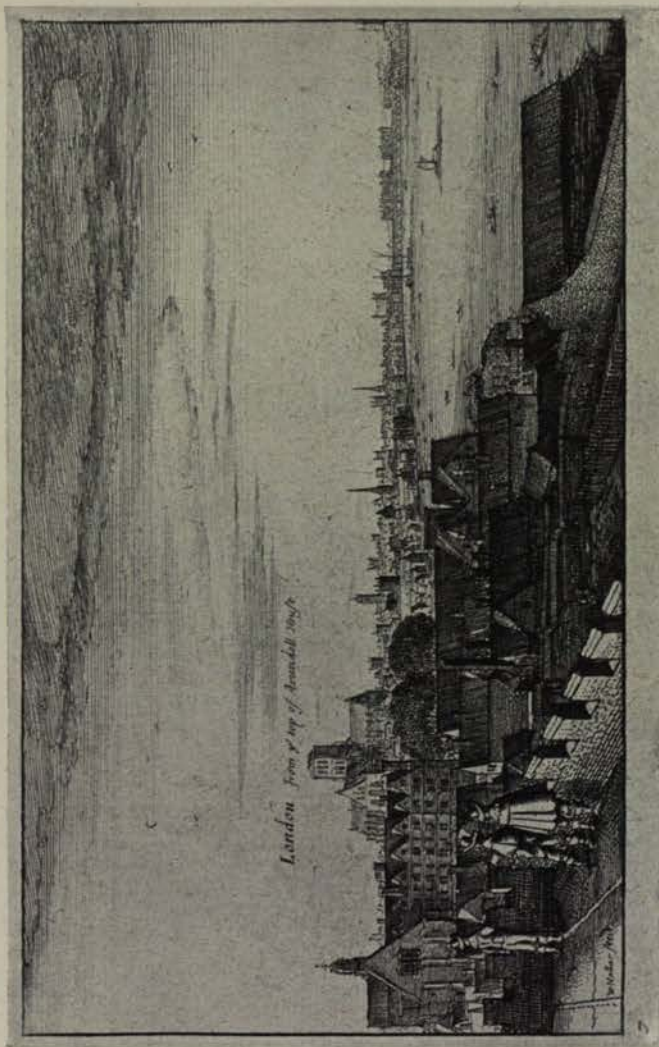
(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX
GENERAL OF THE FORCES. 1643
(1ST STATE)



(From a print in the possession of Mr. Richard Catkinst)





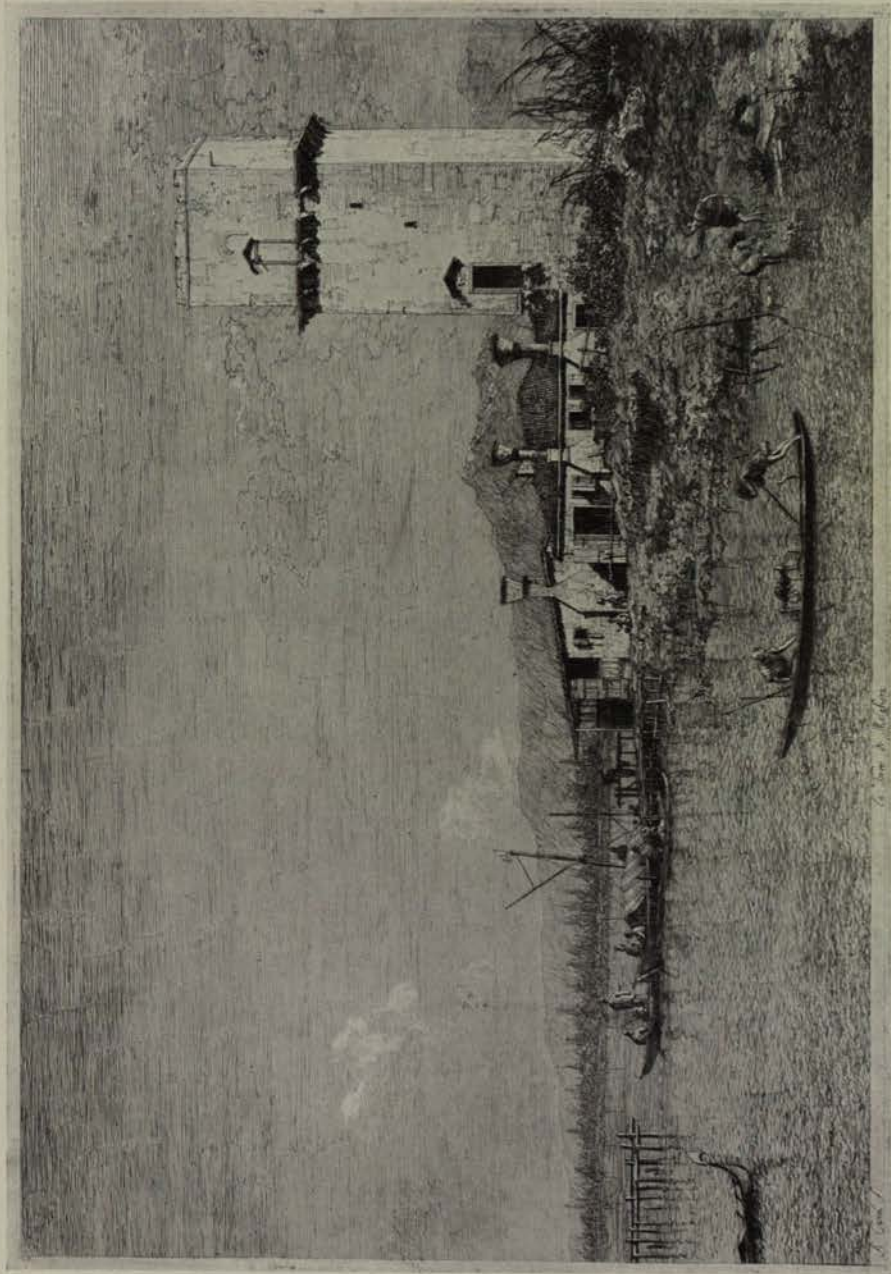
(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

LONDON FROM THE TOP OF ARUNDEL HOUSE
(2ND STATE)



(From a print in the possession of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

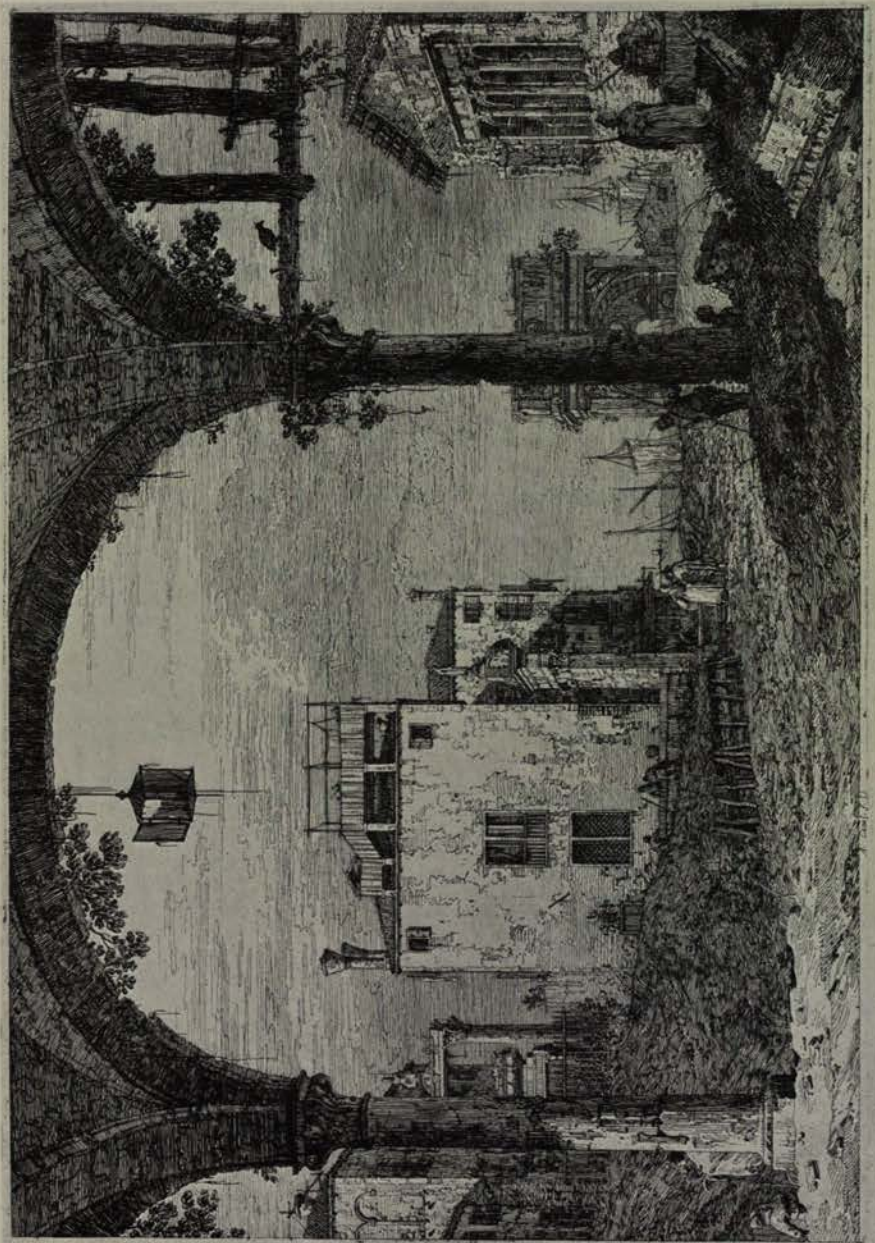
MUFFS, MASK, GLOVES, ETC.

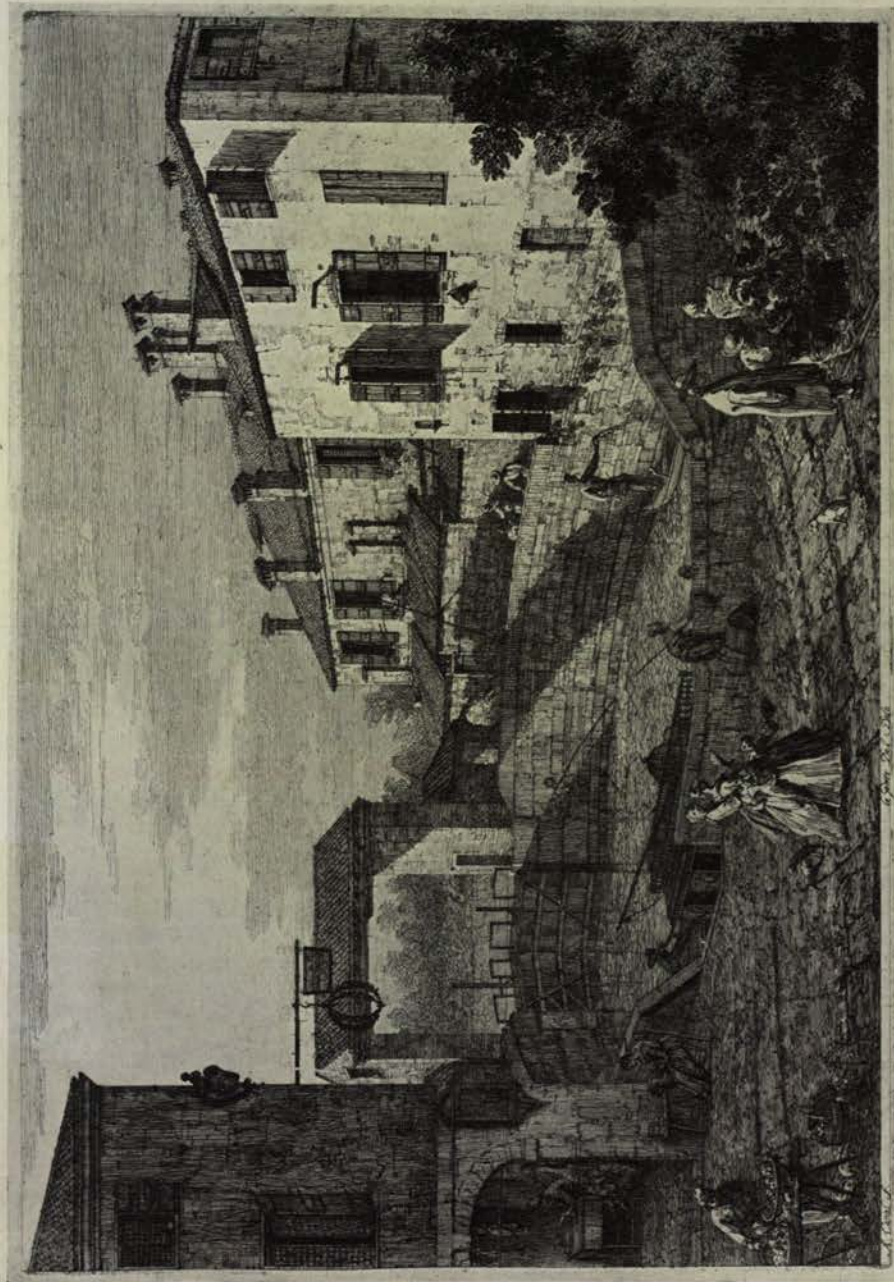


(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. F. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)

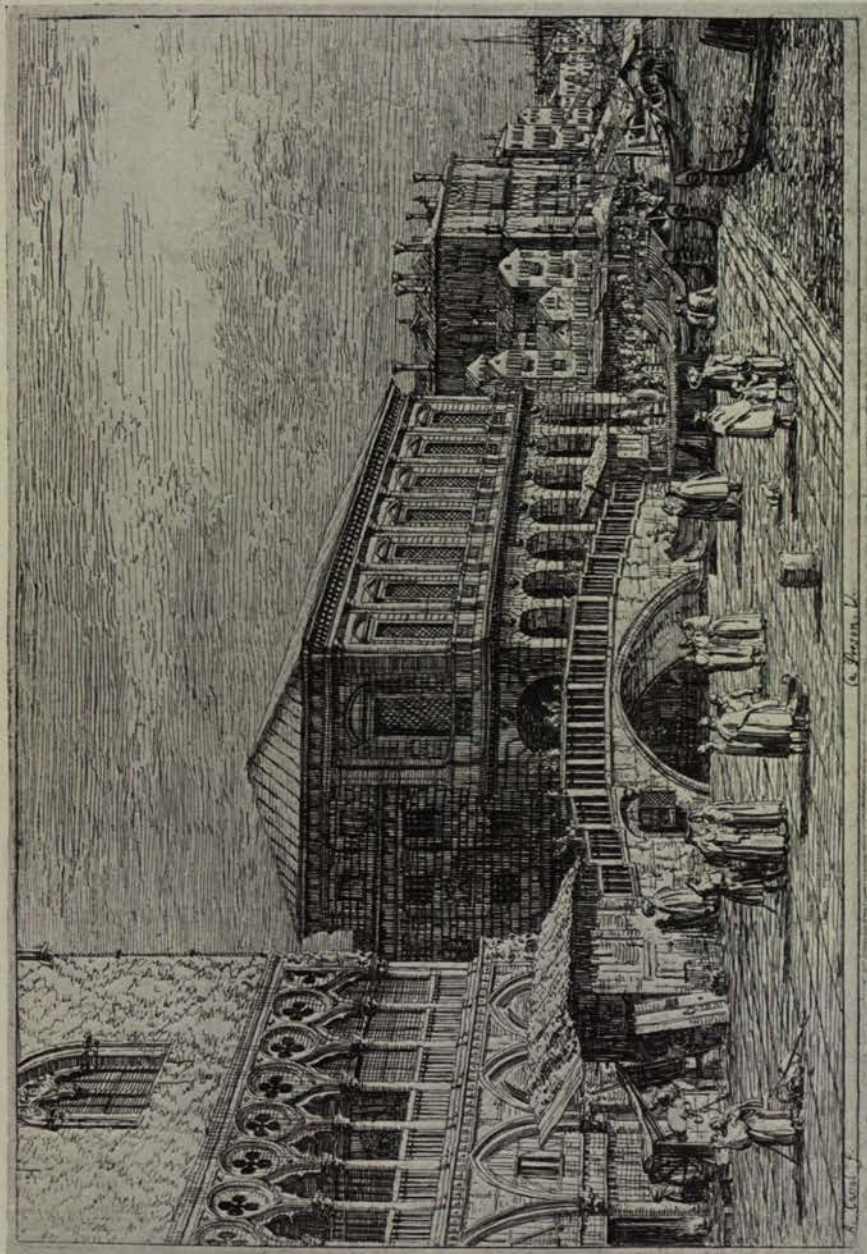


(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)

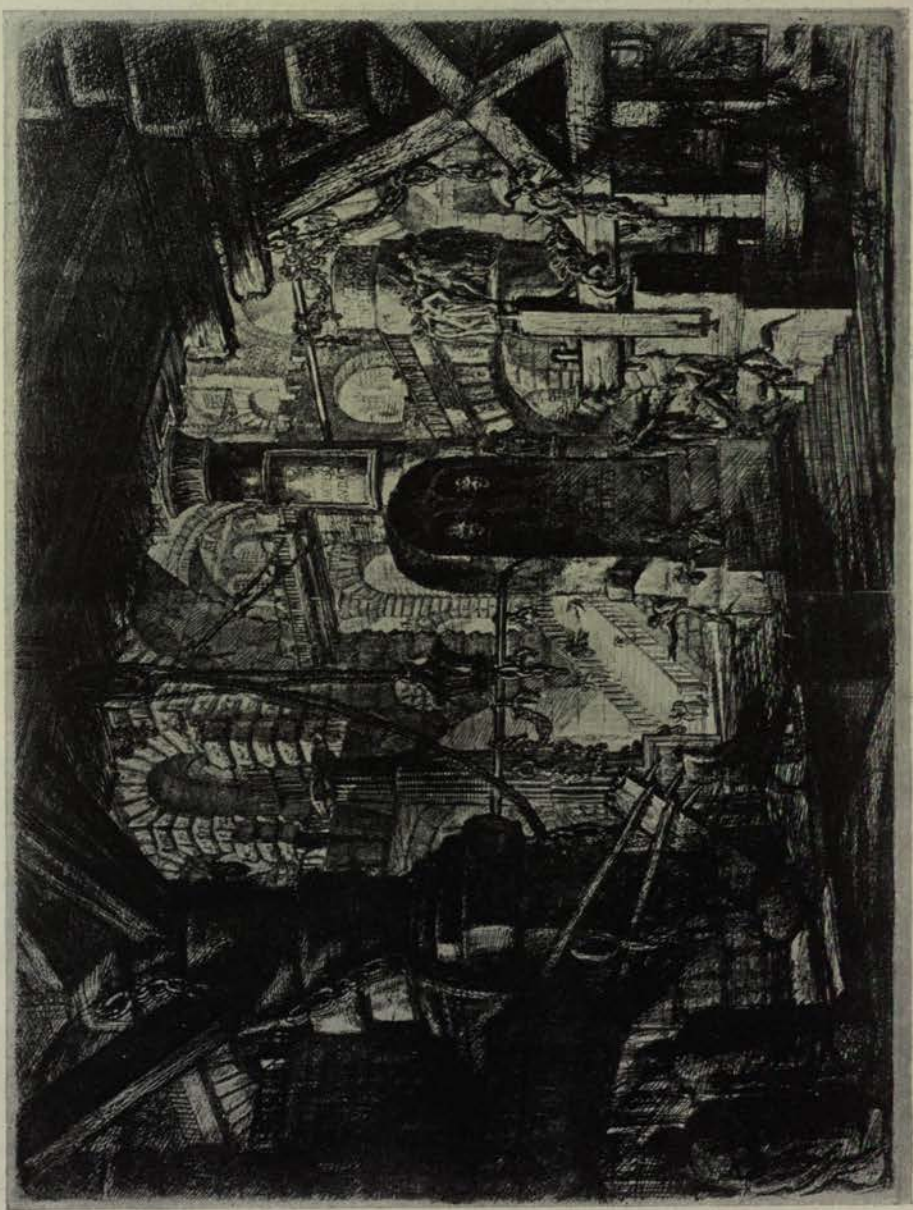




(From a print in the possession of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)

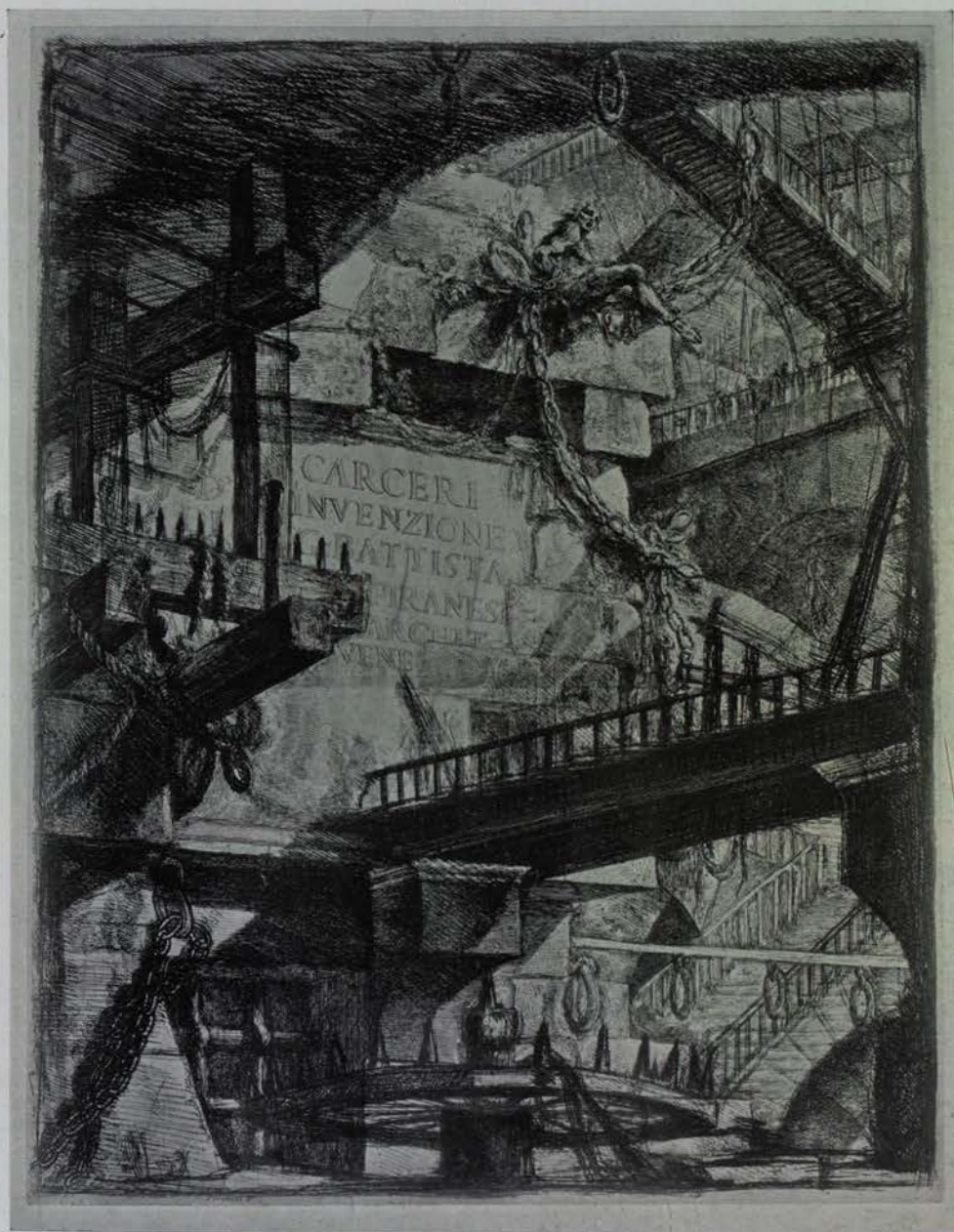


(From a print in the possession of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



(From a print in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

"CARCERI D'INVENZIONE," PLATE 16



(From a print in the Victoria
and Albert Museum, London)

FRONTISPIECE TO THE "CARCERI
D'INVENZIONE." (2ND STATE)



*(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)*

LE JEUNE HOMME ASSIS ET
APPUYÉ SUR UNE URNE





(From prints in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

FROM THE "FIGURES DE MODE, PARIS," 1725



FRONTISPIECE TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF
WATTEAU'S "FIGURES DES DIFFÉRENTES
CARACTÈRES DE PAYSAGES"

(From a print in the
British Museum, London)





(From a print in the British Museum, London)



(From a print in the British Museum, London)



TAL PARA QUAL. (FROM "THE CAPRICES")

(From a print in the
British Museum, London)



(From a print in the British Museum, London)



(From a print in the
British Museum, London)

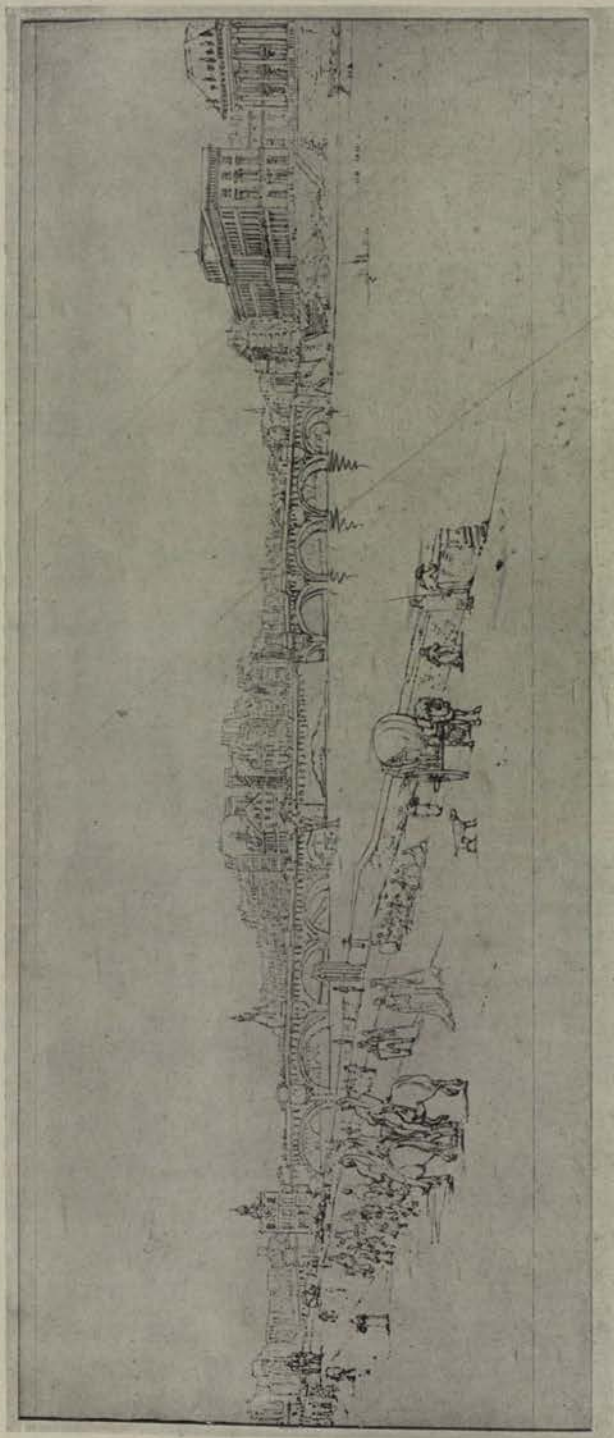
POR QUE FUE SENSIBLE (FROM
"THE CAPRICES"). AQUATINT



No se puede mirar

(From a print in the British Museum, London)

NO SE PUEDE MIRAR (FROM "THE DISASTERS OF WAR")

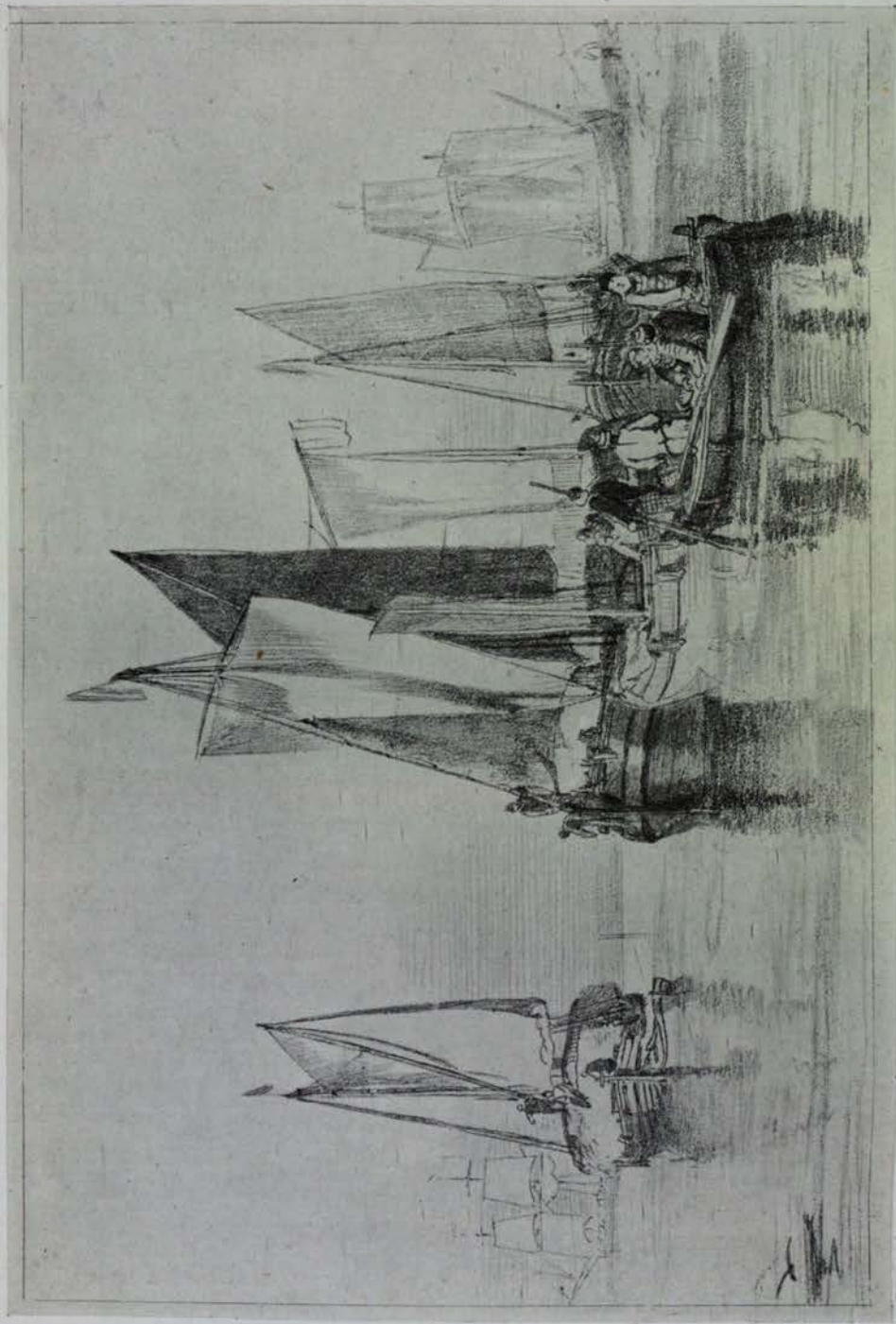


*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Martin Hardie, A.R.E.)*

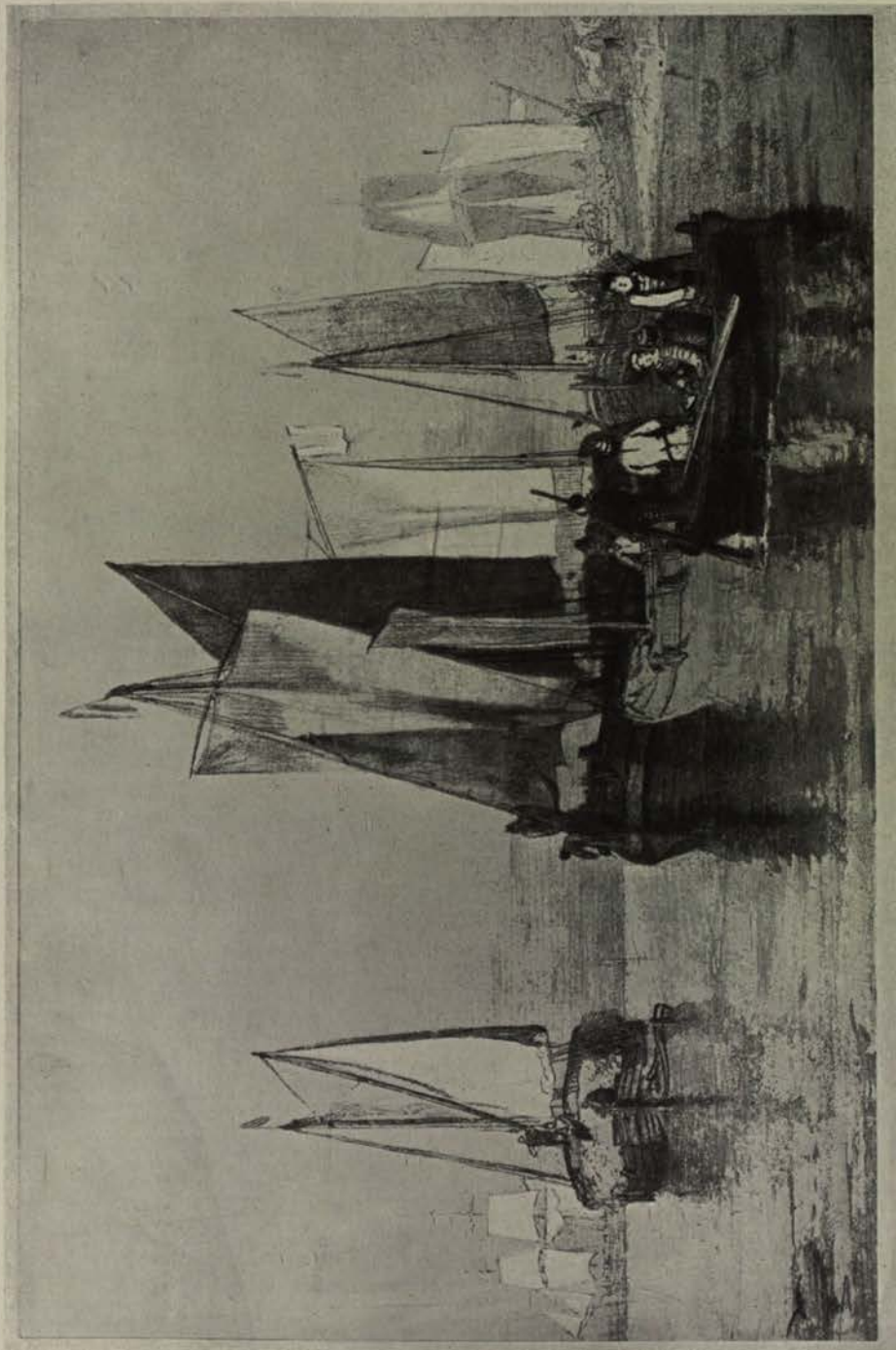


(From a unique print in the possession of Mr. Martin Hardie, A.R.E.)

THE WATER-WORKS AT MARLI AND ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE IN THE DISTANCE. (No. 15 of "THE PICTURESQUE VIEWS IN PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS.") 1802



(From a unique print in the possession
of Mr. Arthur Acland Allen, M.P.)



(From a print in the British Museum, London)

CALM. (PLATE 44 OF THE "LIBER STUDIORUM.") 1812
SOFT-GROUND ETCHING WITH LIGHT AQUATINT
(2ND ENGRAVER'S PROOF)



(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)





AT BAWBURGH. 1813
(2ND STATE)

*(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Cbach)*

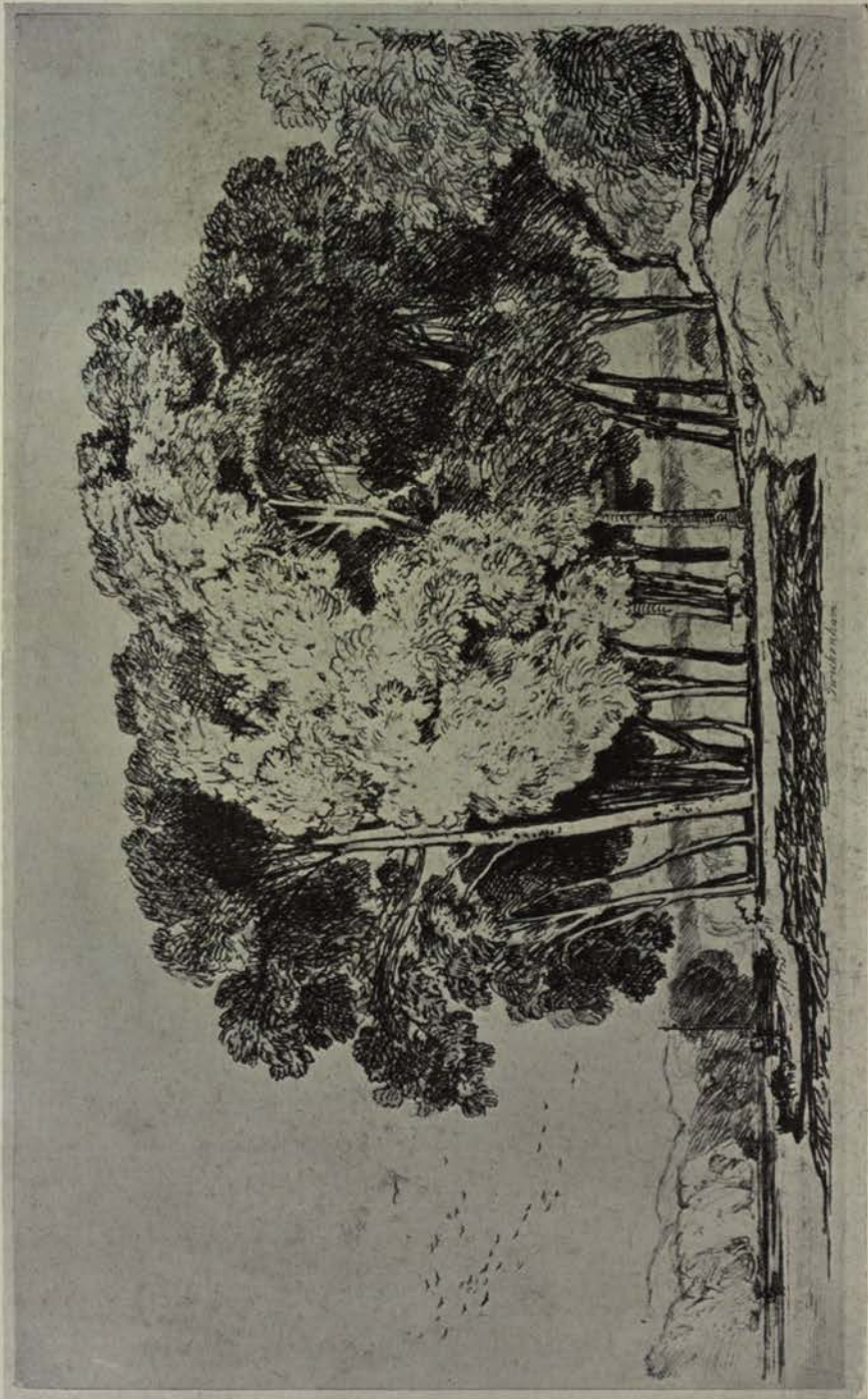


*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Galtkunst)*



*(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)*

A COMPOSITION
(2ND STATE)



(From a print in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

TWICKENHAM ("LIBER STUDIORUM"
PLATE 3). SOFT-GROUND ETCHING



(From a print in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

POSTWICK GROVE, NORFOLK ("LIBER STUDIORUM"
PLATE 7). SOFT-GROUND ETCHING



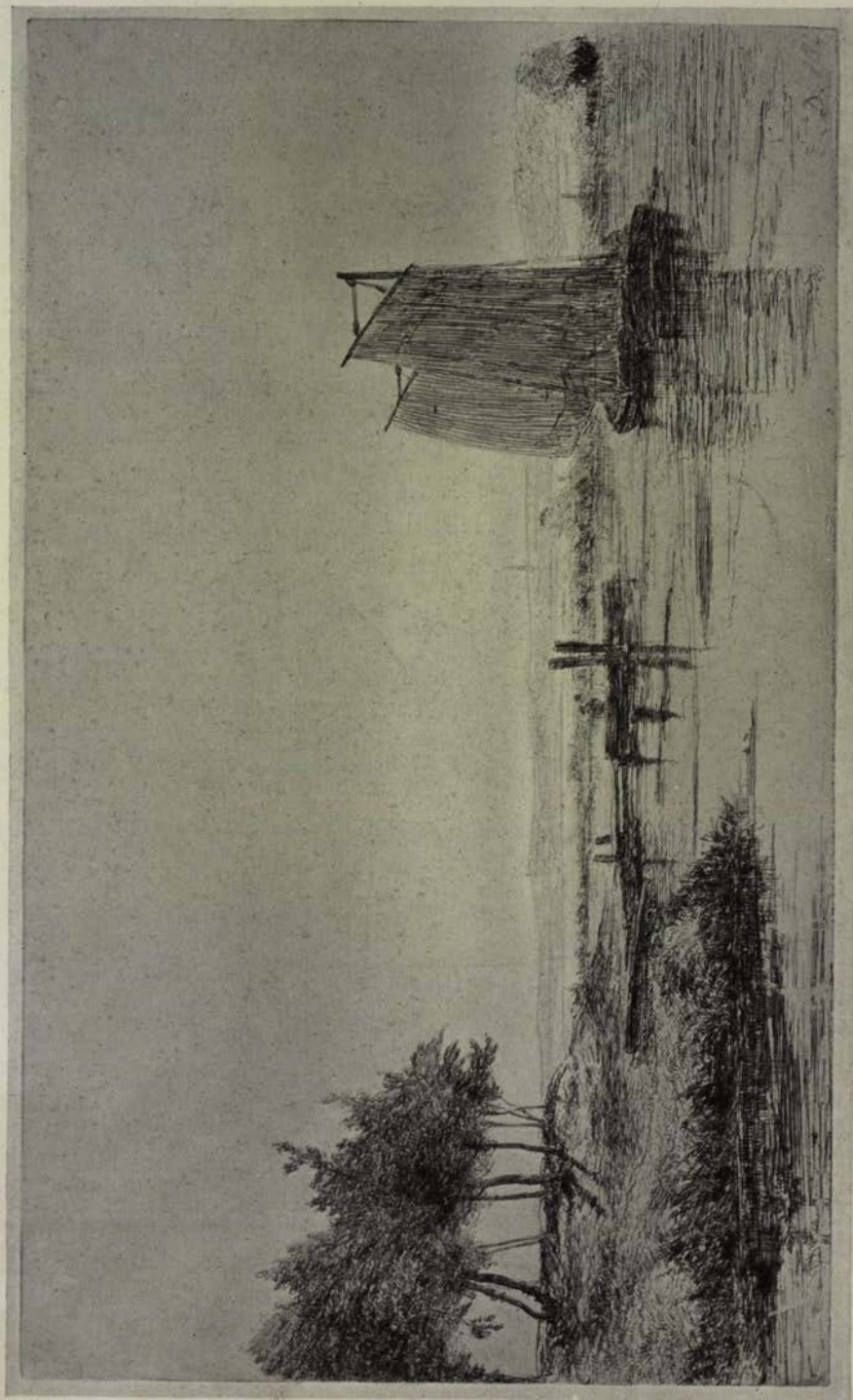
CARNARVON CASTLE ("LIBER STUDIORUM"
PLATE 28). SOFT-GROUND ETCHING

(From a print in the Victoria
and Albert Museum, London)



(From a print in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

BAMBRO' CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND ("LIBER STUDIORUM" PLATE 30). SOFT-GROUND ETCHING



(From a print in the British Museum, London)





MRS. GEDDES. DRY-POINT
(1ST STATE)

*(From a print in the Victoria
and Albert Museum, London)*



*(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)*

THE LOST RECEIPT
DRY-POINT



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)*

L'ÉTANG DE VILLE D'AVRAY. EFFET
DU SOIR. 1861. (2ND STATE)



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

LE BATEAU SOUS LES SAULES. EFFET
DU MATIN. 1857. (2ND STATE)









LA GRANDE BERGÈRE. 1862

*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*



(From a print in the possession of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)



LA BARATTEUSE. 1855
(3RD STATE)

*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*



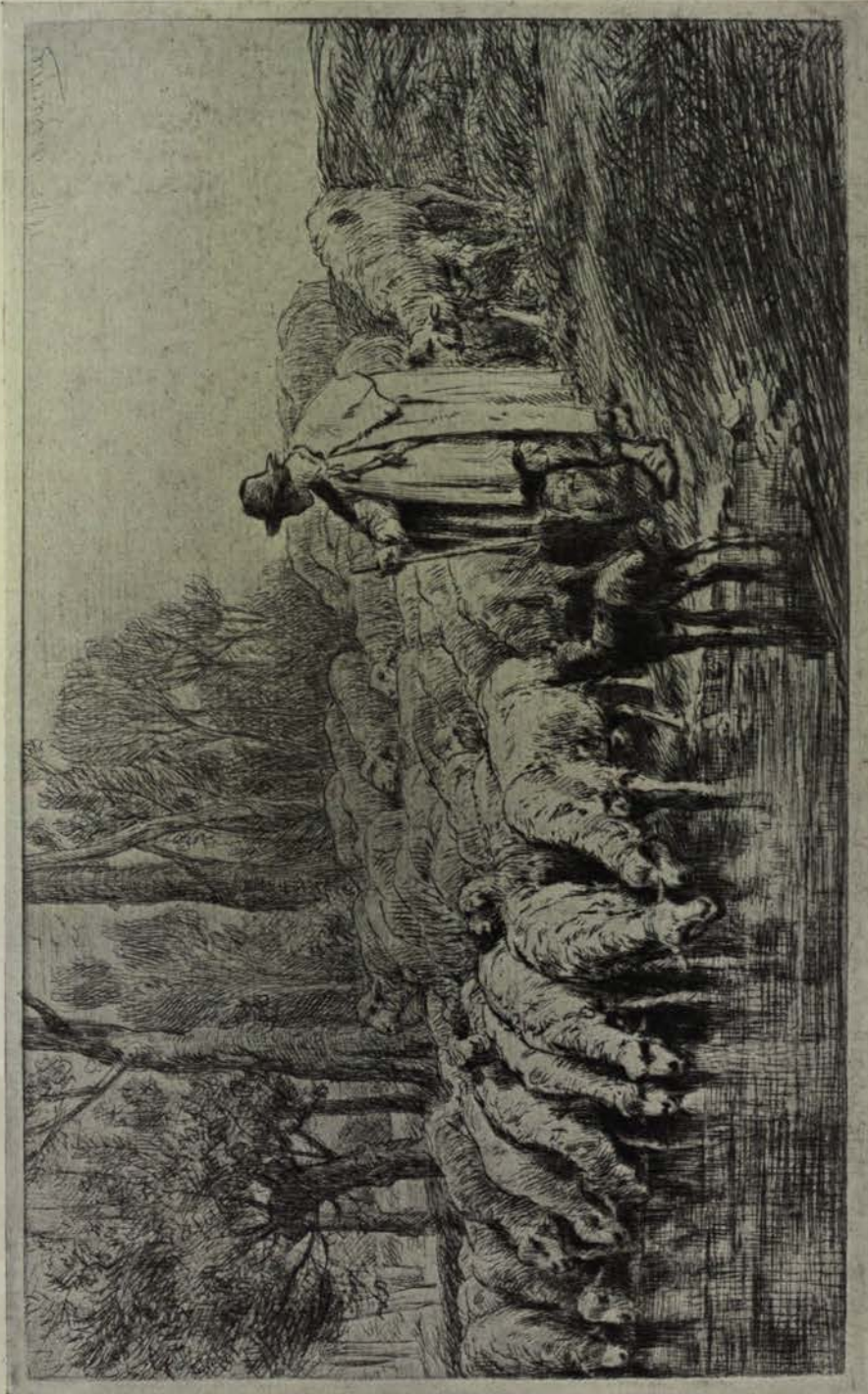
(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

LE DÉPART POUR LE TRAVAIL. 1863
(2ND STATE)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)*

TROUPEAU DE PORCS SORTANT D'UN BOIS, 1849

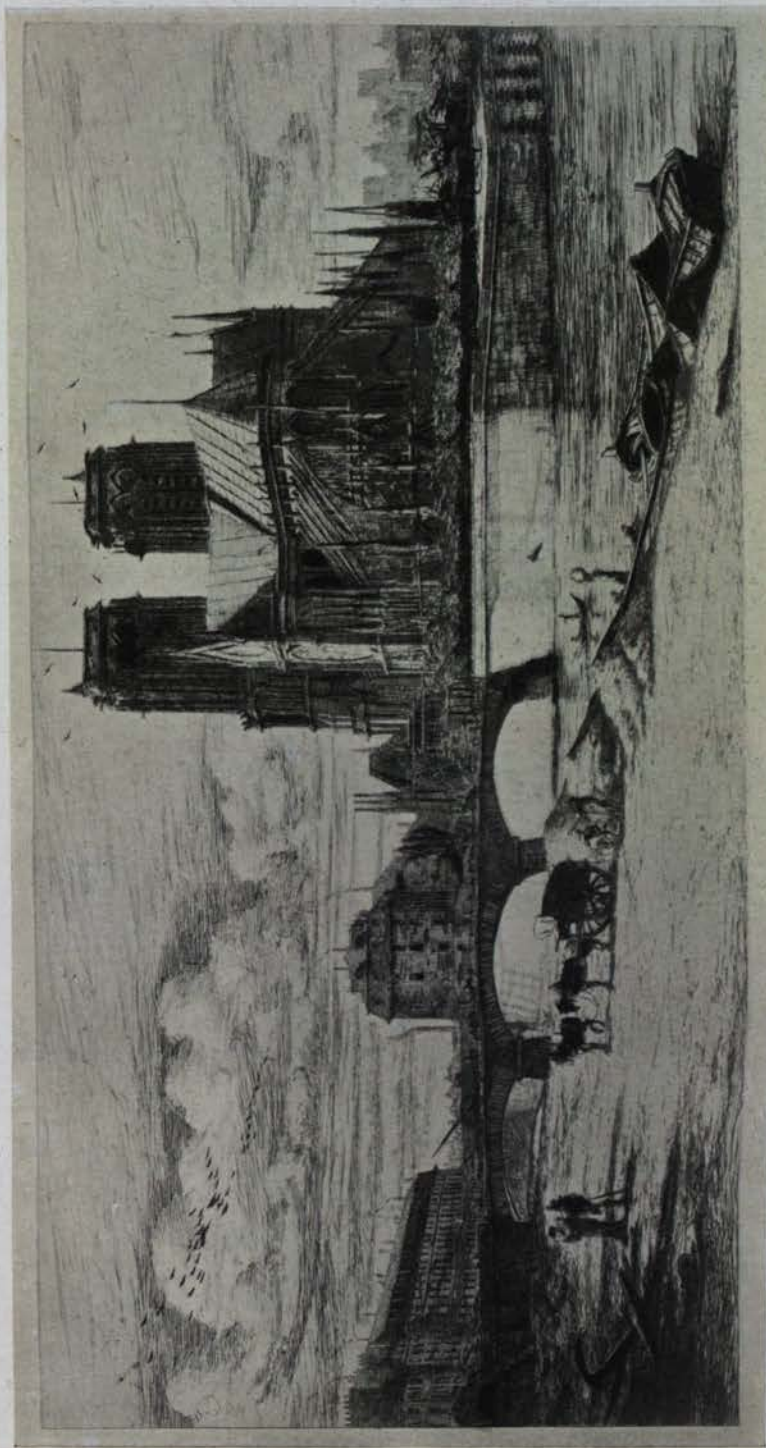


*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutheunst)*



Ch. Jacque

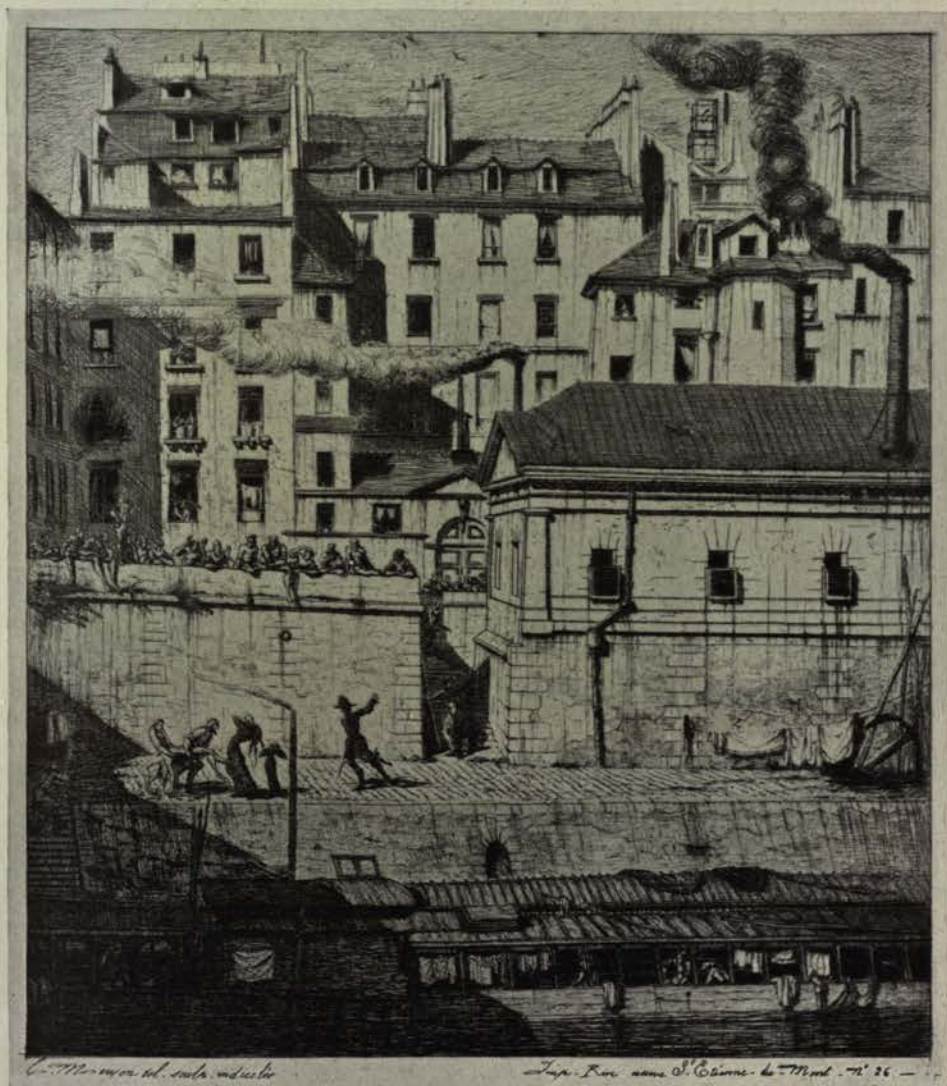




(From a print in the British Museum, London)

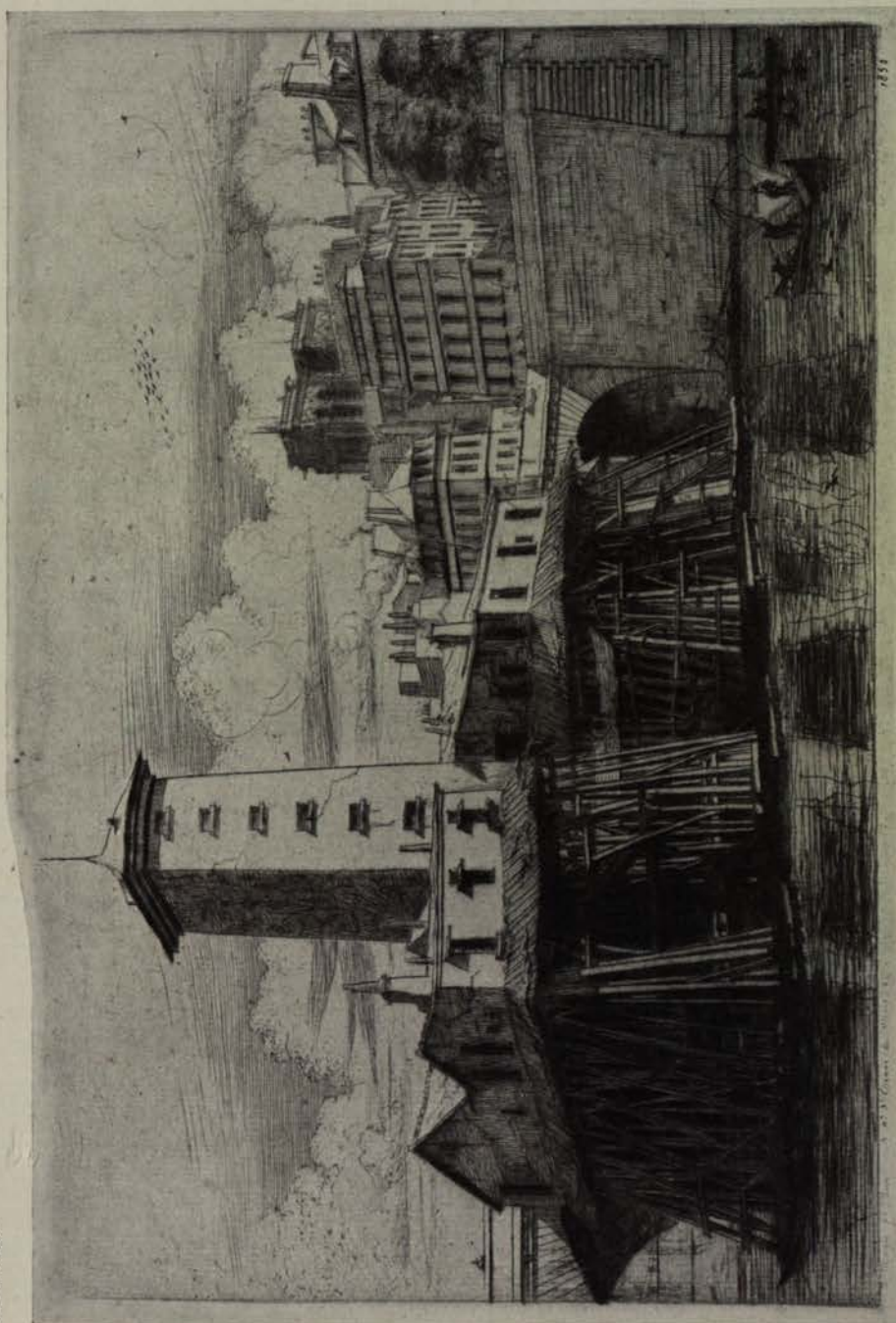
L'ABSIDE DE NOTRE DAME DE PARIS
(1st STATE)

203



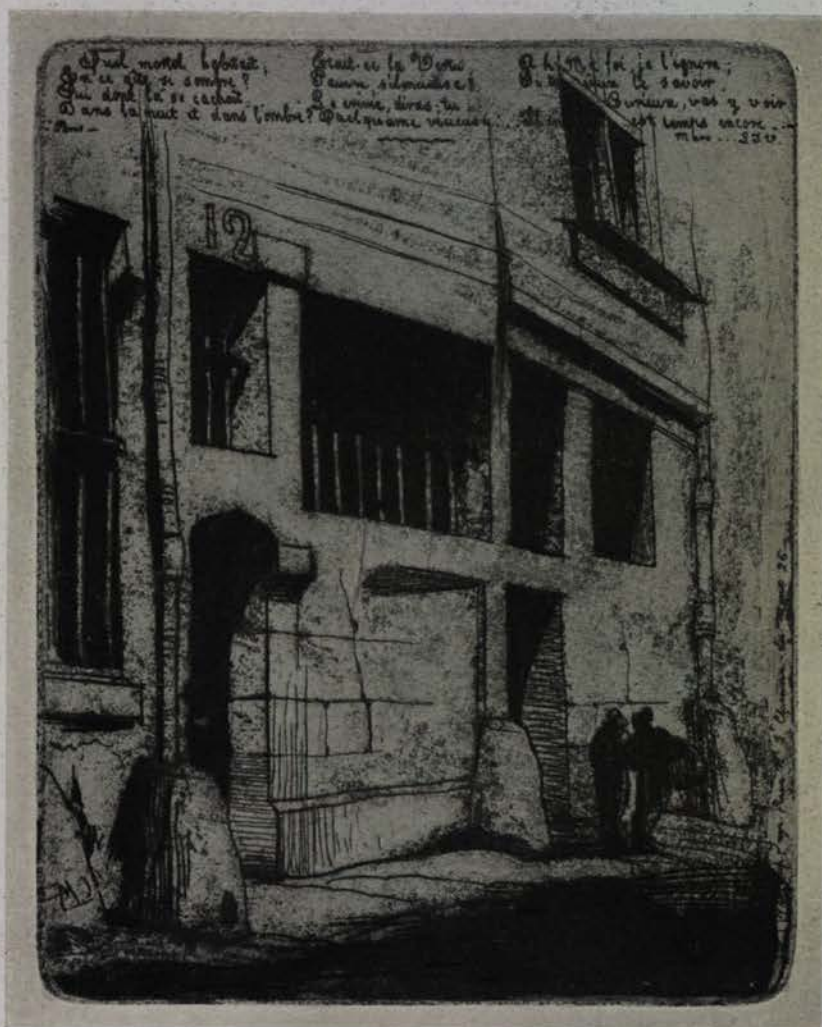
La Morgue sur le toit, vue de l'ouest

L'op. Rue aux Sts-Peres - de Mont. - n° 26 -



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)







(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)

ST. ETIENNE DU MONT
(1ST. STATE)



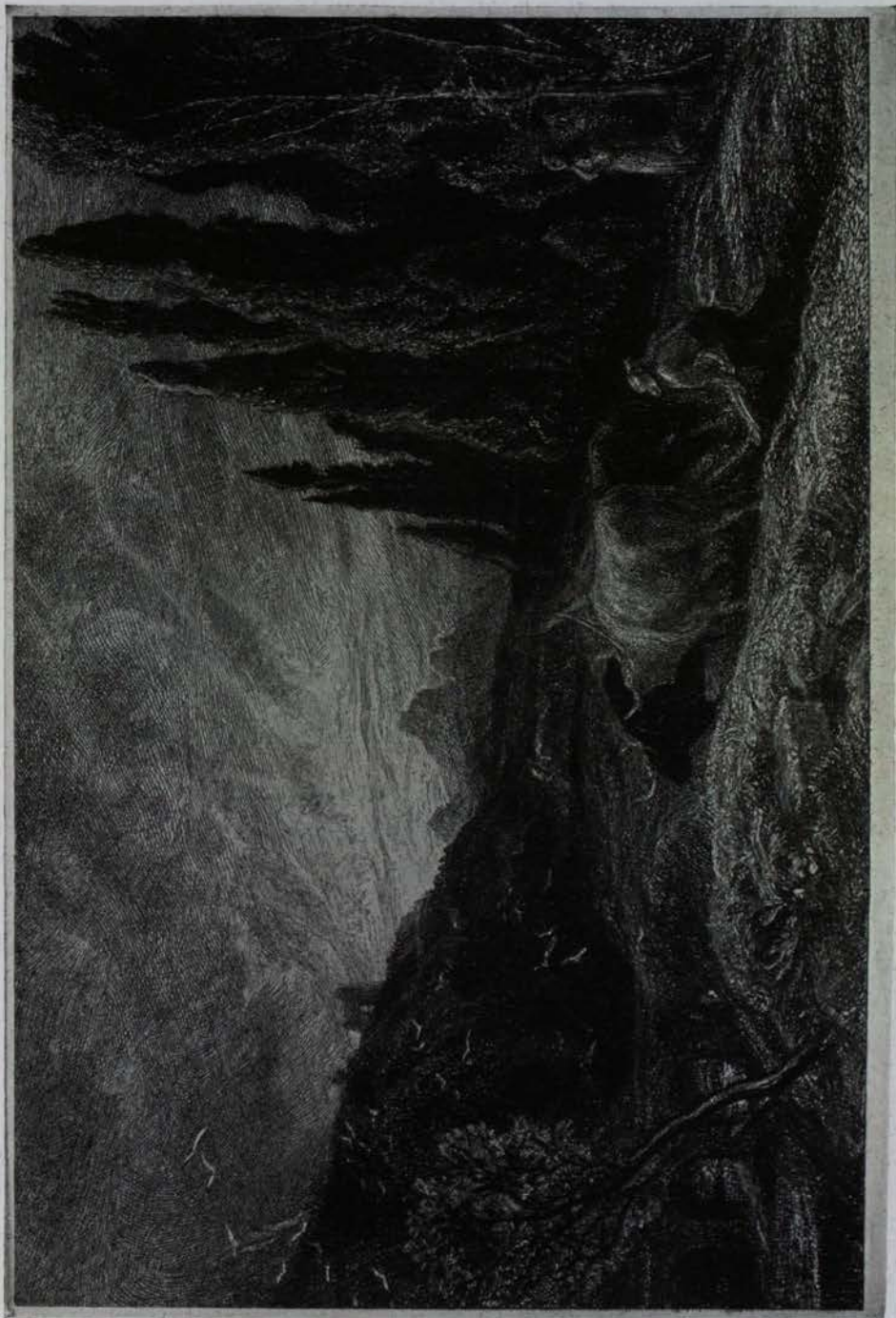
*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Frank L. Emanuel)*



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Göttsch)*



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Martin Hardie, A.R.E.)

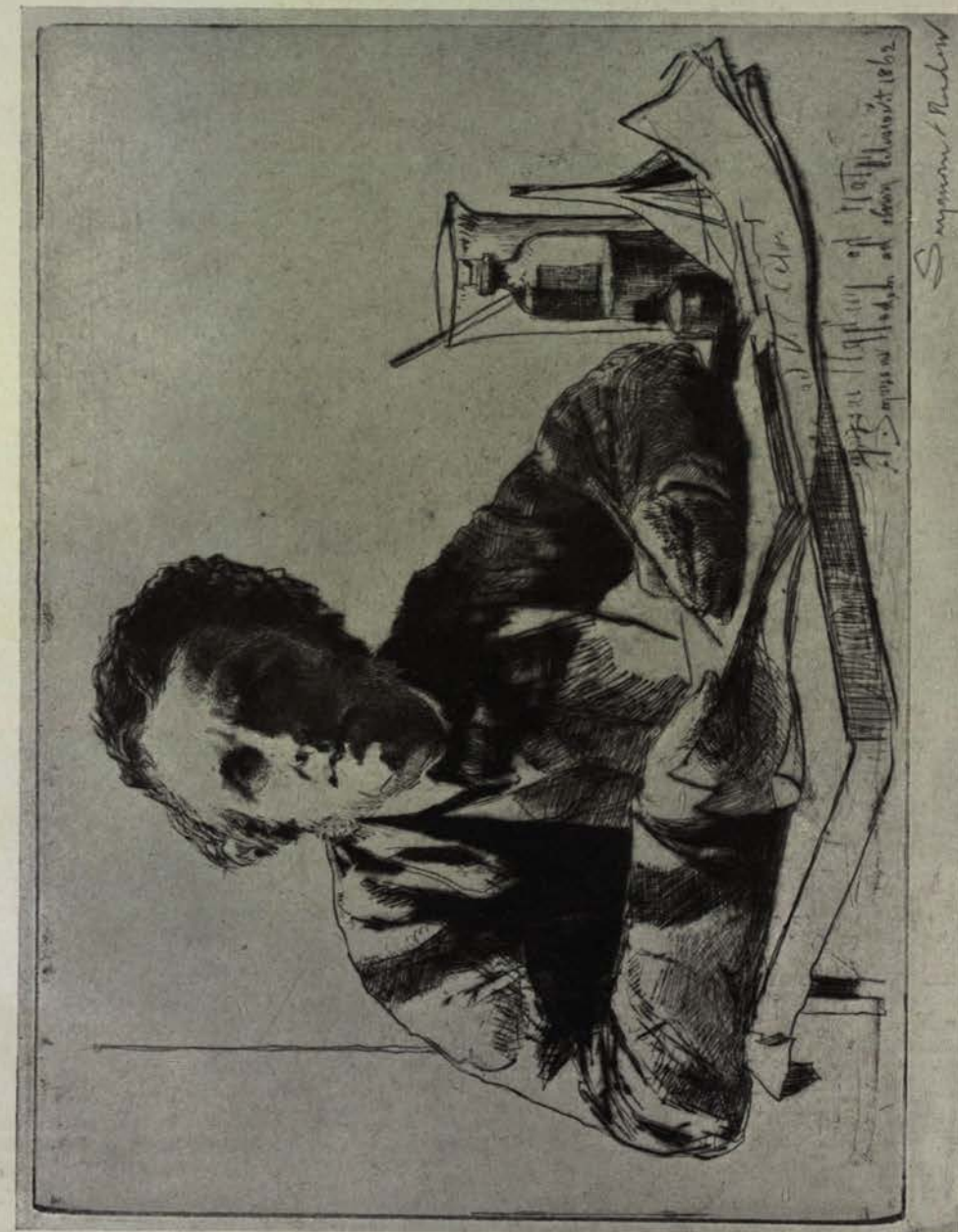


*(From a print in the possession of
Mr. Martin Hardie, A.R.E.)*

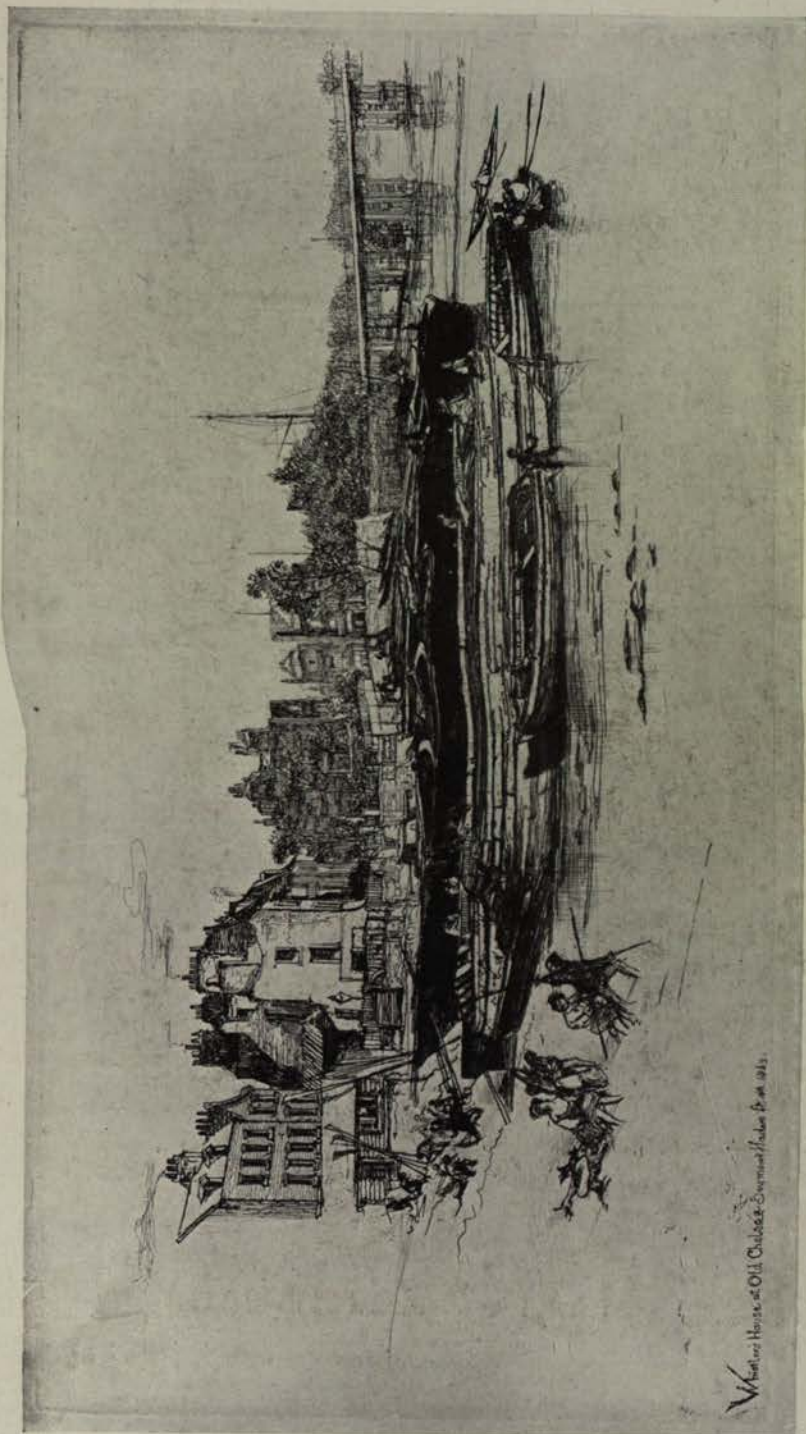


Samuel Palmer

(From a print in the possession of
Mr. Martin Hardie, A.R.E.)

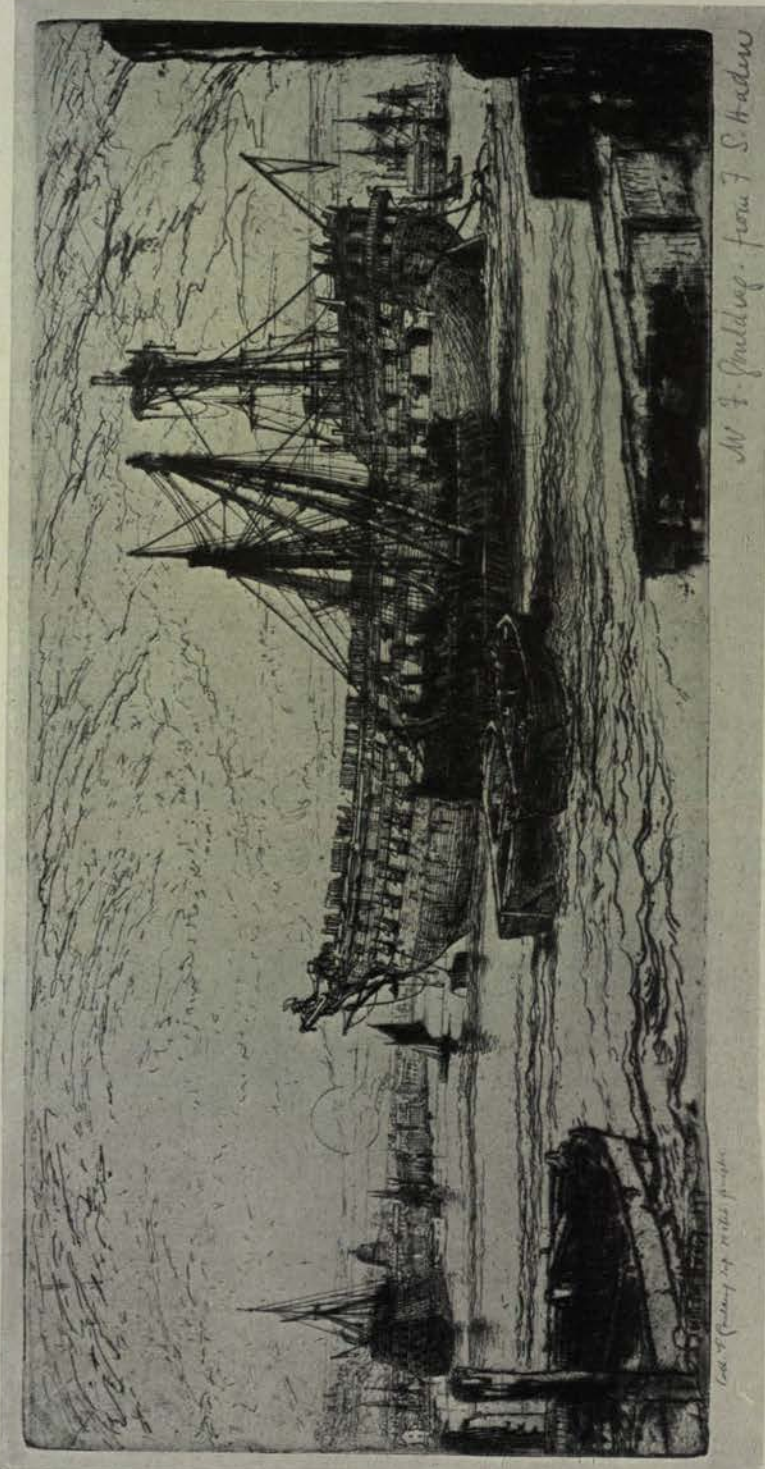


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)



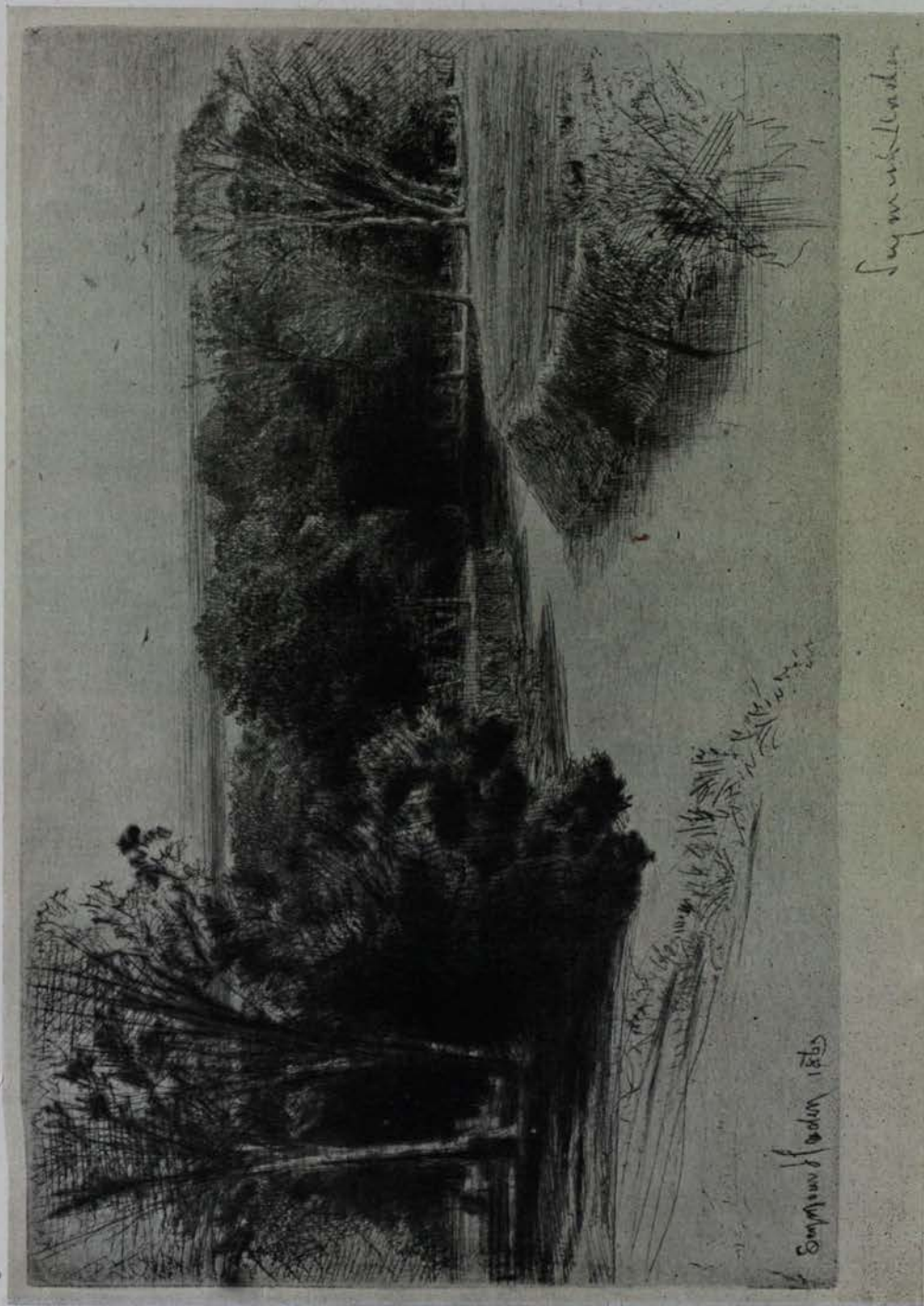
Whistler's House at Old Chelsea. Engraving by John P. at 1843.

(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



(From a print in the possession
of Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)

THE BREAKING UP OF "THE AGAMEMNON."
(1st STATE)

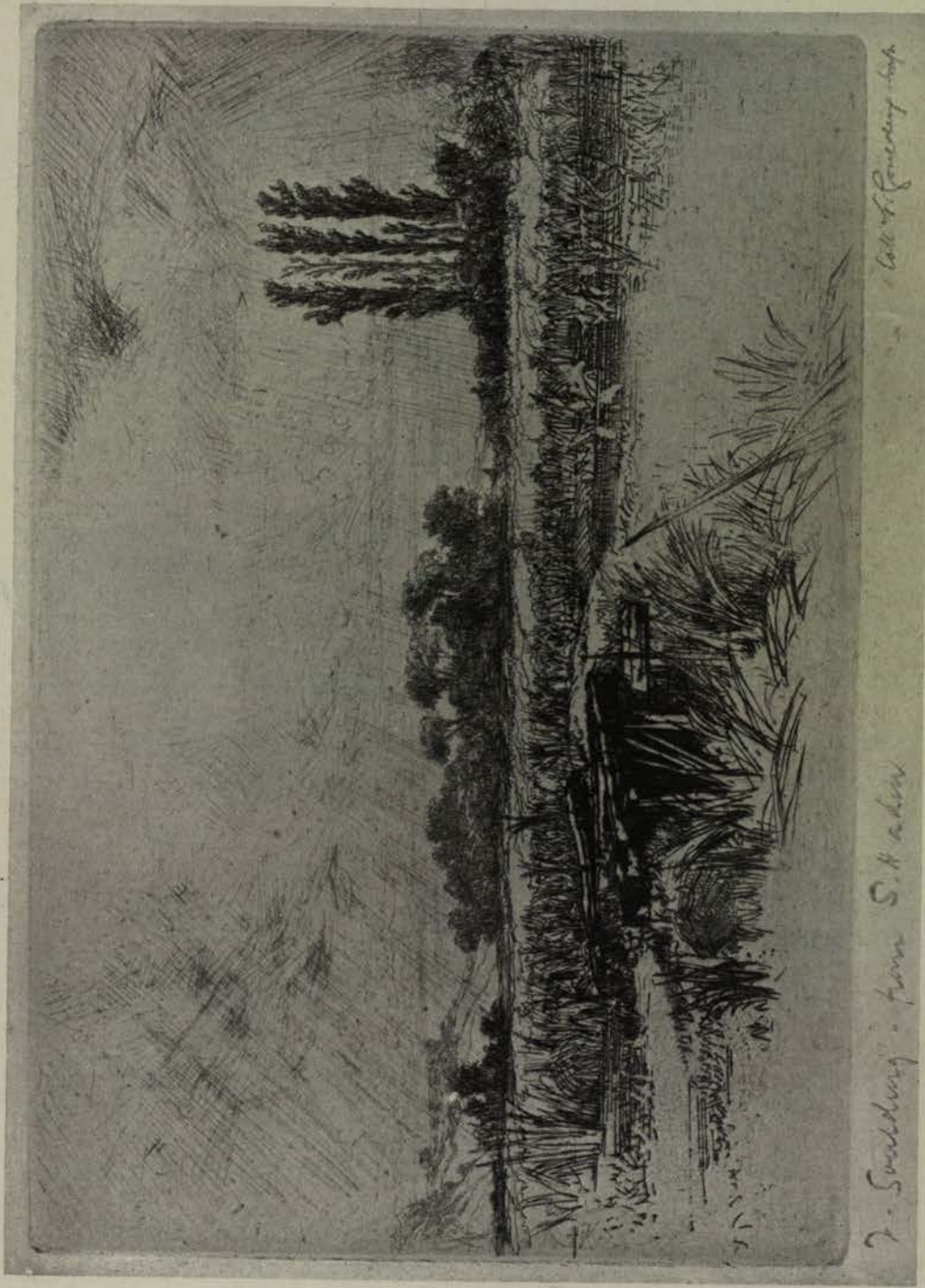


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Guttkunst)

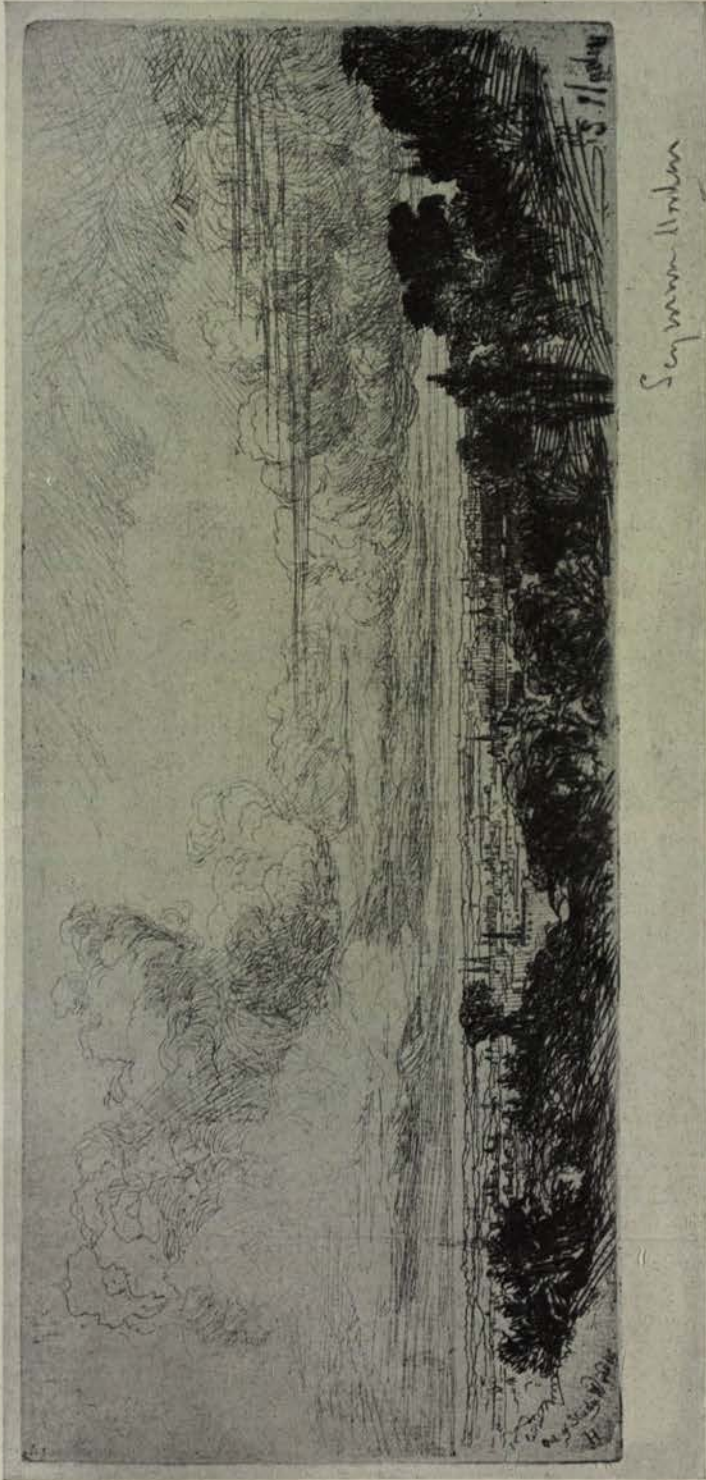


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)





(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)



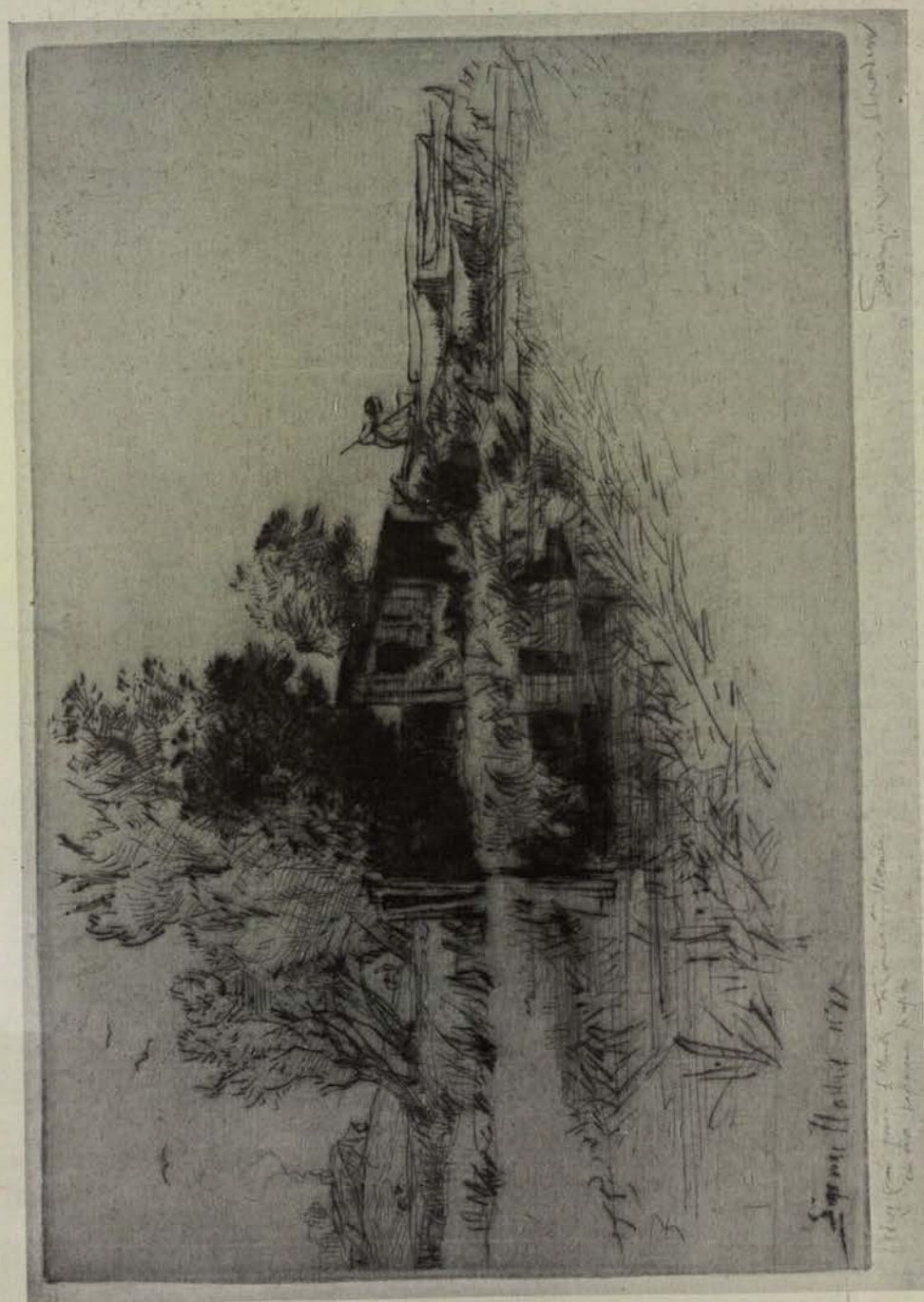
(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Guttenkunst)



(From a print in the possession of Mr. Richard Gutknecht)



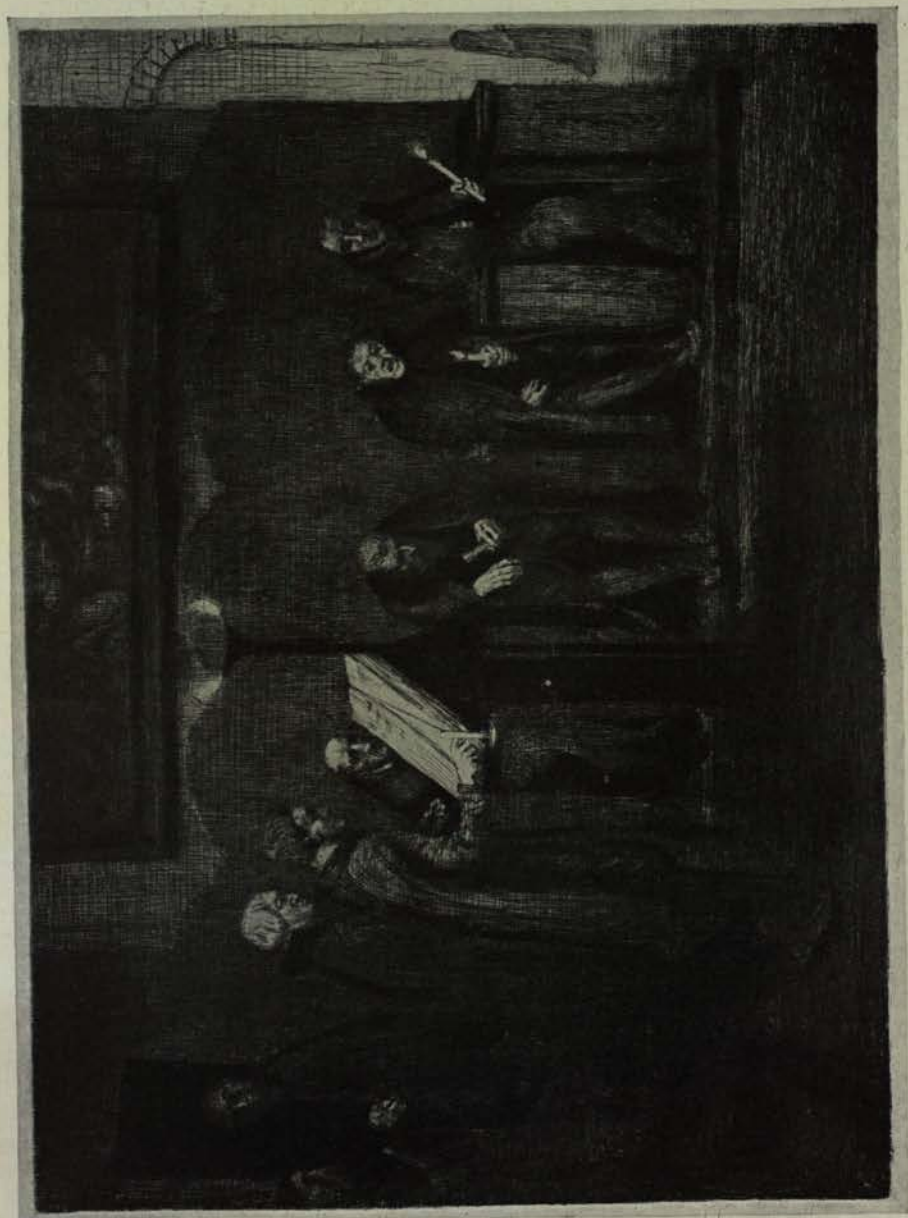
(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Martin Hardie, A.R.E.)

THE LITTLE BOAT-HOUSE. 1877.
(3RD STATE)



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

LA MORT DU VAGABOND

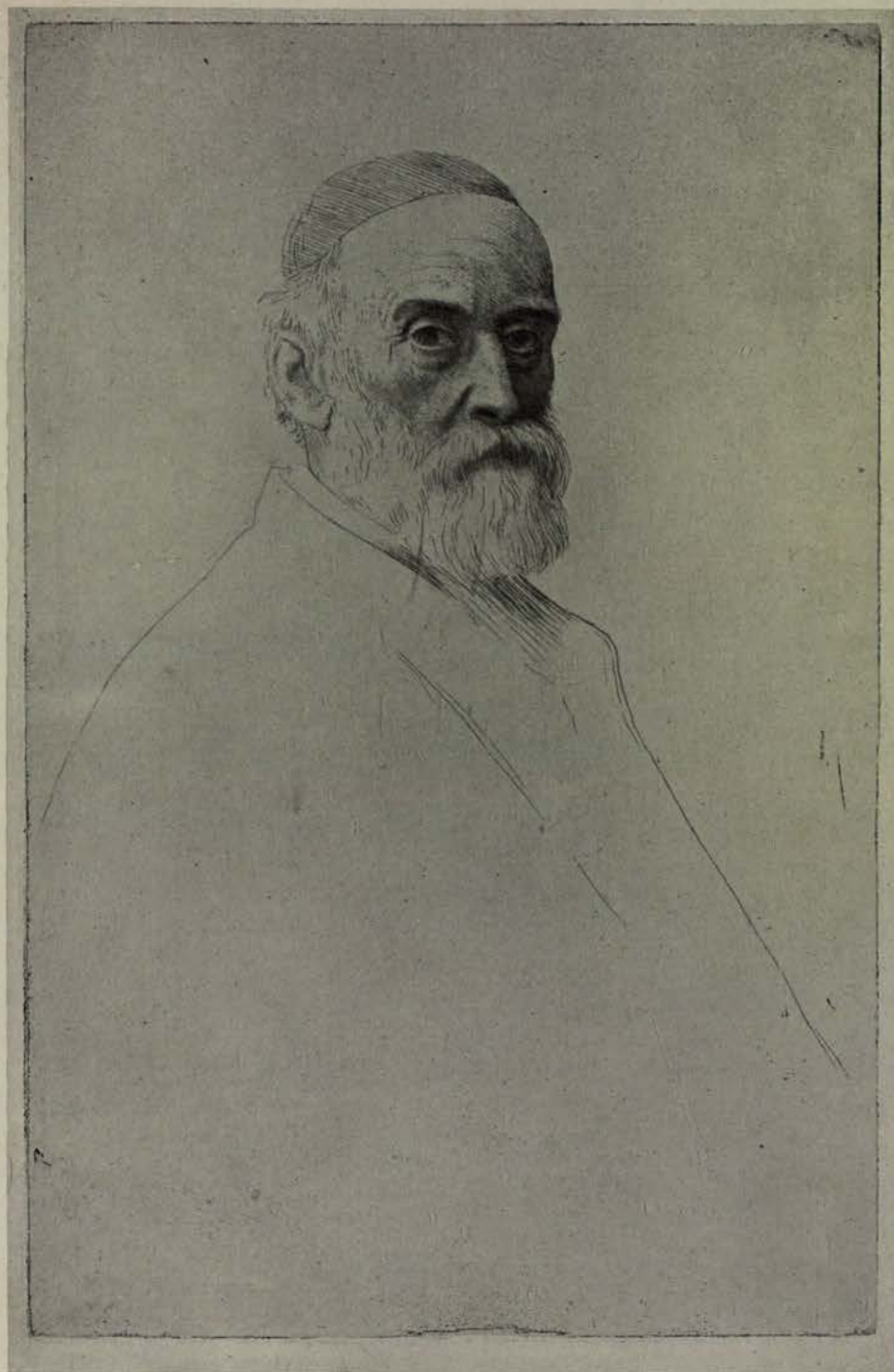


(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)

LA PROMENADE D'UN
CONVALESCENT. DRY-POINT



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

PORTRAIT OF G. F. WATTS, R.A.



(From a print in the possession of Mr. Richard Gutknecht)

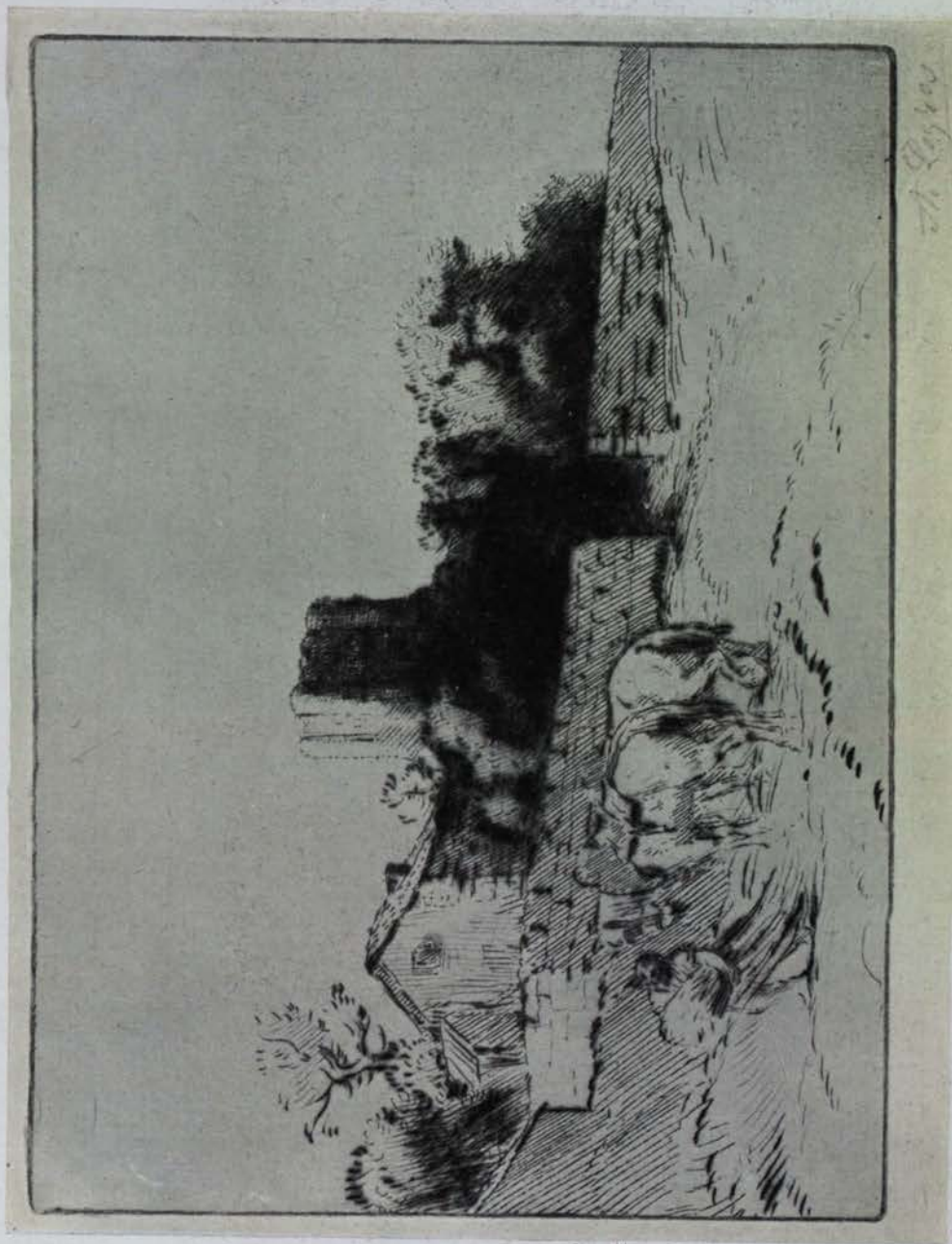
PAYSANNE ASSISE PRÈS D'UNE HAIE. DRY-POINT



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst).



*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)*



(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

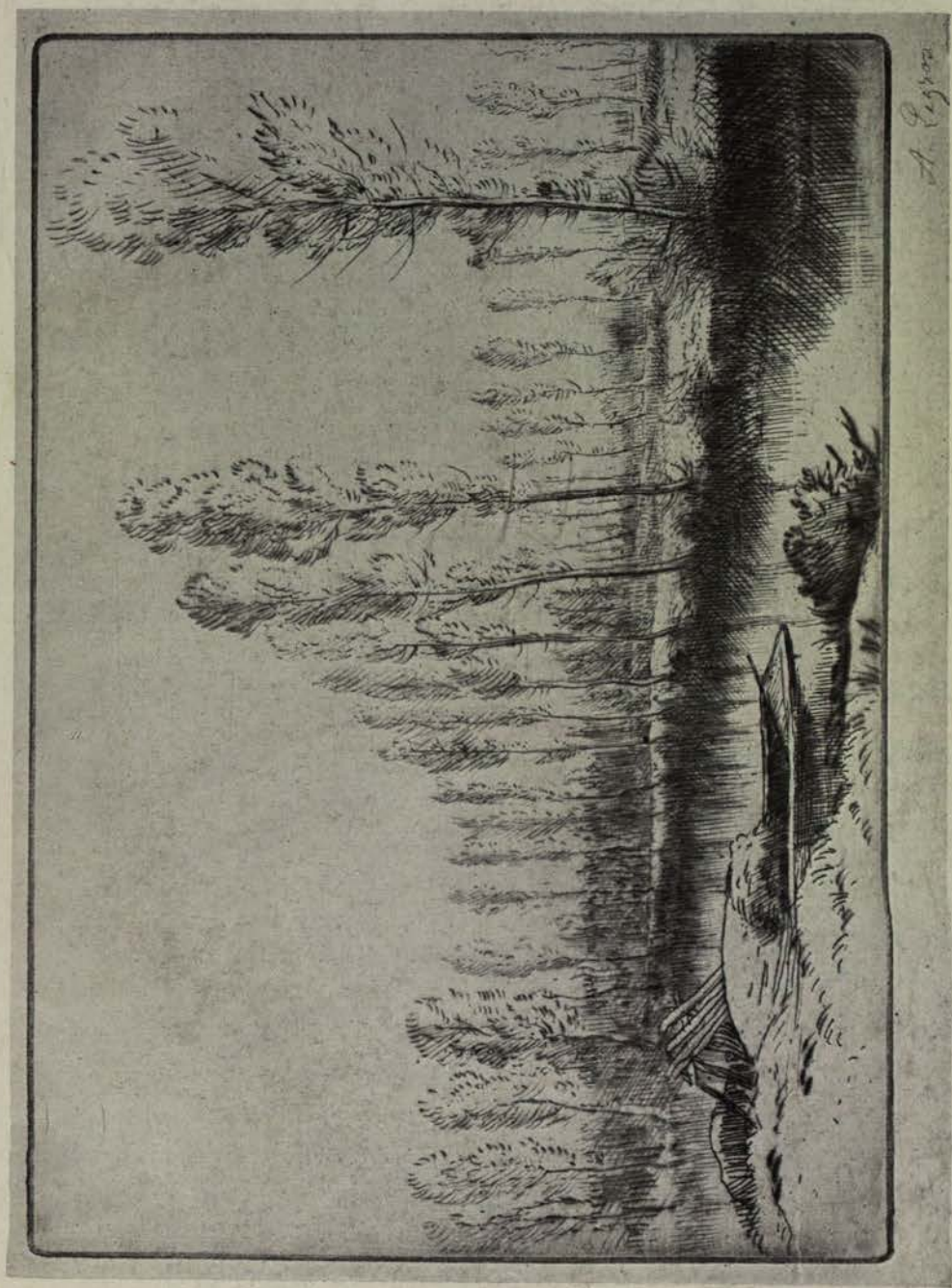


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)



(From a print in the possession of Mr. Richard Gutkunst)

LE PRE ENSOLEILLÉ, DRY-POINT

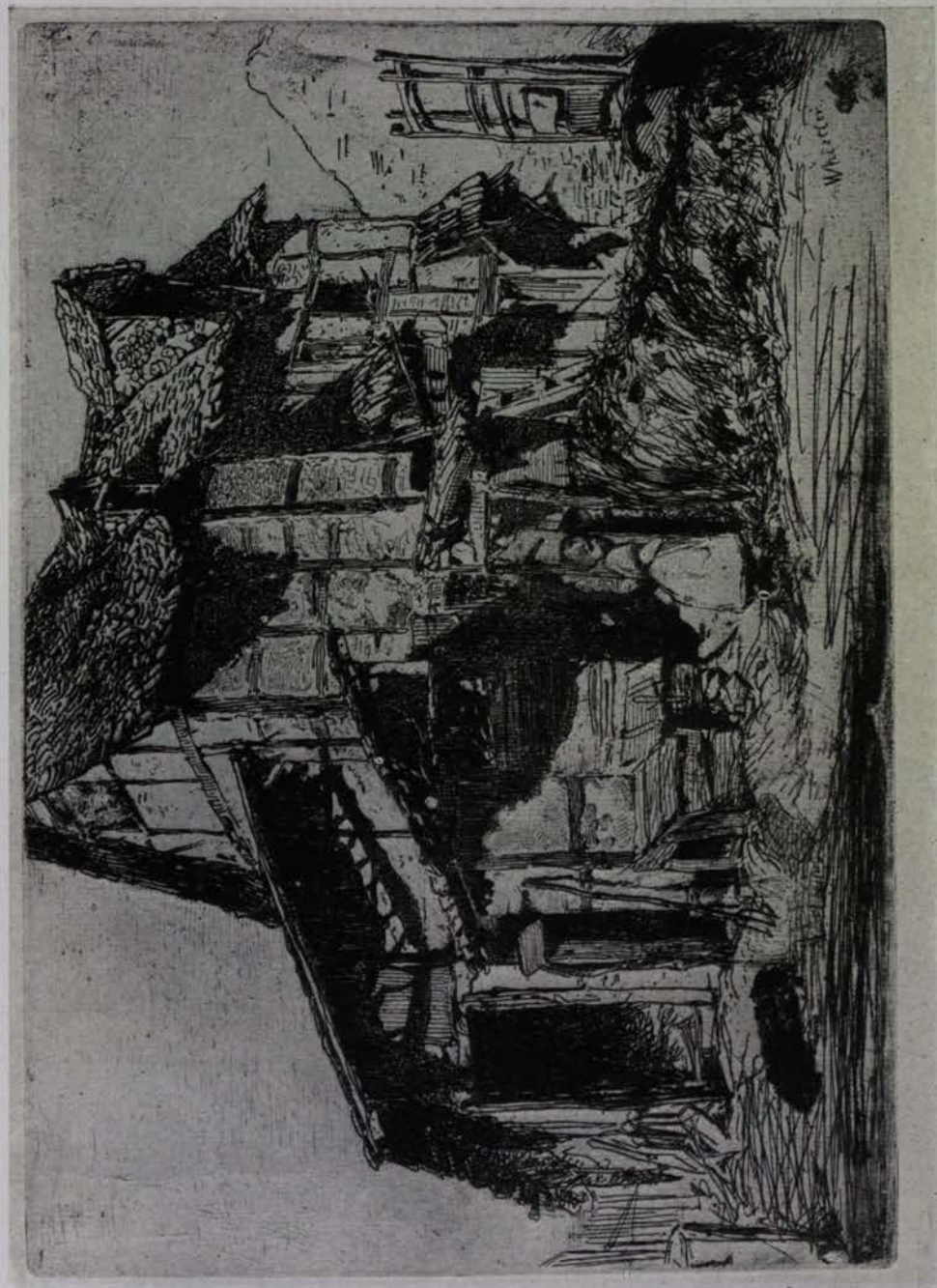


(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)



LA VIEILLE AUX LOQUES. 1858. FROM
THE "FRENCH SET." (2ND STATE)

(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)



*(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)*

THE UNSAFE TENEMENT. 1858. FROM THE "FRENCH SET."



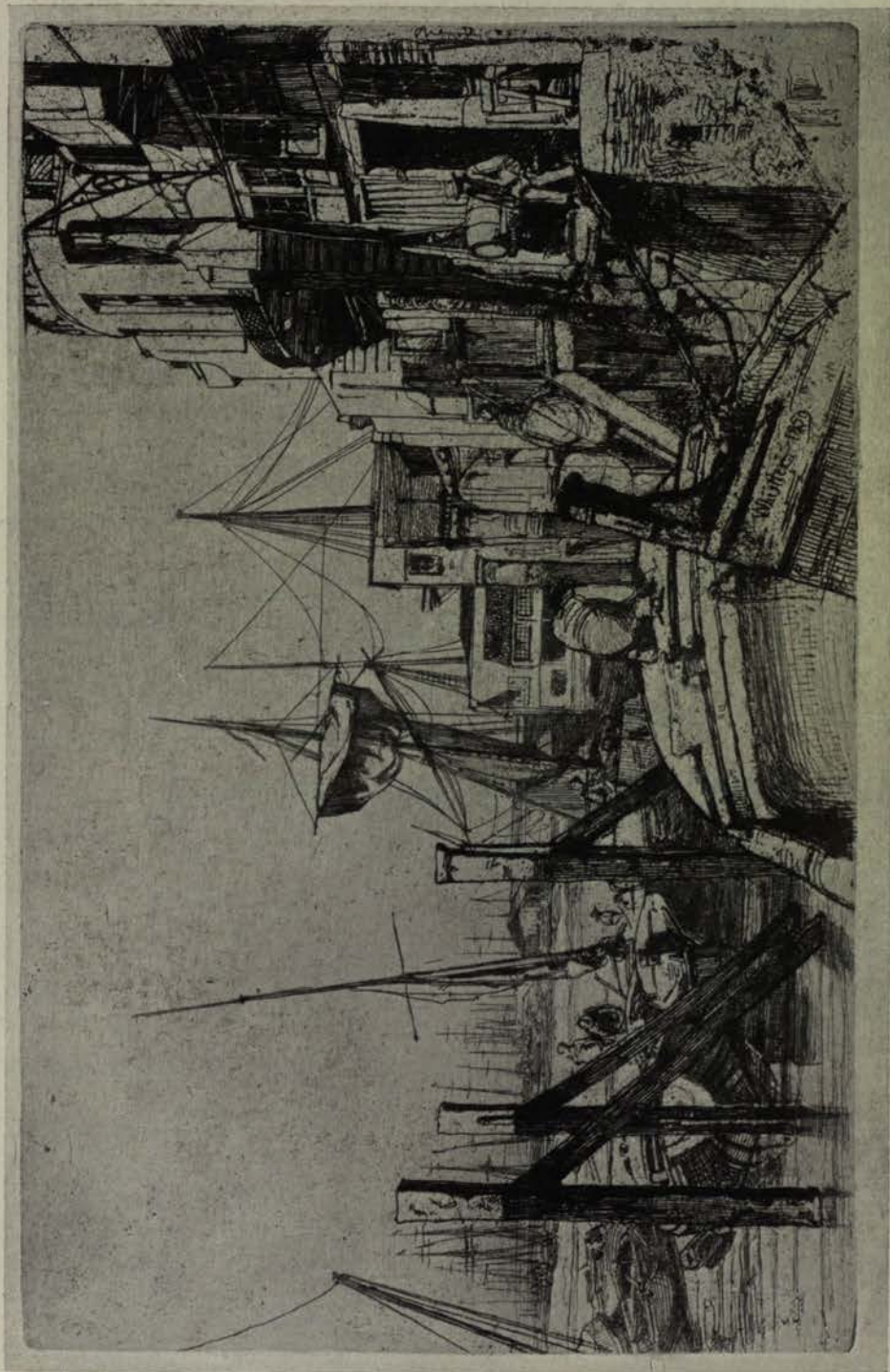
*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*

STREET AT SAVERNE. 1858
FROM THE "FRENCH SET"

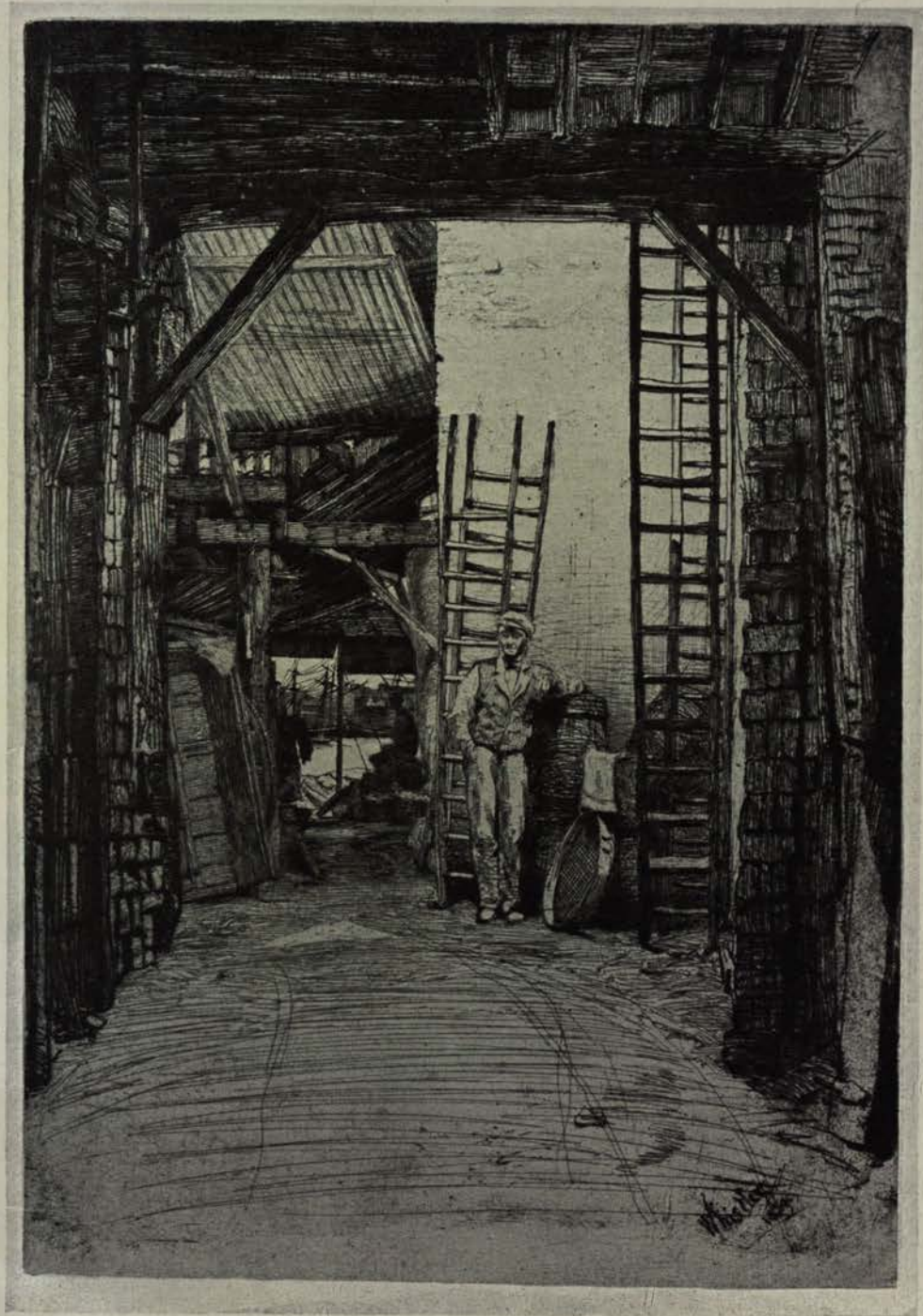


ROTHERHITHE (WAPPING). 1860.
FROM THE "THAMES SET"

(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)



*(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)*



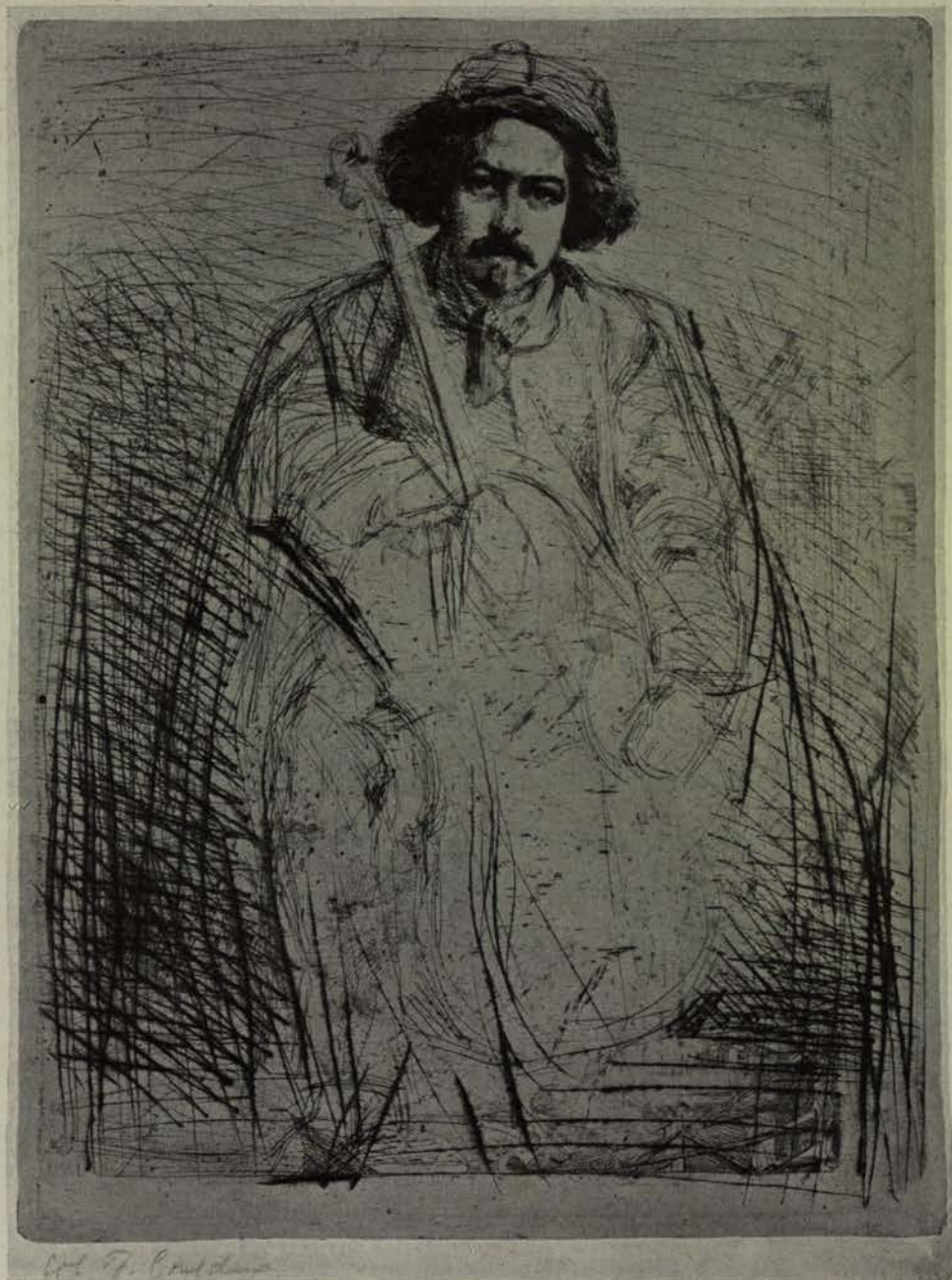
THE LIMEBURNER, 1859. FROM
THE "THAMES SET." (2ND STATE)

*(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)*



(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)

THE FORGE. FROM THE "THAMES SET"
(3RD STATE)



W. F. C. and others

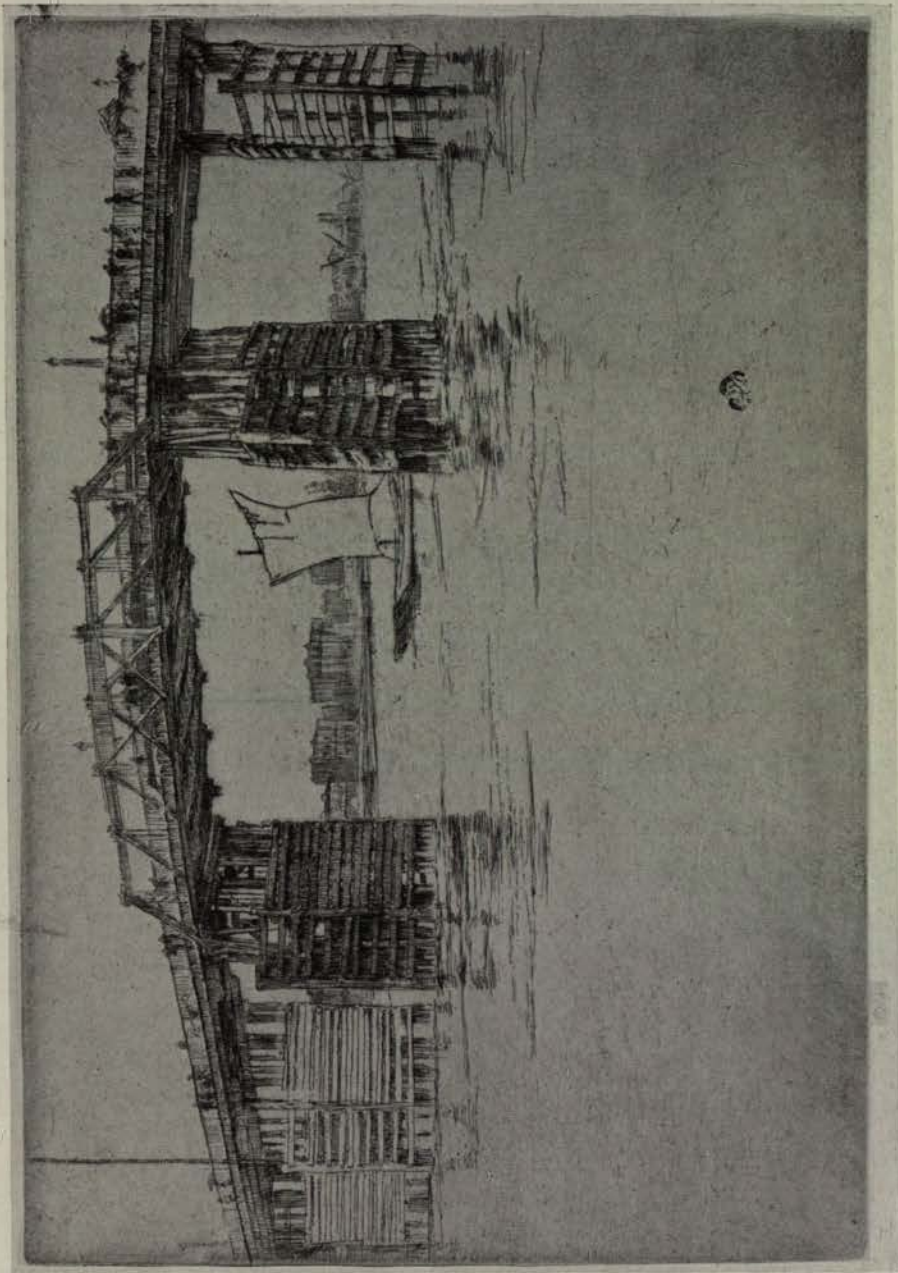
*(From a print in the possession of
Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E.)*

BECQUET. FROM THE "THAMES
SET." (3RD STATE)



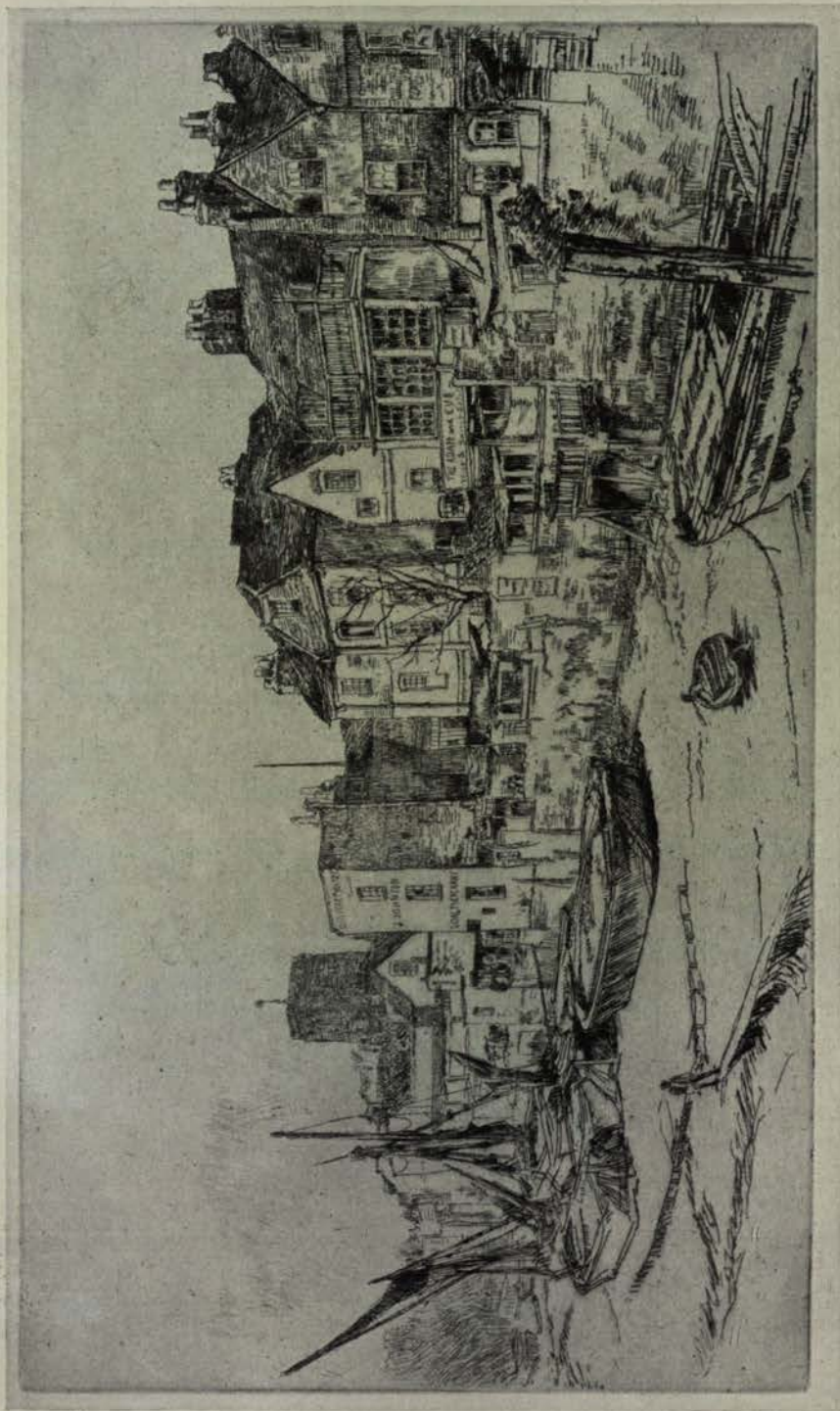
FANNY LEYLAND. DRY-POINT.
(3RD STATE)

*(From a print in the possession
of Mr. Richard Gutekunst)*



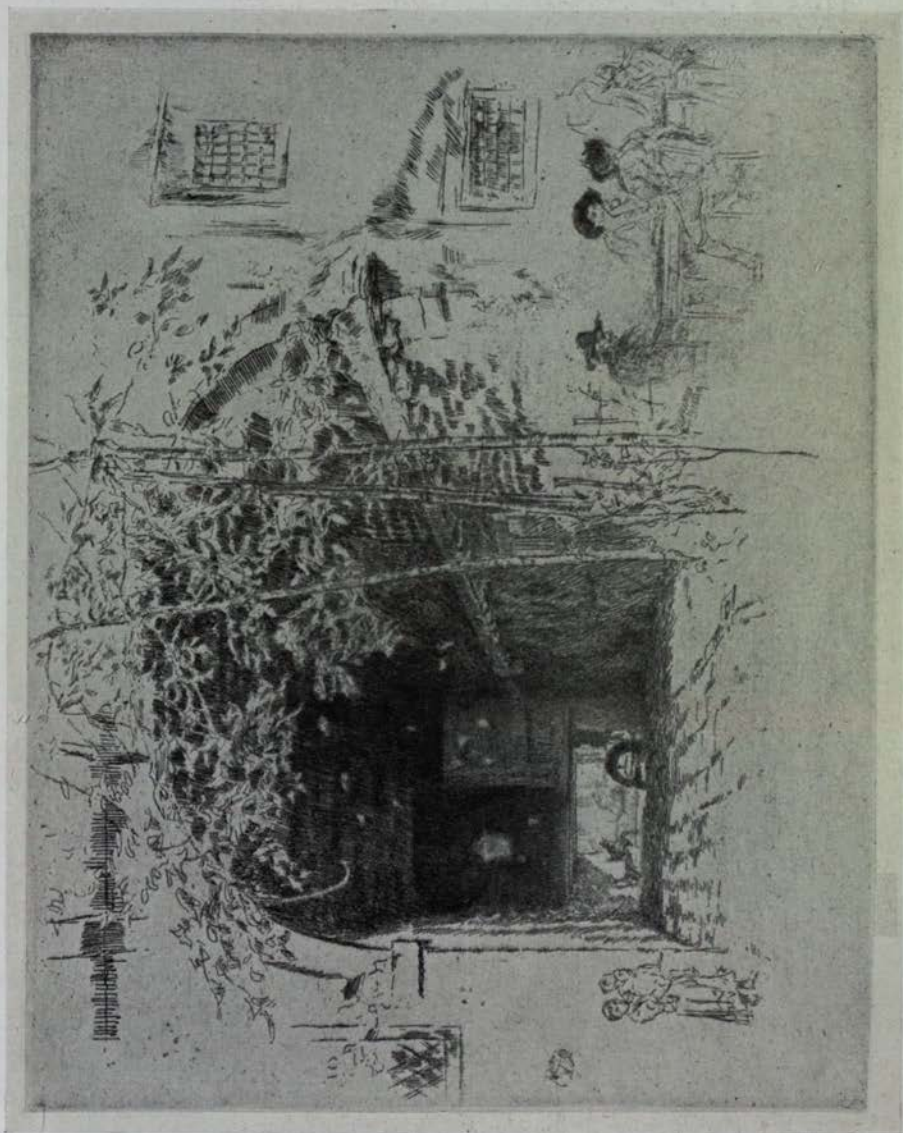
(From a print in the possession of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach. By permission of The Fine Art Society Ltd.)

OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE
(5TH STATE)

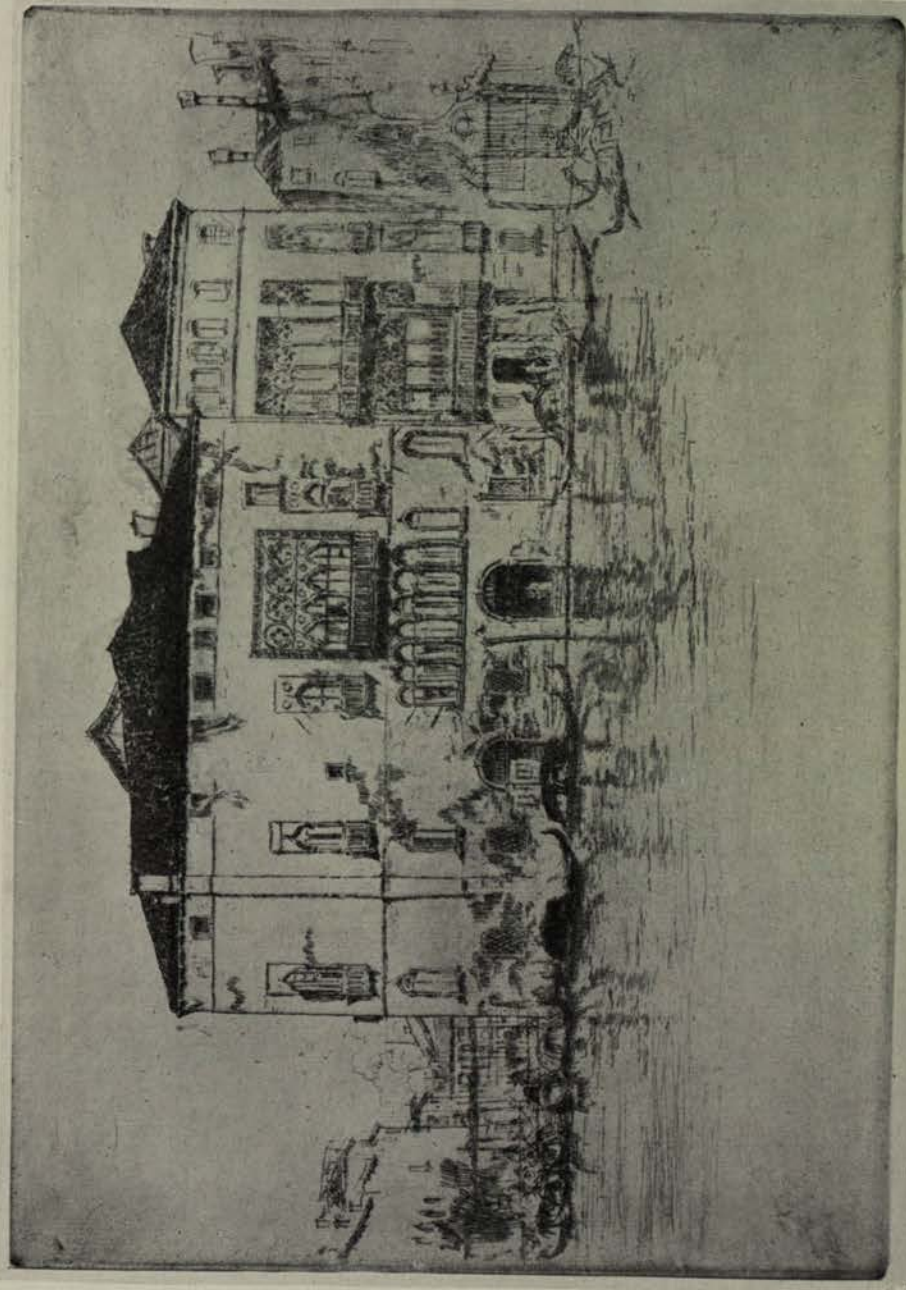


*(From a print in the possession of
Messrs. F. and D. Colnaghi and Obach)*

THE "ADAM AND EVE," OLD CHELSEA
(1st STATE)

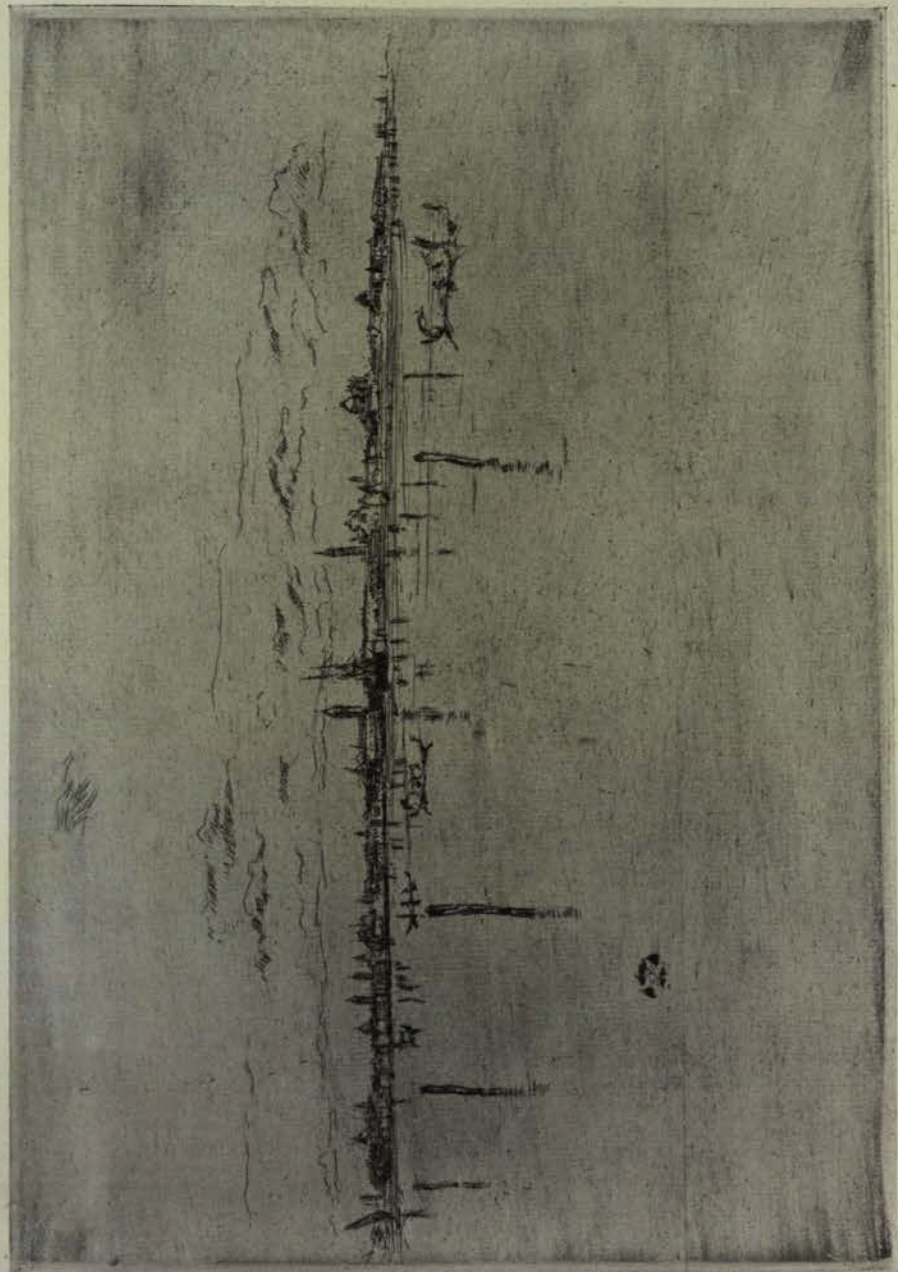


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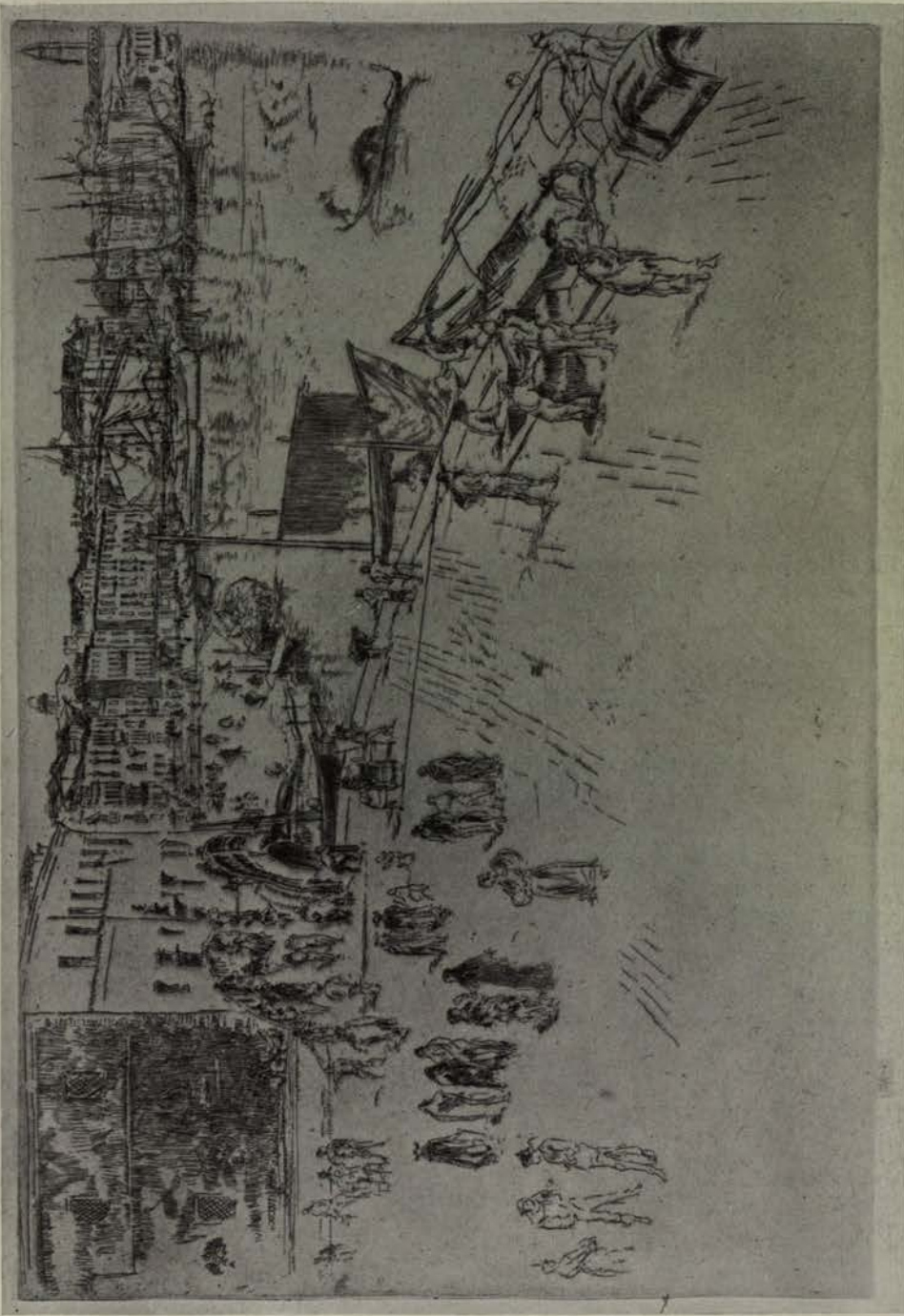
*(From a print in the possession of
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THE PALACES. FROM THE "FIRST
VENICE SET." 1880. (2ND STATE)



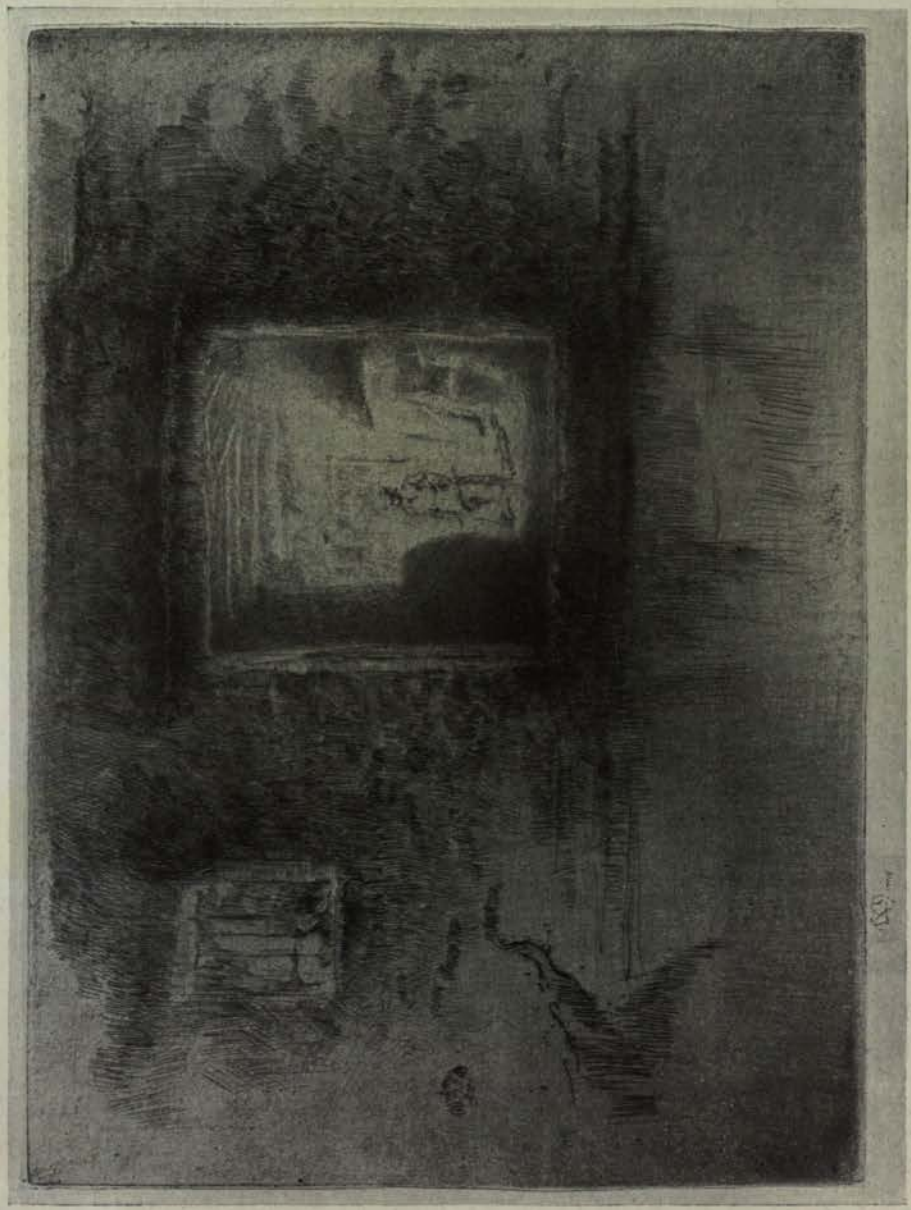
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sion of The Fine Art Society, Ltd.)

THE LITTLE VENICE. 1880. FROM
THE "FIRST VENICE SET"



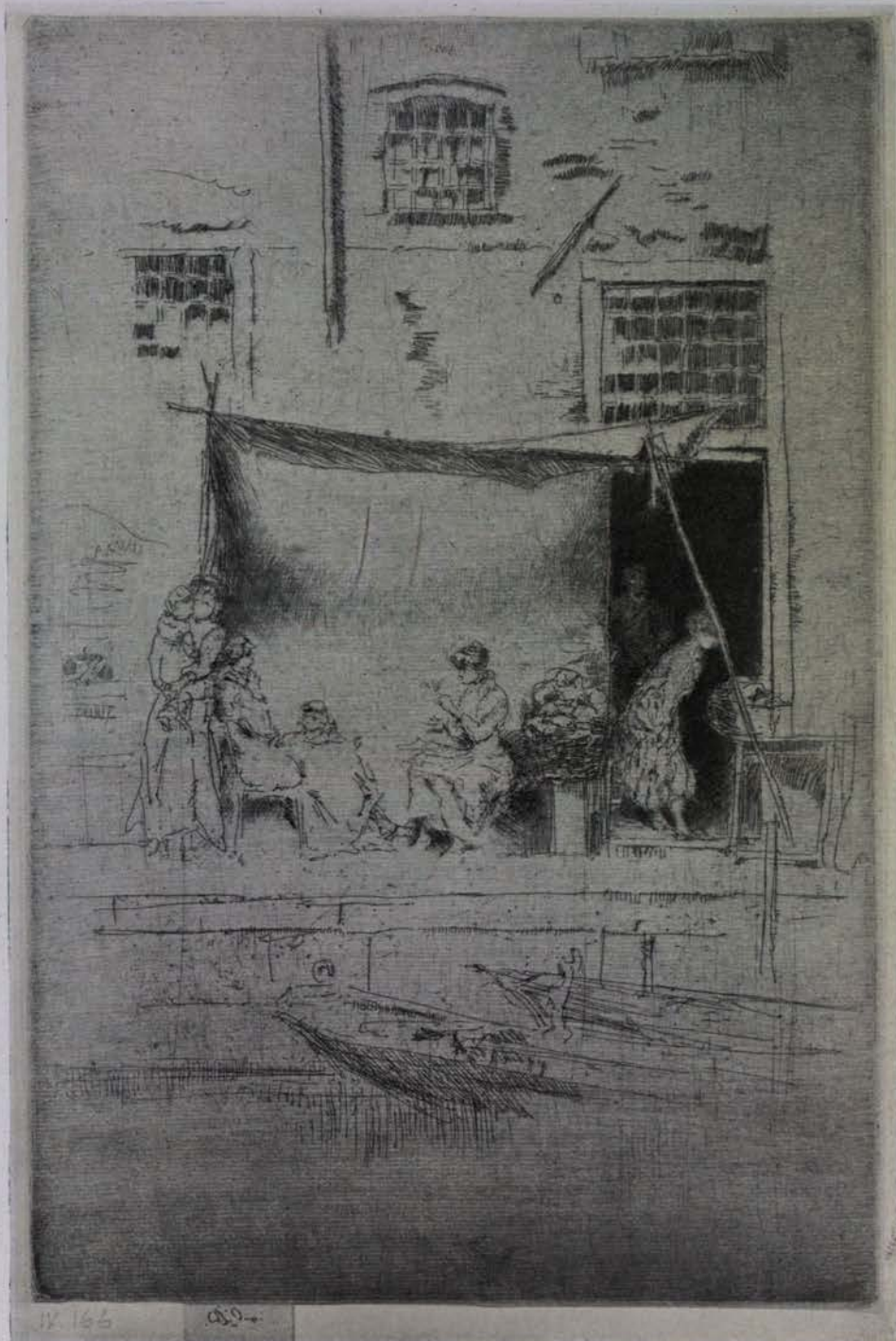
(From a print in the possession of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach. By permission of The Fine Art Society, Ltd.)

THE RIVE, No. 1. 1880. FROM THE
"FIRST VENICE SET." (3RD STATE)



(From a print in the possession of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach. By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswells)

FURNACE NOCTURNE, 1886. FROM THE "SECOND VENICE SET"



(From a print in the possession of
Mr. Richard Gutkunst. By per-
mission of Messrs. Dowdeswells)

FRUIT STALL. FROM THE "SECOND
VENICE SET," 1886. (7TH STATE)



(From a print in the possession of Messrs.
P. and D. Colnaghi and Obach. By
permission of Messrs. Dowdeswells)

THE BEAD-STRINGERS, 1886. FROM THE
"SECOND VENICE SET." (8TH STATE)



THE QUIET CANAL. 1886. FROM THE
"SECOND VENICE SET." (2ND STATE)

*(From a print in the possession of
Mr. Richard Gutkunst. By
permission of Messrs. Doxideswells)*







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